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MY BOYHOOD

BY JOHN MUIR

I

WHEN I was a boy in Scotland I was fond of everything that was wild, and all my life I've been growing fonder and fonder of wild places and wild creatures. Fortunately, around my native town of Dunbar, by the stormy North Sea, there was no lack of wildness, though most of the land lay in smooth cultivation. With red-blooded playmates, wild as myself, I loved to wander in the fields to hear the birds sing, and along the seashore to gaze and wonder at the shells and seaweeds, eels and crabs in the pools among the rocks when the tide was low. And, best of all, in glorious storms to watch the waves thundering on the black headlands and craggy ruins of the old Dunbar Castle when the sea and the sky, the waves and the clouds, were mingled together as one.

After I was five or six years old I ran away to the seashore or the fields almost every Saturday, and every day in the school vacations except Sundays, though solemnly warned that I must play at home in the garden and back-yard, lest I should learn to think bad thoughts and say bad words. All in vain. In spite of the sure sore punishments that followed like shadows, the natural inherited wildness in our blood

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ran true on its glorious course, as invincible and unstoppable as the stars.

My earliest recollections of the country were gained on short walks with my grandfather when I was perhaps not over three years old. On one of these walks grandfather took me to Lord Lauderdale's gardens, where I saw figs growing against a sunny wall and tasted some of them, and got as many apples to eat as I wished. On another memorable walk in a hay-field, when we sat down to rest on one of the haystacks, I heard a sharp, prickly, stinging cry, and jumping up eagerly, called grandfather's attention to it. He said he heard only the wind, but I insisted on digging into the hay and turning it over until we discovered the source of the strange exciting sound — a mother field-mouse with half a dozen naked young hanging to her teats. This to me was a wonderful discovery. No hunter could have been more excited on discovering a bear and her cubs in a wilderness den.

I was sent to school before I had completed my third year. The first school-day was doubtless full of wonders, but I am not able to recall any of them. I remember the servant washing my face and getting soap in my eyes, and mother hanging a little green bag with my first book in it around my neck so

I would not lose it, and its blowing back in the sea-wind like a flag. But before I was sent to school my grandfather, as I was told, had taught me my letters from shop signs across the street. I can remember distinctly how proud I was when I had spelled my way through the little first book into the second, which seemed large and important, and so on to the third. Going from one book to another formed a grand triumphal advancement, the memories of which still stand out in clear relief.

At this time infants were baptized and vaccinated a few days after birth. I remember very well a fight with the doctor when my brother David was vaccinated. This happened, I think, before I was sent to school. I could not imagine what the doctor, a tall, severe-looking man in black, was doing to my brother; but as mother, who was holding him in her arms, offered no objection, I looked on quietly while he scratched the arm, until I saw blood. Then, unable to trust even my mother, I managed to spring up high enough to grab and bite the doctor's arm, yelling that 'I wasna gan to let him hurt my bonnie brither,' while to my utter astonishment mother and the doctor only laughed at me. So far from complete at times is sympathy between parents and children, and so much like wild beasts are baby boys: little fighting, biting, climbing pagans.

Father was proud of his garden and seemed always to be trying to make it as much like Eden as possible, and in a corner of it he gave each of us a little bit of ground for our very own, in which we planted what we best liked, wondering how the hard dry seeds could change into soft leaves and flowers and find their way out to the light; and to see how they were coming on we used to dig up the larger ones, such as peas and beans, every day. My aunt had a corner assigned to her in our garden,

which she filled with lilies, and we all looked with the utmost respect and admiration at that precious lily-bed, and wondered whether when we grew up we should ever be rich enough to own one anything like so grand. We imagined that each lily was worth an enormous sum of money, and never dared to touch a single leaf or petal of them. We really stood in awe of them. Far, far was I then from the wild-lily gardens of California, which I was destined to see in their glory.

When I was a little boy at Mungo Siddons's school a flower-show was held in Dunbar and I saw a number of the exhibitors carrying large handfuls of dahlias, the first I had ever seen. I thought them marvelous in size and beauty and, as in the case of my aunt's lilies, wondered if I should ever be rich enough to own some of them.

Although I never dared to touch my aunt's sacred lilies, I have good cause to remember stealing some common flowers from an apothecary, Peter Lawson, who also answered the purpose of a regular physician to most of the poor people of the town and adjacent country. He had a pony which was considered very wild and dangerous, and when he was called out of town he mounted this wonderful beast, which after standing long in the stable was frisky and boisterous, and often to our delight reared and jumped and danced about from side to side of the street before he could be persuaded to go ahead. We boys gazed in awful admiration and wondered how the druggist could be so brave and able as to get on and stay on that wild beast's back. This famous Peter loved flowers and had a fine garden surrounded by an iron fence, through the bars of which, when I thought no one saw me, I oftentimes snatched a flower and took to my heels. One day Peter discovered me in this mischief, dashed out into the street and

caught me. I screamed that I wouldna steal any more if he would let me go. He did n't say anything, but just dragged me along to the stable where he kept the wild pony, pushed me in right back of his heels, and shut the door. I was screaming of course, but as soon as I was imprisoned the fear of being kicked quenched all noise. I hardly dared breathe. My only hope was in motionless silence. Imagine the agony I endured! I did n't steal any more of his flowers. He was a good hard judge of boy nature.

It appears natural for children to be fond of water, although the Scotch method of making every duty dismal contrived to make necessary bathing for health terrible to us. I well remember among the awful experiences of childhood being taken by the servant to the seashore when I was between two and three years old, stripped at the side of a deep pool in the rocks, plunged into it among crawling crawfish and slippery wriggling snake-like eels, and drawn up gasping and shrieking only to be plunged down again and again. As the time approached for this terrible bathing I used to hide in the darkest corners of the house, and oftentimes a long search was required to find me. But after we were a few years older we enjoyed bathing with other boys as we wandered along the shore, careful however not to get into a pool that had an invisible boy-devouring monster at the bottom of it. Such pools, miniature maelstroms, were called 'Sookin-in-goats,' and were well known to most of us. Nevertheless we never ventured into any pool on strange parts of the coast before we had thrust a stick into it. If the stick were not pulled out of our hands, we boldly entered, and enjoyed plashing and ducking long ere we had learned to swim.

Most of the Scotch children believe in ghosts, and some under peculiar con-

ditions continue to believe in them all through life. Grave ghosts are deemed particularly dangerous, and many of the most credulous will go far out of their way to avoid passing through or near a graveyard in the dark. After being instructed by the servants in the nature, looks, and habits of the various black and white ghosts, boowuzzies, and witches, we often speculated as to whether they could run fast, and tried to believe that we had a good chance to get away from most of them. To improve our speed and wind we often took long runs into the country. Tam o' Shanter's mare outran a lot of witches, —at least until she reached a place of safety beyond the keystone of the bridge,— and we thought perhaps we also might be able to outrun them.

II

Our house formerly belonged to a physician, and a servant girl told us that the ghost of the dead doctor haunted one of the unoccupied rooms in the second story, that was kept dark on account of a heavy window-tax. Our bedroom was adjacent to the ghost room, which had in it a lot of chemical apparatus, — glass-tubing, glass and brass retorts, test-tubes, flasks, etc., — and we thought that those strange articles were still used by the old dead doctor in compounding physic. In the long summer days David and I were put to bed several hours before sunset. Mother tucked us in carefully, drew the curtains of the big old-fashioned bed, and told us to lie still and sleep like gude bairns; but we were usually out of bed, playing games of daring called 'scootchers,' about as soon as our loving mother reached the foot of the stairs, for we could n't lie still, however hard we might try. Going into the ghost room was regarded as a very great scootcher. After venturing in a few

steps and rushing back in terror, I used to dare David to go as far without getting caught.

The roof of our house, as well as the crags and walls of the old castle, offered fine mountaineering exercise. Our bedroom was lighted by a dormer window. One night I opened it in search of good scootchers and hung myself out over the slates, holding on to the sill, while the wind was making a balloon of my nightgown. I then dared David to try the adventure, and he did. Then I went out again and hung by one hand, and David did the same. Then I hung by one finger, being careful not to slip, and he did that too. Then I stood on the sill and examined the edge of the left wall of the window, crept up the slates along its side by slight finger-holds, got astride of the roof, sat there a few minutes looking at the scenery over the garden wall while the wind was howling and threatening to blow me off, managed to slip down, catch hold of the sill and get safely back into the room. But before attempting this scootcher, recognizing its dangerous character, with commendable caution I warned David that in case I should happen to slip I would grip the rain trough when I was going over the eaves and hang on, and that he must then run fast downstairs and tell father to get a ladder for me, and tell him to be quick because I would soon be tired hanging dangling in the wind by my hands. After my return from this capital scootcher, David, not to be outdone, crawled up to the top of the window roof, and got bravely astride of it; but in trying to return he lost courage and began to greet (to cry), 'I canna get doon. Oh, I canna get doon.' I leaned out of the window and shouted encouragingly, 'Dinna greet, Davie, dinna greet, I'll help ye doon. If you greet, fayther will hear, and gee us baith an awfu' skelping.' Then, standing on the sill and

holding on by one hand to the window casing, I directed him to slip his feet down within reach, and after securing a good hold, I jumped inside and dragged him in by his heels. This finished scootcher-scrambling for the night and frightened us into bed.

Boys are often at once cruel and merciful, thoughtlessly hard-hearted and tender-hearted; sympathetic, pitiful, and kind in ever changing contrasts. Love of neighbors, human or animal, grows up amid savage traits, coarse and fine. When father made out to get us securely locked up in the backyard to prevent our shore and field wanderings, we had to play away the comparatively dull time as best we could. One of our amusements was hunting cats without seriously hurting them. These sagacious animals knew, however, that, though not very dangerous, boys were not to be trusted. Once in particular, I remember, we began throwing stones at an experienced old Tom, not wishing to hurt him much, though he was a tempting mark. He soon saw what we were up to, fled to the stable and climbed to the top of the hay-manger. He was still within range, however, and we kept the stones flying faster and faster, but he just blinked and played possum without wincing either at our best shots or at the noise we made. I happened to strike him pretty hard with a good-sized pebble, but he still blinked and sat still as if without feeling. 'He must be mortally wounded,' I said, 'and now we must kill him to put him out of pain,' the savage in us rapidly growing with indulgence. All took heartily to this sort of cat mercy and began throwing the heaviest stones we could manage, but that old fellow knew what characters we were, and just as we imagined him mercifully dead he evidently thought that the play was becoming too serious and it was time to retreat; for suddenly

with a wild whir and gurr of energy, he launched himself over our heads, rushed across the yard in a blur of speed, climbed to the roof of another building and over the garden wall — out of pain and bad company, with all his lives wide-awake and in good working order.

After we had thus learned that Tom had at least nine lives, we tried to verify the common saying that no matter how far cats fall they always land on their feet unhurt. We caught one in our back-yard — not Tom, but a smaller one of manageable size — and somehow got him smuggled up to the top story of the house. I don't know how on earth we managed to let go of him, for when we opened the window and held him over the sill he knew his danger and made violent efforts to scratch and bite his way back into the room; but we determined to carry the thing through, and at last managed to drop him. I can remember to this day how the poor creature in danger of his life strained and balanced as he was falling, and managed to alight on his feet. This was a cruel thing for even wild boys to do, and we never tried the experiment again, for we sincerely pitied the poor fellow when we saw him creeping slowly away, stunned and frightened, with a swollen black-and-blue chin.

Again, showing the natural savagery of boys, we delighted in dog fights, and even in the horrid red work of slaughter houses, often running long distances and climbing over walls and roofs to see a pig killed, as soon as we heard the desperately earnest squealing. And if the butcher was good-natured, we begged him to let us get a near view of the mysterious insides, and to give us a bladder to blow up for a football.

But here is an illustration of the better side of boy nature. In our back-yard there were three elm trees, and in the one nearest the house a pair of robin-redbreasts had their nest. When the

young were almost able to fly, a troop of the celebrated 'Scots Grays' visited Dunbar, and three or four of their fine horses were lodged in our stable. When the soldiers were polishing their swords and helmets they happened to notice the nest, and just as they were leaving, one of them climbed the tree and robbed it. With sore sympathy we watched the young birds as the hard-hearted robber pushed them one by one beneath his jacket — all but two that jumped out of the nest and tried to fly; but they were easily caught as they fluttered on the ground, and were hidden away with the rest. The distress of the bereaved parents, as they hovered and screamed over the frightened crying children they so long had loved and sheltered and fed, was pitiful to see; but the shining soldier rode grandly away on his big gray horse, caring only for the few pennies the young song-birds would bring and the beer they would buy, while we all, sisters and brothers, were crying and sobbing. I remember as if it happened this day how my heart fairly ached and choked me. Mother put us to bed and tried to comfort us, telling us that the little birds would be well fed and grow big, and soon learn to sing in pretty cages; but again and again we rehearsed the sad story of the poor bereaved birds and their frightened children, and could not be comforted. Father came into the room when we were half asleep and still sobbing, and I heard mother telling him that, 'A' the bairns' hearts were broken over the robbing of the nest in the elm.'

After attaining the manly belligerent age of five or six years, very few of my school-days passed without a fist fight, and half a dozen was no uncommon number. When any classmate of our own age questioned our rank and standing as fighters we always made haste to settle the matter at a quiet place on

the Davel Brae. To be a 'gude fechter' was our highest ambition, our dearest aim in life in or out of school. To be a good scholar was a secondary consideration, though we tried hard to hold high places in our classes and gloried in being Dux. We fairly reveled in the battle stories of glorious William Wallace and Robert the Bruce, with which every breath of Scotch air is saturated, and of course we were all going to be soldiers. On the Davel Brae battleground we often managed to bring on something like real war, greatly more exciting than personal combat. Choosing leaders, we divided into two armies. In winter damp snow furnished plenty of ammunition to make the thing serious, and in summer sand and grass-sods. Cheering and shouting some battle-cry such as 'Bannockburn! Bannockburn! Scotland forever! The Last War in India!' we were led bravely on. For heavy battery work we stuffed our Scotch blue bonnets with snow and sand, sometimes mixed with gravel, and fired them at each other as cannon balls.

III

An exciting time came when at the age of seven or eight years I left the auld Davel Brae school for the grammar school. Of course I had a terrible lot of fighting to do, because a new scholar had to meet every one of his age who dared to challenge him, this being the common introduction to a new school. It was very strenuous for the first month or so, establishing my fighting rank, taking up new studies, especially Latin and French, getting acquainted with new classmates and the master and his rules. In the first few Latin and French lessons the new teacher, Mr. Lyon, blandly smiled at our comical blunders; but pedagogical weather of the severest kind quickly set in, when for every mistake, every-

thing short of perfection, the taws was promptly applied. We had to get three lessons every day in Latin, three in French, and as many in English, besides spelling, history, arithmetic, and geography. Word-lessons in particular, the 'wouldst couldst shouldst have-loved' kind, were kept up with much warlike thrashing until I had committed the whole of the French, Latin and English grammars to memory; and in connection with reading lessons we were called on to recite parts of them with the rules over and over again, as if all the incomprehensible regular and irregular verb-stuff was poetry.

In addition to all this, father made me learn so many Bible verses every day that by the time I was eleven years of age I had about three-fourths of the Old Testament and all of the New by heart and by sore flesh. I could recite the New Testament from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Revelation without a single stop. The dangers of cramming and of making scholars study at home, instead of letting their little brains rest, were never heard of in those days. We carried our school-books home in a strap every night and committed to memory our next day's lessons before we went to bed, and to do that we had to bend our attention as closely on our tasks as lawyers on great million-dollar cases.

I cannot conceive of anything that would now enable me to concentrate my attention more fully than when I was a mere stripling boy, and it was all done by whipping — thrashing in general. Old-fashioned Scotch teachers spent no time in seeking short roads to knowledge, or in trying any of the new-fangled psychological methods so much in vogue nowadays. There was nothing said about making the seats easy or the lessons easy. We were simply driven point-blank against our books like soldiers against the enemy, and

sternly ordered, 'Up and at 'em. Commit your lessons to memory!' If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped; for the grand, simple, all-sufficing Scotch discovery had been made that there was a close connection between the skin and the memory, and that irritating the skin excited the memory to any required degree.

Fighting was carried on still more vigorously in the high school than in the common school. Whenever anyone was challenged, either the challenge was allowed or it was decided by a battle on the seashore, where with stubborn enthusiasm we battered each other as if we had not been sufficiently battered by the teacher. When we were so fortunate as to finish a fight without getting a black eye, we usually escaped a thrashing at home and another next morning at school, for other traces of the fray could be easily washed off at a well on the church brae, or concealed, or represented as the results of playground accidents; but a black eye could never be explained away from downright fighting.

A good double thrashing was the inevitable penalty, but all without avail: fighting went on without the slightest abatement, like natural storms, for no punishment less than death could quench the ancient inherited belligerence in our pagan blood. Nor could we be made to believe that it was fair that father and teacher should thrash us so industriously for our good, while begrudging us the pleasure of thrashing each other for our good. All these various thrashings however were admirably influential in developing not only memory, but fortitude as well. For if we did not endure our school punishments and fighting pains without flinching and making faces, we were mocked on the playground, and public opinion on a Scotch playground was a powerful agent in controlling behavior; there-

fore we at length managed to keep our features in smooth repose while enduring pain that would try anybody but an American Indian.

Far from feeling that we were called on to endure too much pain, one of our playground games was thrashing each other with whips about two feet long, made from the tough wiry stems of a species of polygonum fastened together in a stiff firm braid. Handing two of these whips to a companion to take his choice, we stood up close together and thrashed each other on the legs until one succumbed to the intolerable pain, and thus lost the game.

Nearly all our playground games were strenuous: shin-battering shinny, wrestling, prisoners' base, and dogs-and-hares; all augmenting, in no slight degree, our lessons in fortitude. Moreover, we regarded our punishments and pains of every sort as training for war, since we were all going to be soldiers. Besides single combats we sometimes assembled on Saturdays to meet the scholars of another school, when very little was required for the growth of strained relations, and war. The immediate cause might be nothing more than a saucy stare; perhaps the scholar stared at would insolently inquire, 'What are ye glowerin' at, Bob?' Bob would reply, 'I'll look where I hae a mind, and hinder me if ye daur.' 'Weel, Bob,' the outraged, stared-at scholar would reply, 'I'll soon let ye see whether I daur or no!' and give Bob a blow on the face. This opened the battle, and every good scholar belonging to either school was drawn into it. After both sides were sore and weary, a strong-lunged warrior would be heard above the din of battle shouting, 'I'll tell ye what we'll da wi' ye. If ye'll let us alone we'll let ye alone!' — and the school-war ended as most others between nations do; and most of them begin in much the same way.

Forty-seven years after leaving this fighting school I returned on a visit to Scotland, and a cousin in Dunbar introduced me to a minister who was acquainted with the history of the school, and obtained for me an invitation to dine with the new master. Of course I gladly accepted, for I wanted to see the old place of fun and pain, and the battle ground on the sands. Mr. Lyon, our able teacher and thrasher, I learned, had held his place as master of the school for twenty or thirty years after I left it, and had recently died in London, after preparing many young men for the English universities. At the dinner-table, while recalling the amusements and fights of my old school-days, the minister remarked to the new master, 'Now, don't you wish that you had been teacher in those days, and gained the honor of walloping John Muir?' This pleasure so merrily suggested showed that the minister also had been a fighter in his youth. The old free-stone school building was still perfectly sound, but the carved ink-stained desks were almost whittled away.

IV

Our most exciting sport was playing with gunpowder. We made guns out of gas-pipe, mounted them on sticks of any shape, clubbed our pennies together for powder, gleaned pieces of lead here and there and cut them into slugs, and while one aimed another applied a match to the touch-hole. With these awful weapons we wandered along the beach and fired at the gulls and Solan geese as they passed us. Fortunately we never hurt any of them that we knew of. We also dug holes in the ground, put in a handful or two of powder, tamped it well round a fuse made of a wheat-stalk, and, reaching cautiously forward, touched a match to the straw. This we called making

earthquakes. Oftentimes we went home with singed hair and faces well peppered with powder-grains that could not be washed out. Then, of course, came a correspondingly severe punishment from both father and teacher.

Another favorite sport was climbing trees and scaling garden-walls. Boys eight or ten years of age could get over almost any wall by standing on each other's shoulders, thus making living ladders. To make walls secure against marauders many of them were finished on top with broken bottles imbedded in lime, leaving the cutting edges sticking up; but, with bunches of grass and weeds, we could sit or stand in comfort on top of the jaggedest of them. Like squirrels that begin to eat nuts long before they are ripe, we began to eat apples about as soon as they were formed, causing of course desperate gastric disturbances, to be cured by castor-oil. Serious were the risks we ran in climbing and squeezing through hedges, and of course among the country-folk we were far from welcome. Farmers passing us on the roads often shouted by way of greeting, 'Oh, you vagabonds! Back to the toon wi' ye. Gang back where ye belang. You're up to mischief I se warrant. I can see it. The game-keeper'll catch ye, and maist-like ye'll a' be hanged some day.'

Breakfast in those auld-lang-syne days was simple oatmeal porridge, usually with a little milk or treacle, served in wooden dishes called 'luggies,' formed of staves hooped together like miniature tubs about four or five inches in diameter. One of the staves, the lug or ear, a few inches longer than the others, served as a handle, while the number of luggies ranged in a row on a dresser indicated the size of the family. We never dreamed of anything to come after the porridge, or of asking for more. Our portions were consumed in about a couple of minutes; then off to school.

At noon we came racing home, ravenously hungry.

The mid-day meal, called dinner, was usually vegetable broth, a small piece of boiled mutton, and barley-meal scone. None of us liked the barley-scone bread, therefore we got all we wanted of it, and in desperation had to eat it, for we were always hungry, about as hungry after as before meals. The evening meal was called 'tea,' and was served on our return from school. It consisted, so far as we children were concerned, of half a slice of white bread without butter, barley-scone, and warm water with a little milk and sugar in it, a beverage called 'content,' which warmed, but neither cheered nor inebriated. Immediately after tea we ran across the street with our books to Grandfather Gilrye, who took pleasure in seeing us and hearing us recite our next day's lessons. Then back home to supper, usually a boiled potato and piece of barley-scone. Then family worship and to bed.

Our amusements on Saturday afternoons and vacations depended mostly on getting away from home into the country, especially in the spring when the birds were calling loudest. Father sternly forbade David and me to play truant in the fields with plundering wanderers like ourselves, fearing that we might go on from bad to worse, get hurt in climbing over walls, get caught by gamekeepers, or lost by falling over a cliff into the sea. 'Play as much as you like in the back-yard and garden,' he said, 'and mind what you'll get when you forget and disobey.' Thus he warned us with an awfully stern countenance, looking very hard-hearted, while naturally his heart was far from hard, though he devoutly believed in eternal punishment for bad boys both here and hereafter. Nevertheless, like devout martyrs of wildness, we stole away to the seashore, or the

green sunny fields, with almost religious regularity, taking advantage of opportunities when father was very busy to join our companions, oftenest to hear the birds sing, and hunt their nests, glorying in the number we had discovered and called our own. A sample of our nest-chatter was something like this.

Willie Chisholm would proudly exclaim, 'I ken [know] seventeen nests and you, Johnnie, ken only fifteen.'

'But I woudna gie my fifteen for your seventeen, for five of mine are larks and mavis. You ken only three o' the best singers.'

'Yes, Johnnie, but I ken six goldies and you ken only one. Maist of yours are only sparrows and linties and robin-redbreasts.'

Then, perhaps, Bob Richardson would loudly declare that he 'kenned mair nests than onybody, for he kenned twenty-three, with about fifty eggs in them, and mair than fifty young birds, — maybe a hundred. Some of them naething but raw gorblings, but lots of them as big as their mithers and ready to flee. And aboot fifty crows' nests and three fox-dens.'

'Oh, yes, Bob, but that's no fair, for naebody counts crows' nests and fox-holes, and then you live in the country at Belle-haven where ye have the best chance.'

'Yes, but I ken a lot of bumbee's nests, baith the red-legged and the yellow-legged kind.'

'Oh, wha cares for bumbee's nests!'

'Weel, but here's something! My father let me gang to a fox-hunt, and, man, it was grand to see the hounds and the long-legged horses lowpin' the dikes and burns and hedges!'

The nests, I fear, with the beautiful eggs and young birds, were prized quite as highly as the songs of the glad parents, but no Scotch boy that I know of ever failed to listen with enthusiasm

to the songs of the skylarks. Often-times, on a broad meadow near Dunbar, we stood for hours enjoying their marvelous singing and soaring. From the grass where the nest was hidden the male would suddenly rise, as straight as if shot, up to a height of perhaps thirty or forty feet, and sustaining himself with rapid wing-beats, pour down the most delicious melody, sweet and clear and strong, overflowing all bounds; then suddenly he would soar higher, again and again, ever higher and higher, soaring and singing until lost to sight even on perfectly clear days, and often-times in cloudy weather, 'Far in the downy cloud,' as the poet says.

To test our eyes we often watched a lark until he seemed a faint speck in the sky and finally passed beyond the keenest-sighted of us all. 'I see him yet!' we would cry, 'I see him yet!' 'I see him yet!' 'I see him yet!' as he soared. And finally only one of us would be left to claim that he still saw him. At last, he, too, would have to admit that the singer had soared beyond his sight, and still the music came pouring down to us in glorious profusion from a height far above our vision, requiring marvelous power of wing and marvelous power of voice, for that rich, delicious, soft, and yet clear music was distinctly heard long after the bird was out of sight. Then suddenly ceasing, the glorious singer would appear, falling like a bolt straight down to his nest where his mate was sitting on the eggs.

In the winter, when there was but little doing in the fields, we organized running-matches. A dozen or so of us would start out on races that were simply tests of endurance, running on and on along a public road over the breezy hills, like hounds, without stopping or getting tired. The only serious trouble we ever felt in these long races was an occasional stitch in our sides.

One of the boys started the story that sucking raw eggs was a sure cure for the stitches. We had hens in our back-yard and, on the next Saturday, we managed to swallow a couple of eggs apiece, a disgusting job, but we would do almost anything to mend our speed, and as soon as we could get away, after taking the cure, we set out on a ten-or twenty-mile run to prove its worth. We thought nothing of running right ahead ten or a dozen miles before turning back; for we knew nothing about taking time by the sun, and none of us had a watch in those days. Indeed, we never cared about time until it began to get dark. Then we thought of home and the thrashing that awaited us. Late or early, the thrashing was sure, unless father happened to be away. If he was expected to return soon, mother made haste to get us to bed before his arrival. We escaped the thrashing next morning, for father never felt like thrashing us in cold blood on the calm, holy Sabbath. But no punishment, however sure and severe, was of any avail against the attraction of the fields and woods. It had other uses, developing memory, and the like, but in keeping us at home it was of no use at all.

v

Our grammar-school reader, called, I think, *Maccoulough's Course of Reading*, contained a few natural history sketches that excited me very much and left a deep impression, especially a fine description of the fish-hawk and the bald eagle by the Scotch ornithologist, Wilson, who had the good fortune to wander for years in the American woods while the country was yet mostly wild.

Not less exciting and memorable was Audubon's wonderful story of the passenger pigeon, a beautiful bird flying in vast flocks that darkened the sky

like clouds, countless millions assembling to rest and sleep and rear their young in certain forests, miles in length and breadth, fifty or a hundred nests on a single tree; the overloaded branches would bend low and often break, and the farmers gathering from far and near would beat down countless thousands of the young and old birds from their nests and roosts with long poles at night, and in the morning drive their bands of hogs, some of them brought from farms a hundred miles distant, to fatten on the dead and wounded covering the ground.

In another of our reading-lessons, some of the American forests were described. The most interesting of the trees to us boys was the sugar-maple. And soon after we had learned this sweet story we heard everybody talking about the discovery of gold in the same wonder-filled country.

One night, when David and I were at grandfather's fireside, learning our lessons as usual, my father came in with news, the most wonderful, most glorious, that wild boys ever heard.

'Bairns,' he said, 'you needna learn your lessons the nicht for we're gan to America the morn!'

No more grammar, but boundless woods full of mysterious good things; trees full of sugar, growing in ground full of gold; hawks, eagles, pigeons, filling the sky; millions of birds' nests, and no game-keepers to stop us in all the wild, happy land. We were utterly, blindly glorious.

After father left the room, grandfather gave David and me a gold coin apiece for a keepsake and looked very serious, for he was about to be deserted in his lonely old age. And when we in fullness of young joy spoke of what we were going to do, of the wonderful birds and their nests that we should find, the sugar and gold, and the rest, and promised to send him a big box full of that tree-sugar packed in gold from the glorious paradise over the sea, poor lonely grandfather, about to be forsaken, looked with downcast eyes on the floor, and said in a low, trembling, troubled voice, 'Ah, poor laddies, poor laddies, you'll find something else ower the sea forbye gold and sugar, birds' nests, and freedom fra lessons and schools. You'll find plenty hard, hard work.'

And so we did. But nothing he could say could cloud our joy or abate the fire of youthful, hopeful, fearless adventure. Nor could we in the midst of such measureless excitement see or feel the shadows and sorrows of his darkening old age.

To my school-mates whom I met that night on the street, I shouted the glorious news, 'I'm gan to Amaraka the morn!' None could believe it. I said, 'Weel, just you see if I am at the skule the morn!'

[In the December number Mr. Muir will tell the story of the family plunge into the Wisconsin wilderness.—THE EDITORS.]

HONOR AMONG WOMEN

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday.

FALSTAFF was the prince of special pleaders, but he does not shake our belief that honor is something besides air, that it is more important than legs and arms, and that 'he that died o' Wednesday' may be an object of envy and emulation. And yet, as we reflect on the different ideals of honor that men have held,—not only different but mutually incompatible,—we see some justification for the derisive spirit.

Honor has had countless local and temporary forms. For the ancient Roman it enjoined certain forms of courage and branded certain forms of cowardice, while at the same time it permitted hideous brutality toward the weak. For the mediæval knight it prescribed in some respects an extravagant courtesy toward the weak, while in other ways it did not encourage even a scant justice. Coming nearer to our own times, we find that honor among soldiers is one thing, among doctors another, among lawyers another, among 'gentlemen' another, among business men yet another. It looks a little hopeless. Henry M. Stanley in his autobiography calls attention to this conflict of standards. He says, 'With regard to his "honor" it seemed to bear a different meaning on different banks of a river. On the eastern shore of the Mississippi, it meant probity in

business; on the western shore it signified popular esteem for the punishment of a traducer, and he who was most prompt in killing any one who made a personal reflection obtained most honor, and therefore every pedlar or clerk in Arkansas hastened to prove his mettle.'

Yet one thing all codes of honor have in common: they are outside the law. Law has taken care of certain large sections of human conduct: it has explicitly prohibited killing and stealing and various other flagrantly anti-social acts. But other large sections of conduct are left. The Mosaic law did not forbid lying, but only malicious false witnessing. Modern law covers perjury and libel, but many forms of lying are still untouched. The law compels men to keep their contracts, but not to keep their word, when given without witnesses. It controls to some extent the abuse of power, but only to some extent. It protects the weak, but it does not compel them to have courage. Accordingly, in these regions of conduct where the law falls short, honor steps in, laying emphasis on the need of truth, of good faith, of courtesy, of courage. It does this in many different ways, but its concern is almost always with the things that the law cannot or does not control. Where law ends, honor begins.

And one other thing all standards of honor have in common: that is, the kind of tribunal to which they appeal, the kind of penalty which follows upon their disregard. A gentleman pays his

card debts. Why? Because if he repudiates them he is 'no gentleman.' A soldier responds to a challenge, or gives one, under the proper conditions. Why? Because if he does not he will find himself compelled, by an intangible but irresistible force, to resign his commission. A scholar is scrupulous in his acknowledgment of every intellectual debt owed to other scholars. Why? Because if he fails in this he is in danger of the scathing condemnation of other scholars. A doctor will not criticize the work of a colleague, though a scholar will freely criticize the work of any other scholar. Why? Because among doctors custom forbids this.

Now, in all these cases, though the specific acts required or forbidden may be, and are, very different, the tribunal of reference is the same, and the penalty is the same. The tribunal is the opinion of a man's peers, more or less crystallized as the customs or the etiquette of his class. The penalty is spiritual ostracism from his class. A man who has disregarded these customs may be passed over by the law, — he may even be supported by it, he may be blessed in his basket and in his store, — yet he is in danger of losing something immeasurably precious to him, more precious even than basket and store: the right to hold up his head among his equals.

Defined in terms of its penalties, then, honor may be described as a man's sense of obligation with regard to those rules of social conduct which are not outwardly or legally binding, but whose infringement will, in the opinion of his equals, and therefore in his own opinion, tend to declass him.

In this sense there can be, and is, honor among thieves as well as among business men, honor among gamblers as well as among statesmen. This explains, too, the curious inconsistencies, the laxities and rigidities, of the vari-

ous honor-codes. For, since honor is a class affair, its specific rulings will naturally grow out of the conditions governing the particular class. And we can understand cases like the one that puzzled Stanley. For on the two banks of the Mississippi there were two distinct kinds of people, living under distinctly different conditions. On the west bank it was still pioneer life, on the east bank there was a tolerably settled community. Now, among the pioneer class, courage is, on the whole, more obviously important than any other quality. In a settled community, honesty is more obviously important.

It would seem to follow, that the more distinct and close-knit a class is, the more distinct and rigid will be its code of honor. And this is indeed the case. The class which has always been bound together in the closest possible way is probably the soldier class. Now it is precisely among soldiers that codes of honor have been most elaborately and tyrannically developed.¹ Only less close-knit than the soldiers are the other two great professions, the doctors and the lawyers, and these, too, have developed codes of professional honor which have been the jest, when they have not been the despair, of the ages. Loyalty to these has often seemed to lead to disloyalty toward a higher ideal, and a complete betrayal of the interests of the non-professional outsider.

This, too, is inevitable from the very nature of the case. For it will necessarily happen that the interests of one class will clash with those of another, and if a man belongs partly in two classes, whose requirements are incompatible, he must choose between them, for no man can serve two masters. Thus, the soldier finds himself required

¹ For an exposition of certain phrases of soldier honor that is at once quaint and masterly, the reader is referred to Joseph Conrad's novellette, *Honor*. — THE AUTHOR.

by his honor as a soldier to do things which his honor as a citizen prohibits. And many a young recruit must have been dazed, as Stanley was during his brief service with the Confederate troops, by this subversion of standards. 'The "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue,' he says, 'was now translated, "Thou shalt." Thou shalt kill, lie, steal, blaspheme, covet, and hate.'

Nor does this occur among soldiers alone. Many a gentleman has found himself forced to decide between his business debts and his 'debts of honor.' Gentlemen of his class play for money. When they lose, they pay, for a gentleman's word is as good as his bond — a gentleman's word, that is, given to another gentleman. Given to the grocer, the rule does not necessarily hold. For the grocer has the law to protect him. If he is not paid, he can bring suit. But if debts of honor are not paid, no suit will be brought. The retribution will be of another sort — a sort not to be encountered. Can we blame the gentleman? It is a choice of penalties. He chooses the one he is best able to endure.

This attitude, in this particular sort of case, is becoming somewhat antiquated, at least in theory. Yet there are, I fancy, few men who can withstand the temptation to pay their club dues first, and let their coal bill wait.

This grazes the subject of business honor, and business honor is a particularly difficult matter. Business men are only emerging from a past whose traditions are characterized by vagueness and expediency. The trader was bound, even to his kind, by no close ties. His honor was the honor of the wolf, of the pirate, or of the slave.¹

¹ Legal recognition of this is to some extent implied in the doctrine of 'caveat emptor,' by which the seller is not bound to point out such defects in the thing sold as the buyer could presumably discover for himself. — THE AUTHOR.

Gradually came the realization that honesty was really the best policy, that stability and reciprocity were necessary, that credit was the condition of progress, and that behind credit stood integrity. Moreover, it began to be recognized that a man could be at the same time a gentleman and a trader, or, speaking more generally, a man of business. Thereupon, the standards of the gentleman and those of the business man began by a kind of spiritual and social osmosis, to affect each other.

The end is not yet, but the code of the gentleman is being stripped of some of its narrowness and whimsicality, and at the same time the code of the business man is growing ashamed of its opportunism.

Naturally, this is what is happening, or going to happen, to all narrow honor-codes. With the breaking-down of class distinctions, the class-codes that have grown up within their boundaries must become blurred. The process of osmosis is going on everywhere. The growing conviction of the real solidarity of the human race is slowly working itself out in practical ways, and in the end it must give rise to a code of human honor which is the result of human needs. When this occurs, we shall get a code whose rulings, far from running counter to those of general morality, will reinforce them with the utmost rigor and universality.

From this condition we are yet a long way off. We still have visions of lands where 'there ain't no Ten Commandments.' Indeed, they are more than visions, as any one may know by glancing at the condition of the African tribes in contact with Europeans, or of the Jews in Russia, or of the Indians in our own country. Many otherwise high-minded men are not keenly conscious of any obligations of honor toward the Chinese.

And even leaving out differences of race, which for historical reasons always tend to blur such obligations, we need not go far afield to find cases where a community is divided against itself. Take our large universities. Here the students have their own standards of honor, whose unwritten laws are more binding than any of those which either the police or the faculty stand for. The matter of cheating in studies is a case in point. Feeling about this has varied, and still varies widely, in the different institutions. It is probably gradually squaring itself with ordinary standards of morality. Yet the hoodwinking of an instructor by a student in the ordinary routine of the class-room is still regarded as, at worst, a venial offense. It is better not to cheat, says the code, the best fellows don't; yet on the whole it is 'up to the instructor.' But, on the other hand, if the students are competing for a prize, the ruling is quite different. It becomes sternly intolerant of the least shadow of dishonesty. For now it is not a case of the student against his instructor, but of the student against his fellow students. To take advantage of his instructor is one thing. To take advantage of a fellow student, snatching the prize by dishonest means, this is quite another. This is in the highest degree dishonorable.

Honor among men, then, originally a narrow class matter, whose standards were always independent of the law, and often at variance with it, is gradually, with many back-currents and side-eddies, making progress toward a wider jurisdiction and a broader set of standards. As the sense of class-distinctions upon which it originally rested fades, and a sense of general human obligation grows, we may call it honor, or we may call it morality. Honor then becomes what Wordsworth calls it:—

Say, what is honour? 'T is the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offense
Suffered or done.

Indeed, Wordsworth's meaning is much more the one we commonly have in mind now, than are any of the narrower interpretations which we have been considering. This is the kind of honor that will ultimately be required of men, whether they are business men, or lawyers, or soldiers. This is the kind that must ultimately be required of women. But men have been slowly working toward this through the narrower codes of their class-life. Have women been achieving it in the same way?

To a certain extent, women have, through the ages, shared men's sense of honor — at least as regards men. Their judgments of men have usually confirmed men's judgments of themselves. They have to some extent awarded the prizes of honor in accordance with the rules that men laid down. They have grown familiar with men's ideals of courage, of truth, of courtesy. Such familiarity was worth something, but it did not deeply affect women's standards for themselves, because it did not affect men's standards for women. For example, the mere fact that women prized courage in men did not make women themselves courageous.

And it was men's standards for women that really counted. For women never had, in the past, a class-sense in the same way that men had. Their relations were not primarily with one another, but with men. They had, indeed, certain broad class-affiliations, but these were established through their men — their fathers or brothers or husbands. In this way they were aristocrats or serfs, they were English or French or Turkish. But they had

practically no classes corresponding to the class of knights, or of doctors, or of lawyers, or of masons. And it was impossible that any code should develop such as these classes evolved.

They were, to be sure, women. This was a bond. True. But it will be noticed that men's codes of honor have developed, not through the fact that they were men, but through the fact that they were special kinds of men, —knights or lords or masons, —and, as we have seen, the narrower code usually took precedence of any which they recognized as binding them merely because they were men. This was pale, that was vivid. This was vague, that was definite.

Again, it may be said, men have developed a code of honor as gentlemen. Could not women develop a corresponding code as gentlewomen? To some extent, indeed, they did this. But the rulings which they thus developed were, perhaps, more regarding details than principles, more touching manners than morals.

This was quite natural. They had more to do with details than with principles. They were expected to be more conversant with manners than with morals, except along certain very narrow lines.

And here we come squarely up against the whole matter of the historic position of women. Perhaps, for our purposes, the question is nowhere better put than in the dictionary definition of honor. Any dictionary will do, but Webster's happens to be most succinct. After giving various definitions, we find it explaining it as 'more particularly, in men, integrity; in women, purity, chastity.'

Dictionaries are condensed history, and this little phrase, assuming as it does one standard for men and another for women, is very significant. The word 'honesty' has gone through a

similar stage. In Elizabethan usage it meant square dealing, when used of men; but when used of women, it meant chastity. This meaning of the word is now ignored except by the dialect dictionaries, but the similar meaning of honor is still in good and regular dictionary standing, though actually passing out of common use.

Now this fact, that the words honor and honesty were at one time used of men in one sense, while they were used of women in another and very different sense, gives us something to think about. Evidently, integrity and honesty were not expected of women as they were of men. Why not? Probably because they were not needed by women as they were by men. We have seen that men, through the necessities of social intercourse, arrived at certain roughly formulated ideals of courage and honesty, certain traditions of class solidarity. Each man had his personal dignity to maintain, his place among his equals. But women, meanwhile, were holding intercourse, not with equals, but with superiors —men —and inferiors —children and servants. Through the necessities of such intercourse they, on their part, were working out ideals of tenderness, of industry, of adaptability, and management. In their environment these were the things that were above all necessary. And these are good things, but not the stuff of which honor is made.

As for honor which gives a human being the sense of personal dignity, the right to hold up his head among his peers, this came to a woman, not through any qualities she herself possessed, but through those of her lord, provided always that she preserved herself as clearly and unquestionably his possession. Hers was the honor of the thing possessed. The ownership of the owner must be jealously

guarded, even by the thing owned, so far as it had any volition. This done, she must adapt herself as well as possible to his needs. And this adaptation followed one or both of two main lines — the lines of usefulness and the lines of ornament. A woman was expected to be useful, or to be, in one way or another, pleasant. If she were very useful, she did not need to be quite so pleasant; if she were very pleasant, she did not need to be quite so useful. This gives us the rationale of the relations of most women in the past.

The theories about woman's position correspond with these two lines of usefulness and ornament. They go all the way from the theory of woman as a drudge, to the theory of woman as a rose, or a goddess.

The first theory is often not clearly formulated, although it is very clearly implied in the tenth Mosaic commandment, which classified a man's wife with his house and his ox and his ass. It is exemplified with rare neatness in the answer made to a missionary in the Far East by a coolie whose wife had just carried him across a muddy stream. 'Are n't you ashamed to let your wife carry you across?' the Western woman exclaimed indignantly. He looked puzzled. She repeated her question. He still looked dazed, and finally asked, 'Whose wife *should* carry me across?'

The second theory has been often formulated with great elaborateness, and never, perhaps, with greater charm than in Lord Houghton's little poem, 'To Doris.'

'If, my Doris, I should find
That you seemed the least inclined
To explore the depths of mind
Or of art;
Should such fancies ever wake,
Understand without mistake,
Though our hearts, perhaps, might break,
We must part.'

I'd as lief your little head
Should be cumbered up with lead
As with learning, live or dead,
Or with brains.
I have really doated less
On its outline, I confess,
Than the charming nothingness
It contains.

Do you think the summer rose
Ever cares or ever knows
By what law she buds and blows
On the stem?
If the peaches on the wall
Must by gravitation fall,
Do you fancy it at all
Troubles them?

So, as sun or rain is sent,
And the happy hours are spent,
Be unmaskingly content
As a star.
Yes, be ever of the few
Neither critical nor blue,
But be just the perfect you
That you are.'

This is delightful, but if Doris took it seriously, it would end matters for her, so far as honor is concerned. Roses and peaches do not concern themselves with honor, any more than with gravitation or the laws of growth. The same theory is implied in the younger Donne's characterization of woman as 'the most excellent toy in the world.' Honor is not found among toys, even the most excellent ones.

But we do not have to go back to Donne, or even to Lord Houghton, to find this attitude toward women. It was never more attractively summarized than in Barrie's play, *What Every Woman Knows*, when Maggie gives her quaint definition of 'charm.' To quote from memory, it runs about as follows: 'Charm is something, that if a woman has it, it does n't matter whether she has anything else or not; and if she does n't have it, it does n't matter what else she has.' Indeed, there could be no better illustration than is furnished by this whole play of the kind of thing women have, by

the force of inexorable necessity, trained themselves to be and to do.

These two theories, the drudge-theory and the rose-theory, are, of course, not the only ones that have been held about women. They are the two extremes, which have shaded into and interpenetrated each other, with various modifications. All that we are concerned with here is the fact that neither the extremes nor any of their variants provide the kind of soil and climate in which women's ideals of honor — except of the one narrowly restricted sort — would be likely to grow and burgeon.

In fairness it ought, perhaps, to be added, that these theories never absolutely corresponded with the whole situation. Theories never do. Theories of child-training were once, perhaps, even less sound than they are to-day, yet many children were doubtless excellently trained. So, in spite of theories, many women undoubtedly lived lives which offered every encouragement to their honor-sense, and many more, even without such stimulus, developed this sense in its highest form, just as many women, without any tradition of courage to incite them, have displayed the most brilliant courage.

As to the theories themselves, they are sometimes discussed with too much heat. No one was particularly to blame for them, any more than any one was to blame for the prevalence of curious theories concerning disease, or the movements of the sun. Moreover, even the women themselves acquiesced in these ideas. As late as the Victorian era, we find the Honorable Mrs. Norton, one of the most brilliantly endowed women who ever lived, writing in this way:—

"The wild and stupid theories advanced by a few women, of "equal rights" and "equal intelligence" are

not the opinions of their sex. I, for one (I, with millions more), believe in the natural superiority of man, as I do in the existence of a God. The natural position of woman is inferiority to man. Amen! That is a thing of God's appointing not of man's devising. I believe it sincerely, as a part of my religion. I never pretended to the wild and ridiculous doctrine of equality.'

And yet it is clear that nothing but this wild and ridiculous doctrine of equality could ever furnish women with the incentive to develop a sense of honor at all like men's. It is a curious fact that, while Mrs. Norton was denouncing the theory, she was, indirectly through the tragedy of her life, and directly through her immense personal influence, doing all that she could to make it prevail by bringing about an important change in the laws concerning women. And it is not her fault that she furnished Meredith the model for his Diana and gave him the suggestion for Diana's great act of treachery — the selling of a state secret intrusted to her in the intimacy of friendship. The real Mrs. Norton, in spite of rumors, did not actually commit such an act, but it is for our purposes deeply significant that Meredith, who, of all our literary artists, has most fully understood the possibilities of women, should have made so excellent a creature as Diana do so abominable a thing. The motives that he assigns her are vanity — the longing to display her power — and a desperate need of money. The excuses he offers are her ignorance of usage, her lack of fundamental training, bringing about in her a complete blindness to the nature of her own act.

It is virtually the same excuse that Ibsen furnishes Nora, in *The Doll's House*, for her act of forgery. It is the excuse all women must submit to have offered in their behalf, so long as

they still do queer things with money and checks and contracts and confidences,—and, it must be admitted, that women still do the queer things; either this excuse, or else the excuse which has the sanction of much older tradition, namely, that women, training or no training, have no sense of honor at all.

On this point women are still not entirely in agreement. 'Sense of honor?' said one young woman to whom the question was brought up; 'Women's sense of honor? They have n't any.' On the other hand, an older lady—one who is wise through long and sweet living—answered, 'Sense of honor? Of course women have it—as high as any man's. Only—I should want to choose my woman.' Where, then, does the truth lie?

About forty years ago, in a young ladies' seminary where the 'higher branches' were taught, the principal was addressing his class of graduates on this very subject of honor. Young ladies, he explained, had little of it. 'If,' he went on, in effect, 'one of your number should commit a breach of school discipline, what would the rest of you do? You would, of course, tell.' The young ladies listened with demure attention, and the principal never knew that the very situation he was describing had been existent in the class for a year. They had recognized it, dealt with it, and kept silence.

Probably these were extraordinary young ladies. It was chiefly the extraordinary ones who, at that period, pursued the 'higher branches.' However that may have been, the significant thing, for our present purpose, is, not that the secret was kept, but that an intelligent educator—one of the most advanced of those who, at that time, were engaged in women's education—should have still held this opinion about women. We shall see how

far we have come since, if we try to imagine a principal of a girls' school or college addressing his class in this strain to-day.

It is, of course, a truism that the education of girls—using education in a very broad sense—has undergone during the last three generations, and with cumulative speed and effectiveness, a radical revolution. With most of its results we are not now directly concerned, but as regards this one matter of honor, the effect is already obvious.

For, as we have seen, honor develops most conspicuously where men are closely knit together as equals, in such a way that they feel at once their own personal dignity and their interdependence. For the first time in history, young women are coming together in just this way, in large masses, in the schools and colleges. They had come together before, in small numbers, in royal courts and in nunneries, but the atmosphere of courts is, for various reasons, unsuited to the development of honor, even among men, and still more among women, while the whole postulate of the nunnery, as of the monastery, clearly precludes it.

In the college, then, and to a less degree in the school, honor ought to develop as clear and strong among young women as among young men. And in fact it does. No college boy will 'give away' a fellow student to an instructor. No college girl will do it either. Everything that can be said in this regard about boys may also be said about girls, if we make a certain allowance for two things: first, the fact that, for obvious reasons, faculty surveillance is, though gradually being reduced, still much greater over the girls than over the boys; and second, that owing to their extreme youth the girls' colleges have not had time to acquire any such body of student tradition,

on all subjects, as has accumulated in the older colleges. It is, perhaps, all the more impressive that the college girl's sense of honor—of the honor of her college, the honor of her class, the honor of her team, and her own honor as inextricably bound up with these—should have reached the keenness that it has.

But it is not alone in the college world that this is happening. In the business world the story is the same. A New York business man was recently asked what he thought about women in business, — were they, on the whole, as businesslike, as honorable, as men? He answered promptly, 'More so.' Perhaps his 'more so' can be discounted a little. Perhaps it was the accent residuary from an earlier surprise at finding women businesslike at all. Or perhaps women in business, like the woman who, forty years ago, studied the 'higher branches,' are still to some extent a picked lot, and would therefore in some respects average a little higher than men. Or perhaps women, knowing the line along which their reputation has been weak, have made rather special efforts to counteract this.

Finally, it is possible that women through lack of experience have brought the standards of an abstract morality to bear on business matters, and these standards are, probably, in some respects higher than those now governing ordinary business transactions. As illustrative of this, a young woman, not in business, but following her husband's affairs with intelligent interest, said to me the other day, 'I am beginning to learn what business men call business honor. It is often quite different from what I should expect. I should n't do some things that they would, and they would n't do some things that I should. It seems to be a case of knowing what is customary and expected.'

These are cases where women are responding to a new environment. But there is a class, dwelling in our midst, whose environment has nothing about it particularly new, a class who lack the training and opportunities granted to the college and the business woman, but who yet have developed an honor-code binding and explicit, although little recognized. The servants within our doors, drawn together in the comradeship of similar conditions, have such a code among themselves, which, when it runs counter to our own interests, we sometimes resent, never realizing that it is in essence the same as the code that binds one gentleman to another, one white man to another, one doctor or lawyer to another. Many a servant has left a satisfactory position because she knew another servant to be dishonest, and there was no way, according to her code, of honorably meeting this situation. She could not countenance dishonesty, she could not accuse a fellow servant. There was nothing to do but leave.

This is doubly interesting because it shows that the sense of honor may be strong where it has, apparently, little to feed on, so long as it has these two conditions: class feeling, and some degree of personal independence. In the matter of independence, it is perhaps worth noting that women-servants have, for a long time, stood upon their own feet in a sense in which few other women have done so. The mistress, to take a trifling but significant example, cannot return home at night alone, but her maid may come for her alone, and is counted a sufficient escort.

It would appear, then, that the sense of honor in women has been, not an absent, but a latent quality. All it has needed for its development has been the proper environment.

But this does not mean that, the

proper environment now being given, women are to pass through all the successive honor-stages that men have — that they must swathe themselves in all the honorable red tape of the Roman, the knight, the gentleman, the lawyer, and the doctor. Heaven forbid! There is no reason why they should adopt standards which, though once useful, have now been superseded. We have noticed that all codes of all classes are gradually being modified by the growing consciousness of a broadly

human solidarity, and it is on this plane that women will naturally fall into line.

Neither men nor women have so far been able to build up, to a point of practical and universal efficacy, such a code of honor as Wordsworth suggests, but both men and women are now working toward this. It is perhaps not altogether utopian to anticipate that what they have not been able to do apart, they may be able to do, with somewhat greater success, together.

WAR-TIME LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON TO GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

EDITED BY SARA NORTON AND M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

OF all the friendships that formed so important an element in the life of Charles Eliot Norton there was none in which long intercourse and essential sympathy were so closely joined as in the friendship with George William Curtis. The biography of Curtis, by Mr. Edward Cary, in the 'American Men of Letters' series, has already shown Norton to be the friend to whom he wrote most constantly and frankly. In all of Norton's voluminous correspondence there is no single collection of letters in which the course of his life — for forty-two years — can be so intimately followed as in the letters to Curtis. The gifts and achievements of this best of friends were preëminently of the sort to win and hold the admiring sympathy of Mr. Norton. The love of letters, the skillful practice of the art of writing, the keen interest in pub-

lic matters, the independence of political thought and action, the charm of personality expressing itself as clearly in the spoken as in the written word, — all these were attributes upon which a friendship after Mr. Norton's own heart could be based.

Their friendship began in Paris in 1850. Curtis, with his friend Quincy A. Shaw, was returning from Egypt, where he had gathered the experiences soon to be embodied in his first book, *Nile Notes of a Howadji*. Norton had been in India, acting as supercargo of a vessel owned by the Boston firm of Bullard and Lee. Hearing at Agra that his father was seriously ill, he set out at once for home. Before reaching Paris more favorable reports came to him, and he remained longer in Europe. Near the end of his life he dictated some recollections of this period,

describing first his fortunate establishment in Paris with an older friend, Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, and proceeding: 'Another great pleasure which Paris gave me was falling in one evening at the *Café de Paris* with Quincy Shaw, who introduced me to his companion, long-haired and sweet-visaged George Curtis. We were much together during my stay in Paris, and this was the beginning of the friendship which was so much to me during the remainder of my life.'

In 1860, on the eve of the Civil War, Curtis was only thirty-six years old, Norton thirty-three. Curtis had written his 'Howadji' books, *Lotus-Eating*, *The Potiphar Papers*, and *Prue and I*. His 'Works' had been collected in five uniform volumes, and his recognized place in America was among the popular writers of the day. His reputation as a political writer was still largely to be made. Norton had made a smaller beginning as a writer of books, but had contributed abundantly to the serious periodicals of the time. To his friends he was known as a careful observer of social and political matters, and a faithful lover of his country. To both these young men, as to many others who gave what they could to the physical or spiritual service of the nation, the Civil War came as a great quickening and revealing power. There is a special interest, therefore, in the letters which the young student wrote from Cambridge and Newport to his friend in New York, who in 1863 became the political editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

Although the following letters deal chiefly with the public aspects of the war, it should be remembered that to Curtis, — with a brother and three brothers-in-law in the army, the brother and two of the brothers-in-law, Robert Gould Shaw and Charles Russell Lowell, giving their heroic lives to the cause, — and to Norton,

touched more nearly through friends than through kinsmen, a full sense of the meaning of war was inevitable. In selecting the letters to be published at this time, it has not seemed advisable to adhere to the single topic of the war; other interests of life, overshadowed as they were by what was passing in the South, continued their course. Curtis was often with the Nortons at Shady Hill, as he had been in earlier days at Newport. He was a friend of their friends, and familiar with their interests. So tragic an event as the death of Mrs. Longfellow, and its effect upon her husband, naturally found a place in the correspondence of Longfellow's two younger friends. Books were read and discussed. But the war was uppermost.

In Norton's view of its progress, there are constant evidences of the deeply patriotic faith and hope that were in him. His personal service to the national cause was rendered chiefly through the second half of the war in his editorial work for the New England Loyal Publication Society, an organization the object of which was officially described as the 'distribution of journals and documents of unquestionable and unconditional loyalty throughout the United States, and particularly in the armies now engaged in the suppression of the Rebellion.' Of this good work the letters hold their traces. Most noticeable of all, and most typical of the Northern element which Norton represented, are the signs of the change which came upon men's view of Lincoln. In November, 1862, Norton is found writing: 'I am very much afraid that a domestic cat will not answer when one wants a Bengal tiger.' In December of the next year, he wrote of Lincoln: 'I conceive his character to be on the whole the great net gain from the war.' This is but one of many reflections from the mirror

in which the progress of national events was solicitously watched.

But the letters will speak best for themselves.

[SHADY HILL], Jan'y 15, 1860.

MY DEAREST GEORGE:—A fortnight hence I hope you will be with us. How pleasant it will be to see you once more! We shall all be delighted to welcome you. The years are hardly fair to us that give us but an annual meeting, and I trust that this new one, this 1860, will treat us both more kindly by bringing us oftener together than the last.—It is ten years now, or will be in the spring, since we first knew each other.—Paris, Shady Hill, Newport, New York, are the various places which your affection has made happier for me. Do you recall the pleasant spring evening when we first met in the Café de Paris? How young we were then! I am not certain that we have grown very old since then,—but what years of experience these ten have been for us both! The next ten will be shorter,—so love me more during their course to make up for their quicker passage.

What you say about the Harpers is at once satisfactory and vexatious. As long as you feel bound to devote yourself to money-making, and they pay you so well,—so long I suppose you must keep to them,—but I shall be truly glad when the time comes that you can cut loose from them, and work more after your own pleasure, and more in other fields than those which they own and occupy. . . .

SHADY HILL, Dec'r 17, 1860.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—. . . In these present times of alarm and suspense my chief fear is lest we of the North should fail to see that the time has now come when the dispute between the North and the South can be settled finally, and therefore ought to

be settled and not deferred. I am afraid lest we may yield some part of our convictions and be false to our principles. The longer we stave off settlement by compromises and concessions, the heavier will be the reckoning when the day of settlement at length comes. This is no time for timid counsels. Safety no less than honor demands of us to take a firm stand, and to shrink from none of the consequences of the resolute maintenance of our principles,—the principles of justice and of liberty. I believe that New England is stronger than New Africa. A nominal union is not worth preserving at the price that is asked for it.

For my own part I think it most likely that we shall come at length to the rifle and the sword as the arbitrators of the great quarrel,—and I have no fear for the result. The discipline of steel is what we need to recover our tone. But I pity the South; and look forward with the deepest sorrow and compassion to the retribution they are preparing for themselves. The harvest they must reap is one of inevitable desolation. . . .

SHADY HILL, March 5, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—Is it not a great satisfaction to have the dignity and force of the government once more asserted? To feel that there are strong and honest hands to hold it, in place of the feeble and false ones which for four months past have let it fall?

Lincoln's Inaugural is just what might have been expected from him, and falls but little short of what might have been desired. It is manly and straightforward; it is strong and plain enough to afford what is so greatly needed, a base upon which the sentiments of the uncorrupted part of the Northern people can find firm ground; and from which their course of action can take direction. But what will the

seceded States say about it? still more, what will they do? I incline to believe that they will not try violence, and that their course as an independent Confederacy is nearly at an end.

Congress could not have done less harm than it has done in passing the proposal for a Constitutional Amendment.¹ I am sorry that Lincoln should have volunteered any approbation of the proposal,—though I have little fear that the Amendment can be adopted by a sufficient number of States to make it part of the Constitution. I do not wish to bind the future. I fully adopt the principle in regard to 'Domestic institutions' (what a euphemistic people about slavery we are!) of the Republican platform, but I do not want Congress bound never to pass laws to prevent the internal Slave Trade. Let Slavery alone in each State,—very well; but let us not promise never to try to stop Virginia from being nothing but a breeding ground of Slaves.

The first act of this great play of Destruction of the Union has ended well. It seems now as if before the play were ended it would be generally found out that, as you and I have believed from the beginning, its proper name is, Destruction of the Slave Power.

When the history of American Slavery is written its open decline and fall will be dated from the day in which the South Carolina Declaration of Independence was signed. . . .

SHADY HILL, April 29, 1861.

DEAREST GEORGE:—I wish we could have a long talk together. Your last note found its answer in my heart. Everything is going on well here. The feeling that stirs the people is no outburst of transient passion, but is as

¹ The proposed Thirteenth Amendment recommended to the States by Congress on the eve of Lincoln's inauguration. /

deep as it is strong. I believe it will last till the work is done. Of course we must look for some reaction,—but I have no fear that it will bear any proportion to the force of the present current.

It seems to me to be pretty much settled by this unanimity of action at the North that we are not to have a divided Union. I almost regret this result, for I wish that the Southern States could have the opportunity of making a practical experiment of their system as a separate organization, and I fear lest when the time of settlement comes the weakness of the North may begin to show itself again in unmanly compliances.

But our chief danger at the present moment is lest the prevailing excitement of the people should overbear the wiser, slower, and more far-sighted counsels of Mr. Seward,—for it is he who more than anyone else has the calmness and the prudence which are most requisite in this emergency. I am afraid that he is not well supported in the Cabinet, and I more than ever wish that he could have been our President. I am not satisfied that Mr. Lincoln is the right man for the place at this time.

Sumner dined with our Club on Saturday.² He did not make a good impression on me by his talk. He is very bitter against Seward; he expressed a great want of confidence in Scott, thinking him feeble and too much of a politician to be a good general; he doubts the honor and the good service of Major Anderson. There is but one man in the country in whom he has entire confidence, and in him his confidence is overweening.

After Sumner had gone Mr. Adams³ came in and talked in a very different

² The Saturday Club of Boston.

³ Charles Francis Adams was appointed minister to England, March 20, 1861.

and far more statesmanlike way. His opinions are worthy of confidence. I think he is not thoroughly pleased with the President or the Cabinet, — but in him Mr. Seward has a strong ally.

You see that Caleb Cushing has offered his services to Governor Andrew. I understand that two notes passed on each side, — one a formal tender from Cushing of his services, which the Governor replied to with equal formality, stating that there is no position in the Massachusetts army which he can fill. Cushing's first letter was accompanied by another private one in which he offered himself to fill any position and expressed some of his sentiments on the occasion. To this Andrew answers that in his opinion Mr. Cushing does not possess the confidence of the community in such measure as to authorize him — the Governor — to place him in any position of responsibility, and that, even if this were not the case, Mr. Cushing does not possess his personal confidence to a degree which would warrant him in accepting his services. — This is excellent. It is no more than Cushing deserves. Neither the people nor the Governor have forgotten, and they will never forgive, his speeches last November or December, or his previous course.¹

SHADY HILL, June 16, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . Here at home we are all well, — and leading such tranquil lives that the contrast between them and the labors, anxieties and sorrows of the war, is brought very strikingly home to our hearts. I know you must have felt very deeply the death of Theodore Winthrop. The loss of such men as he makes us feel how heavy a price the country has to pay for the support of the principles

¹ Cushing had presided at the Democratic National Convention which nominated Breck- enridge to run against Lincoln.

that are at stake. It is sad that he should have fallen so early in the struggle, and in such fullness of life. But no lover of his country, of liberty or of peace, would desire to change the manner of his death. Few men in our days have been happy enough to be called to die for a principle, or for their country's sake. There is real glory and joy in dying while doing good service in this war.

I am told that Winthrop's article which is to appear in the *Atlantic* this week is as full of spirit and manliness as the one that came out last month. But with what a solemn commentary will it be read.

Our regiments enlisted for the war are going off one after another. The best of them is Gordon's, — so called from its Colonel who is a West Pointer. It is officered throughout by gentlemen, and its ranks are full of fine fellows. But, I forget, you know all about it, and your hearts will follow it and go with it wherever it goes. . . .

July 10, 11½ A.M. (1861).

DEAREST GEORGE: — You will have heard of the awful calamity that has fallen upon the Longfellows, — and us all.

I have no heart to write, except for the sake of lightening your sorrow. She did not suffer except for the first hour or two after the accident; was conscious, quite calm, strong and patient through the night whenever she was free from the influence of ether. This morning she became unconscious, — and died half an hour ago.

Longfellow is suffering much from his burns, — but they are not alarming. He was sleeping a little while ago. I wish he might never wake.

God help him.

God help us all.

Your ever loving

C. E. N.

NEWPORT, July 26, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received yesterday from Tom Appleton accounts from our dear Longfellow which you may be glad to hear. He says: 'Longfellow makes very good progress. The scars on his face have wholly disappeared. The right hand is nearly well, and the left (the worst) is almost painless and the skin forming. He is very comfortable and cared for. His sisters and children are always in the room or near by, and the weather is all we could wish. Lowell, Agassiz and Felton have been to see him several times, and cheer him by their heartfelt sympathy. We are all trying to get used to this terrible change and do our best to bear it.'

I shall go up next week to Cambridge to see them, and I will write to you again from there or on my return.

From the first I have looked on our defeat¹ in Virginia as a hard lesson, not as a disaster to be greatly regretted. It has taught us much. Instead of weakening confidence in our troops, the fight of last Sunday, in spite of its issue, will strengthen their faith in themselves. And in its effect on the public sentiment of the North it will be like the fall of Sumter. Everything that makes the attainment of our object in fighting more difficult, makes it at the same time more certain. Had we marched only to easy victory we might have had but half a triumph: now the triumph of our cause is likely to be complete. Nothing tears veils like cannon-shot, and the dullest eyes are beginning to see the real cause and the true remedy of our troubles. The emancipation of Virginia from slavery was finally settled, I think, last Sunday.

The New York papers, always excepting the *Evening Post*, go from bad to worse, the *Tribune* leading the rest. Fortunately none of them have much

¹ At Bull Run.

effect on public opinion, and they are losing most of what they may hitherto have possessed. 'Il y a quelqu'un qui a plus d'esprit que M. de Voltaire: c'est tout le monde.' The downfall of the fourth estate need not be wept over. . . .

NEWPORT, August 1, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I was just about writing to you today when I had the pleasure of receiving your more than welcome letter. — I was in Cambridge on Tuesday, and saw Longfellow. He is in just that state of mind and feeling which we who love him could desire. He is perfectly simple and manly in bearing his terrible affliction, — with no exaggeration of grief or of the repression of it. I have never seen anyone under great sorrow who seemed to me to show a more Christian resignation and fortitude. He was quite self-possessed, though now and then his tears for a moment choked his voice. He taught me to love and respect him more than ever. He is still in his room, and for a great part of the time in bed. His hands are almost well, but he recovers very slowly from the prostration of his strength. He said that the visits of his friends did him good; that he liked to see them, and to talk with them. All his usual sweetness and quickness of sympathy was in his words, intensified by a new and most affecting pathos. His thoughts about others were as if he himself were not changed. He spoke of you, of your being at Cambridge, and of his not having been able to see you. He said he found it very difficult to take an interest in anything, — everything seemed very remote. He did not know how he should bear it as he got well. 'I am very desolate.'

If you can go to Cambridge at any time this summer I am sure it would please Longfellow to see you, and if you will come by way of Newport, I will

go from here with you. I shall at any rate go up again to see him before long.

The extracts you sent me from your brother's¹ letter were very interesting. I am more and more convinced that we not only deserved but needed defeat. I hope it is our second Sumter, and that we shall not need another lesson of the same sort to deepen conviction and make the true end of the war — the civilizing of the Southern States — plain to the whole people. I find almost everywhere the right spirit, but not quite enough of it. Men seem determined to secure our triumph, but do not know for what cause, except for the satisfaction of pride, triumph is needed. — Child² writes to me from Stockbridge. 'At ten o'clock Monday evening we got the afternoon news, — about as bad as news could be. Hardly anybody could sleep. That might have been thought the unhappy distinction of high-strung nerves, but the next morning the butcher from Lee told us nobody slept in Lee, and when butchers are kept watching by bad news there must be something to pay. It is said that immediately on receipt of the *bad* news seventy-one men offered themselves to enlist in Lee where no enlistments could be procured before. I saw a man going through the streets crying out loud when the news was confirmed on Monday night.'

The change in the *Tribune* will not restore the paper to its old place. Greeley's appeal to the people was more mean-spirited than I would have believed he could write. . . .

NEWPORT, August 24, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE:— . . . I do not agree with you that the war is likely to be short. Its issue may soon become

¹ Joseph Bridgham Curtis, 4th R. I. Regiment; killed at Fredericksburg.

² Professor F. J. Child of Harvard.

certain, but it will be long before we can lay down our arms. Nor am I ready yet to share in any gloomy prognostications. I believe the people will save the country and the government in spite of all the weakness and mismanagement and corruption at Washington. Nor am I afraid of the effect of another defeat, — if another should come. It will indeed bring to the surface an immense show of cowardice, and meanness; but we have no right yet to believe that the temper of our people is so low that it will not rise with the trial of calamity. I bate nothing of heart or hope, and I grieve to think that you should ever feel out of heart or despondent. We have not yet more than begun to rouse ourselves; we are just bracing to the work; but we are setting to it at last in earnest.

The practical matter to be attended to at this moment seems to me to be the change in the Cabinet. A change *must* be made, — and it will be made, if not by the pressure now brought to bear, then by a popular revolution. We shall have public meetings of a kind to enforce their resolves in the course of a few days, if Cameron, Welles and Smith are not removed, or the best reason given for retaining them. Mr. Seward ought to understand that it is not safe for him that they should any longer remain in the Cabinet. If another reverse were to come and they still there, the whole Cabinet would have to go; — and then let Mr. Lincoln himself look out for a Committee of Safety.

It is growing too dark for me to write more to-night.

Let me hear from you again soon, — and above all do not begin to doubt our final success.

If the fortunes of war go against us, if all our domestic scoundrels give aid to the cause of the rebels, — we still

shall not fail, and the issue will be even better than our hopes.

Most affectionately yours,
CHARLES E. N.

NEWPORT, October 2, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . I sent you yesterday a copy of De Vere's last volume of poems. There are some very charming things in it. He has genuine poetic sensibility, and with age he gains power of expression and depth of thought. In everything he writes he shows the refinement of his taste, the delicacy of his feeling, and his strong religious sentiment. He is greatly pleased with any expression of appreciation from America, and if you have a fit opportunity I wish you would say something of this volume in print. And if you should do so, please be sure to tell me, (for I do not always see *Harper's Monthly* and *Weekly*), that I may send it to him. De Vere has taken from the beginning the most intelligent and sympathetic view of our great contest. I read you, I think, one of his letters about it; and in later letters he has expressed his convictions still more fully and warmly. Nor is this volume without the marks of his hearty interest in our struggle.

I have great faith in Frémont. But how painfully little we know! and how ungenerously that little is used against Frémont by the public generally in forming their opinion of his course! I earnestly hope that he may soon have a success which shall win back to him the popular confidence. Events prove Lincoln's modification of his proclamation even more unfortunate than it at first seemed, — and even at first it seemed bad enough. In a fight so desperate as that which is now being waged in Missouri we have need of all our arms, — and Lincoln has compelled us to throw aside the most effective of them all, — he has spiked our gun of

longest range. Have I before quoted to you Milton's sentence about those 'who coming in the course of these affairs to have their share in great actions above the form of law or custom . . . dispute precedents, forms, circumstances when the commonwealth nigh perishes for want of deeds in substance, done with just and faithful expedition?' 'To these,' as he says, 'I wish better instruction, and virtue equal to their calling.'

It is an unexampled experience that we are having now, and a striking development of the democratic principle, — of great historic deeds being accomplished, and moral principles working out their results, without one great man to do the deeds or to manifest the principle in himself.

The fight in Kentucky seems to me one of the most important phases in the war. Her conduct for the past year has been so mean that she deserves the suffering that has come upon her; but in her borders we have now got slaveholders arrayed against slaveholders, and between them they will kill slavery in her limits. I hope you are wrong in thinking that we shall lose her, — though, if we do, I shall not much grieve, believing that every reverse of ours but makes our final success more certain, and gives to it a solid reality which would not be the result of an easy triumph. . . .

SHADY HILL
December 5. Thursday eve'g.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . We are very serious over the President's Message. We think it very poor in style, manner and thought, — very wanting in pith, and exhibiting a mournful deficiency of strong feeling and of wise forecast in the President. This 'no policy' system in regard to the conduct of the war, and the treatment of the slavery question, is extremely dan-

gerous, and must at the best produce very unfortunate divisions of opinion and of action among the people; — it is truly a very sad thing to see each successive opportunity for great, decisive, *right* counsels thus thrown away and worse than lost. — The chances of true success for us are diminishing with alarming rapidity. The Sibyl has burned three, — six, — seven — of her books. How many has she left to offer us? And shall we not have to pay more than we can get, for what are left?

Cameron has saved the gist of the part struck out; — but that is not enough. Nor is he the man to lead this country. He is playing a game, and his principles are as good as, no better than, John Cochrane's.

I have stopped the publication of my essay on Emancipation, — convinced that the interpretation I had given to the Constitution was not the one truly intended by its framers and that it was not worth while to attempt to overset the common opinion in regard to the relation of the Constitution to slavery. We must get Emancipation — if at all — by *war*. Shall we?

Like Mr. Lincoln, to-night I do not like to think of great subjects. . . .

SHADY HILL, December 31, 1861.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Lowell has been spending the evening with us, and brought up to read to us his new Biglow Paper. It is one of the best things he ever did, — it is a true Yankee pastoral and lyric; — not another letter of B. Sawin, but a poem or rather two poems of Hosea's own, — the first a dialogue between Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill Monument, — the last a lyric about Jonathan and John, with the most spirited refrain. I am sure that you will be as delighted with it as I am. There is no

doubt but that it will touch the popular heart.

I entirely agree with you as to the masterly manner in which Seward has treated the Trent case. If his paper has too much the character of a legal plea for strict diplomatic usage, it is to be remembered that it is in reality addressed to the American people and not to Lord Lyons. — Shall we yet have to fight England? With all my heart I hope not, — but if need be I am ready.

SHADY HILL

Sunday, February 9, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Jane¹ and I went to hear Fred'k Douglas. It was a sad though interesting performance. He said very little to the purpose, and nothing that was of worth as helping toward clearer conclusions in regard to the future of the black race in America. There was a want of earnestness and true feeling in his speech. It was discursive, shallow, personal, and though he said some clever things and displayed some power of humorous irony, it was on the whole a melancholy exhibition, for neither the circumstances of the time, nor the immeasurable importance of the topic were enough to inspire him with wise or sincere counsel. I could not but think how far he was from such honesty of purpose and depth of feeling as were in John Brown's heart. There were several eloquent and well-meant passages in his lecture, but most of it was crude and artificial. We could not but come away disappointed and even disheartened.

How good the news is from Tennessee! ² We have waited so long for success that we may well be glad when it comes. I trust that this is a blow to be followed up. . . .

¹ Mr. Norton's older sister.

² Fort Henry had just been taken, and Fort Donelson was about to fall.

Monday evening, March 3, 1862.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . On the day you left us I had a long and most entertaining talk from Emerson about his experiences in Washington. Two things he said were especially striking. 'When you go southward from New York you leave public opinion behind you. There is no such thing known in Washington.' — 'It consoles a Massachusetts man to find how large is the number of egotists in Washington. Every second man thinks the affairs of the country depend upon him.' He reported a good saying of Stanton, when the difficulty of making an advance on account of the state of the roads was spoken of. — 'Oh,' said he, 'the difficulty is not from the mud in the roads, but the mud in the hearts of the Generals.'

Emerson said that Seward was very strong in his expressions concerning the incapacity and want of spirit of Congress, — and that Sherman and Colfax confirmed what Seward said, ascribing much of the manifest weakness to 'Border State' influence.

And much more. . . .

SHADY HILL, March 8, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — As I sit down to thank you for the note that came to me this morning, Jane is reading it aloud to Longfellow, and interrupts me to ask explanations. All you say is very interesting. But can I quite agree with you in confidence in Mr. Lincoln's instincts? His message on Emancipation¹ is a most important step; but could anything be more feebly put, or more inefficiently written? His style is worse than ever; and though a bad style is not always a mark of bad thought, it is at least a proof that thought is not as clear as it ought to be.

¹ The special message urging 'gradual abolition of Slavery' was sent to Congress March 6.

How time brings about its revenges! I think the most striking incident of the war is the march of our men into Charlestown singing the John Brown psalm, 'His soul is marching on.'

As for Lincoln's suggestions, I am sure that good will come of them. They will at least serve to divide opinion in the Border States. But I see many practical objections to his plan; and I doubt if any State meets his propositions with corresponding action.

The *Tribune* is politic in its burst of ardor. Let us make out the message to be more than it is, — and bring the President up to our view of it. . . .

SHADY HILL, March 19, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . I am not as critical as Iago, but I do not like McClellan's address to his troops. It is too French in style and idiom. He 'loves his men like a father'? 'A magnificent army.' 'God smiles upon us.' How does he know? And 'victory attends us'? This last phrase is plainly a mistranslation from the French 'La Victoire nous attend,' — which means, what our General ought to have said, Victory awaits us.

But I am more than content with our progress. Wendell Phillips in Washington! The new Article of War! The slaves running away in Virginia! Frémont reinstated in command! — Freedom cannot take any backward steps — and it looks as if she would soon begin to move forward with faster and more confident steps than heretofore.

What a fine fight that was in Hampton Roads! Honor to the men of the Cumberland. I heard a most interesting and deeply moving account of the incidents of the fight and the sinking from Dr. Martin, the surgeon of the ship.

And how splendidly the Monitor was managed! . . .

SHADY HILL

Thursday evening, July 31, 1862.

DEAREST GEORGE:— . . . The weather is very beautiful; — such a sunshiny, showery, green, shady summer as it is! But we have no days finer than the 17th. *That* was fine every way. Your Oration¹ lasts in the minds of men. Its praises come to me from all sides. Last Saturday at the Club there was a general expression of hearty admiration of it which would have pleased you to hear. Everyone who had heard it said it was one of the most effective pieces of oratory that had been heard here by this generation, and that its sentiment and doctrine were as noble as your eloquence. Even the ‘conservatives’ give in to its power. ‘Detestable opinions, Sir, but overwhelming eloquence.’

Here we have given up McClellan as a general, and have renewed our original faith in Stanton. It seems to me certain that the President and the Secretary of War have not interfered with McClellan’s plans, but have done everything to forward them. I fear the President is not yet quite conscious of the spirit of the people, and aware of the needs of the time. I have no doubt of his good intention, but I doubt if his soul is open to the heats of enthusiasm for a great principle, or his will quick and resolute enough for a great emergency. I do not believe in any palliatives at present. Will Lincoln be master of the opportunities, or will they escape him? Is he great enough for the time?

Do you think the army² on the James River is safe? If it is forced to surrender I think the people generally would be excited to make the cause good, rather than depressed by the calamity. — It looks to me as if Emanci-

cipation might come very soon in Kentucky. But what a pity that the President should not have issued a more distinct and telling Proclamation. I think this a great misfortune. However it is not a mere piece of commonplace faith that everything is best, when I say I believe that the issue of the war will be as we desire.— What a lot of capital *I’s* I have put into this note. . . .

SHADY HILL, September 7, 1862.

MY DEAR GEORGE:— I have not written to you in these past ten days because I have been writing much at my lectures,³ because Susan⁴ has been ill with a slight touch of chills and fever, caught originally years ago on Long Island, because, in fine, the times have been so bad that there was no comfort to be found even in you. — I am hopeful still, but less confident than I have been. I think these days since you left us have been in some important respects the most disheartening that we have yet been through. They have been worse than days of more serious disaster, for they have betrayed alike the incompetence of our generals and the vacillations of our administration, at a time when there was special need of good generalship, and of vigorous purpose. It is poor comfort to find Pope such a failure that the reappointment of McClellan, apparently to chief command, seems better than to leave the army in Pope’s hands.

The people as usual have behaved splendidly. We are perishing for lack of that unpurchasable article — genius. The men are fine, — what we want is a man, — and our times do not produce in quantity men who deserve

³ A course of Lowell Institute lectures on the characteristics of the twelfth century, delivered in the following winter.

⁴ In May, 1862, Mr. Norton and Miss Susan Sedgwick had been married.

¹ The Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Harvard.

² The Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, after the disastrous Seven Days’ battles.

to be spoken of in the singular number.

And yet I feel that we do not know enough to form a positive judgment as to the conduct or abilities of any one of our generals. All are unsatisfactory, but they may, some of them, be less unsatisfactory than they seem to be. It is no use to get big armies if no one of our leaders can set them in the field. It is no use to send our men or to go ourselves to the war, if we are to be shot and not do any shooting.

All which, dearest 'He of *Harper's Weekly* and the Nile,' is a mystery. I reveal my hidden, partial thoughts to you. There is much to be said (and which I say) on the other side. Our cause remains the same. It will not be lost in the end, and it is a good thing (perhaps) for the nation to have no leaders, but be forced to make its own way. — But, after all, I believe similar troubles attend almost all great wars; ours only seem aggravated by the gossipping intelligence of every fact, and the reiteration of every falsehood by the newspapers.

Have you lately read Carlyle's account of the battle of Dunbar? — if not, pray read it now. And read too any good account of Hoche's campaign in La Vendée. Hoche was a man of sense and his policy makes one doubt the advisableness of our advancing army's living on the enemy. — The best thing for our cause at the present time would be, I believe, a few days' invasion of Ohio or Pennsylvania. Our people would really feel *war* then, and I think the Administration would have to carry on war with vigour after that. But I fear the enemy is not strong enough to invade us. . . .

SHADY HILL, September 23, 1862.¹

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — God be praised! I can hardly see to write, —

¹ The day after Lincoln read the Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet.

for when I think of this great act of Freedom, and all it implies, my heart and my eyes overflow with the deepest, most serious gladness.

I rejoice with you. Let us rejoice together, and with all the lovers of liberty, and with all the enslaved and oppressed everywhere.

I think today that this world is glorified by the spirit of Christ. How beautiful it is to be able to read the sacred words under this new light.

'He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.'

The war is paid for.

Dearest George, I was very glad to see that your brother was safe, and to hear of his gallantry in the late actions.²

Love and congratulations from us all to all of you.

Ever yours,
C. E. N.

SHADY HILL, November 12, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Were it not for one or two *ifs*, I should feel much better about the state of affairs than I have for some time. The worst of the *ifs* is the one concerning Lincoln. I am very much afraid that a domestic cat will not answer when one wants a Bengal tiger. It is encouraging that Congress meets so soon again; the President will be helped by it.

Another *if* must go before Burnside's name. He may be able to command one hundred thousand men in the field, but is he? He, like our other generals,

² At Antietam, where Lieut. J. B. Curtis's regiment was cut to pieces and driven back, he seized the colors, and shouted, 'I go back no further! What is left of the Fourth Rhode Island, form here!' For the rest of the day he fought as a private in an adjoining command. See Cary's *Curtis*, p. 161 n.

is on trial. How we shall rejoice if he succeeds.

You are certainly right in your view of the elections. The Administraion will not be hurt by the reaction if the war goes on prosperously. If we have a vigorous, brilliant and really successful winter campaign there will be not much opposition left next spring; but if otherwise — if we have successes that lead to nothing, and victories that are next door to defeats, if the influence of Washington air follows and paralyzes our armies, then I think it will be hard times for us and all honest republicans, who hope for the country and believe in its institutions and its people. . . .

SHADY HILL, January 30, 1863.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — One busy day has succeeded another since you were here till I am at last reduced to a condition in which I am fit for no work, and so set about writing a note and sending my love to you.

The Hero of one hundred ungained Victories, — the conqueror in his own bulletins, is at present in Boston, and but a few people remain calm. Some are excited with enthusiastic admiration of their own imagination of McClellan; some busy with wire-pulling; some active to prevent others 'without distinction of party' gaining any advantage out of relations with the disgraced Captain and candidate for the next Presidency; and some very much disquieted by all this folly. So you see those who keep quiet and innocent minds are in a despicable minority.

I have just finished the volume of Russell's *Diary* that you left here. It is a very valuable and useful book; but he is a pretty small Irishman after all, and his style is as amusing sometimes as his ignorance. But I really like the book and have been greatly interested in it.

The new Army Bill is just what is
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needed, and in general Congress seems to be doing its work well. The Negro Soldier bill must pass, and I trust it is an efficient one. The getting ready a Negro army is the need beyond all others of this moment; and I am afraid from what I hear that the inexplicable President 'does n't see it.' Mr. Sedgwick writes that he wishes two hundred good men would come on to Washington to press the matter forward, and to labour with Mr. Lincoln. — As to the Potomac Army I wish it could be sent South and West, and that Richmond could be captured by successes not in Virginia.

We are making arrangements here to secure the circulation of good telling articles from foreign and our own newspapers, to influence and direct public opinion.¹ We propose to secure from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand readers for two articles per week, and perhaps more. I shall be the 'editor' so to say, with John Forbes and Sam Ward as advisers. Please bear this in mind and send to me, marked, articles which you think should be thus circulated. I shall have frequent occasion to borrow from *Harper*, — or rather from you in *Harper*.

SHADY HILL, June 28, 1863.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . I want very much to talk over public affairs now with you. The course and the prospects of the parties no less than of the war seem likely to be very much determined by the events of the next few weeks. I trust solicitously. — The President's letter struck me just as it had struck you. It is eminently characteristic of his better qualities of mind, — those which he shows when pushed hard, or really touched. It is a pity that he does not sustain himself at this height. He will not, I trust,

¹ The first allusion to the work of the New England Loyal Publication Society.

make any elaborate answer to the Ohio Copperheads.

I am glad that the lines are being so clearly drawn. We had best understand the real amount and character of the Northern force against us. . . .

SHADY HILL, February 1, 1863.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Here is our prospectus. If at any time you want to secure a still wider circulation for any one of your articles than their appearance in *Harper* affords, please send me from one hundred to five hundred slips, which can be cheaply enough struck off if done before the form for the paper is broken up.

Mclellan is still here, and has been causing people to break the Sabbath to-day. Agassiz is a devoted admirer of his, and said yesterday that 'he was a great but not a towering man.' Dr. Holmes, studying him physiologically, talks of 'broad base of brain,' 'threshing floor of ideas,' no invention or original force of intellect, but compact, strong, executive nature, 'with a neck such as not one man in ten thousand possesses,' 'muscular as a prize fighter,' etc. etc. . . .

SHADY HILL, February 26, 1863.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . It was pleasant to hear from you of your visit to Philadelphia, and to hear from John,¹ on the same day, his glowing account of it. What a loyal place Philadelphia has become! We should be as loyal here if we had a few more out-and-out secessionists. Our Union 'Club' — we have dropped the offensive word 'League' — promises well — two hundred members already, and Mr. Everett and his followers pledged to principles which suit you and me. We are proposing to take the Abbott Lawrence house on Park St., and to be

¹ Their common friend, and later their Ashfield neighbor, John W. Field of Philadelphia.

strong by position as well as by numbers. But nothing will do for the country, — neither Clubs nor pamphlets nor lectures, nor Conscription Bills (three cheers for the despotism necessary to secure freedom), nor Banking Bills, nor Tom Thumb, nor Institutes, — nothing will do us much good but victories. If we take Charleston and Vicksburg we conquer and trample out the Copperheads, — but if not?

I confess to the most longing hope, the most anxious desire to know of our success. I try to be ready for news of failure: indeed I shall be ready for such news if it comes, and we must all only draw a few quick breaths and form a sterner resolve, and fight a harder fight.

Where is the best statement, in a clear and quiet way, of the political necessity of the preservation of the Union, its vital necessity to our national existence? Seward has done harm by keeping up the notion of the old Union, — but who has seen clearest the nature of the new Union for which we are fighting? . . .

SHADY HILL, September 3, 1863.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — It is pleasant to think of you as so near us. It would be much pleasanter to have you with us, — especially this morning, that we might congratulate each other on the extraordinary excellence of the President's letter.² He rises with each new effort, and his letters are successive victories. Indeed the series of his letters since and including the one to the Albany Committee are, as he says to General Grant of Vicksburg, 'of almost inestimable value to the country,' — for they are of the rarest class of political documents, arguments se-

² Presumably Lincoln's letter of August 26, 1863, to J. C. Conkling, in answer to an invitation to attend a mass-meeting of unconditional Union men at Springfield, Ill., on Sept. 3.

riously addressed by one in power to the conscience and reason of the citizens of the commonwealth. They are of the more value to us as permanent precedents — examples of the possibility of the coexistence of a strong government with entire and immediate dependence upon and direct appeal to the people. There is in them the clearest tone of uprightness of character, purity of intention, and goodness of heart. . . .

SHADY HILL

Monday evening, September 21, 1863.

DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . A ring at the door bell is the occasion of that [ink spot], — and I hear William James's pleasant and manly voice in the other room from which the sound of my Mother's voice has been coming to me as she read aloud the Consular Experiences of the most original of consuls. Tonight I am half annoyed, half amused at Hawthorne. He is nearly as bad as Carlyle. His dedication to F. Pierce — the correspondent of Jefferson Davis, the flatterer of traitors, and the emissary of treason — reads like the bitterest of satires; and in that I have my satisfaction. The public will laugh. 'Praise undeserved' (say the copybooks) 'is satire in disguise,' — and what a blow his friend has dealt to the weakest of ex-Presidents. . . .

SHADY HILL, *September 27, 1863.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Charles Eliot is going abroad with his wife and children, and proposes to spend the next six or eight months in Paris. He means to study Chemistry, and is also desirous to become thoroughly acquainted with the system and management and organization of some of the public institutions of France. He has a genius for such matters, and is well fitted by his training here to discover in the foreign institutions the points of

most practical importance as capable of adaptation to our needs.¹

He wants a letter to John Bigelow, and I have promised to get it for him. Will you write one or ask Godwin for one? And will you let me have it in the course of the week? . . .

SHADY HILL, *October 16, 1863.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — I heartily and with all my heart rejoice with you in the result of Tuesday's elections. All our confidence in the intelligence and patriotism of our people is justified. The victory is the moral Waterloo of the rebellion. The end is in view, — with Union and freedom and peace. . . .

I have just undertaken, in company with Lowell, the editorship of the *North American Review*. The arrangement with the publishers is a tolerably liberal one, and I think we can put some life into the old dry bones of the Quarterly. Will you sometimes write an article? Will you in the course of the next six weeks write one, — on any national question you choose, or on any other subject if you are tired of politics, — letting us have it for the January number? Do if you can do it. We can pay you two dollars and fifty cents a page. . . .

SHADY HILL

Thursday, December 10, 1863.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Last night we went to hear Beecher. He spoke admirably, and it was a great pleasure to hear him. It was not great oratory, but it was a fine, large, broad, sensible, human, sympathetic performance. Tomorrow we have a dinner of our Dozen Club for him.

Once more we may rejoice that Abraham Lincoln is President. How wise and how admirably timed is his

¹ Six years later Mr. Eliot became President of Harvard.

Proclamation.¹ As a state paper its naïveté is wonderful. Lincoln will introduce a new style into state papers; he will make them sincere, and his honesty will compel even politicians to like virtue. I conceive his character to be on the whole the great net gain from the war. . . .

SHADY HILL, February 23, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEORGE:—. . . It is a great mistake, but let us trust not a great misfortune, that Chase should thus put himself forward against Lincoln as a candidate for the next Presidency. It is a position by no means creditable to him, nor can I well see how, if he has any self-respect, he can longer retain his position in the Cabinet. The address of the Committee who have his Presidential interests in hand is a most unprincipled document. Mr. Lincoln's public conduct has given no grounds for the main charges contained in it against him, and it is disgraceful to insinuate charges which no man has a right to assert.

It would not be surprising if such an attack upon him were rather to strengthen Mr. Lincoln with the people than to weaken their confidence in him. I think the people generally trust his ability and his judgment no less than his good intentions. They see that he is honest in his devotion to their cause, they feel that he is in full sympathy with them, and they cannot be persuaded that, having served them so well, he will fail them hereafter. The democratic instinct is with him, and he has the hearts of the people as no public man in our time has had them. Mr. Chase has no hold on the popular

¹ This proclamation, transmitted to Congress with Lincoln's Third Annual Message, Dec. 8, 1863, provided both for the renewal of allegiance by persons in rebellion and the restoration of state governments under the Union.

affections, and it will not be strange if this early and unprincipled pushing of his candidacy should destroy his future chances of obtaining the great object of his ambition.

The radicals, the extreme radicals, make an enormous but characteristic mistake in ranging themselves in opposition to the President. He has done their work for them far more speedily and successfully than they could have done it for themselves. He has gone as fast as safety would permit, and it is difficult to understand how men really desirous to advance the cause of liberty and of the Union, can, with the remembrance of the two hundred thousand votes cast for Woodward, Slavery and Disunion last October in Pennsylvania, think it desirable to support a candidate whose only claim to superiority over Mr. Lincoln lies in the fact of his being supported by a smaller party. But the extremists as usual remember nothing, learn nothing from experience, and have no gratitude except for future benefits. In Mr. Lincoln's words, —'It is very difficult to do sensible things.' . . .

SHADY HILL

Class Day. June 24, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEORGE:—. . . The Baltimore Convention² did its duty well, and the air has cleared a good deal since it was held. I should have been glad if a more solid democratic plank had been inserted in the platform,—but our politicians do not yet begin to understand the distinctive, essential feature of our institutions, and have only a distant, theoretic comprehension of the meaning and worth of truly democratic ideas. This war is a struggle of the anti-democrats with the democrats; of the maintainers of the

² The National Union Convention, held early in June at Baltimore, had renominated Lincoln for the Presidency.

privilege of a class with the maintainers of the common rights of man. This view includes all the aspects of the war, and it is the ground upon which the people can be most readily brought to the sacrifices still required, and to the patient bearing of the long and heavy burdens it imposes upon them.

I have great confidence that the summer's campaign will end well for us. If we have, as we may have (though I shall not be disappointed if we do not have it), a great victory, then the rebellion as a military power will be nearly at an end. But if we merely take Richmond, one more serious campaign at least will be before us, and the country will feel the weight of the war more than ever before. . . .

ASHFIELD, MASS., July 24, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . This week, let us hope, we shall hear that Sherman is in Atlanta, and that he is breaking up the army opposed to him. His work is not better done than Grant will do his. But I do not want peace till there is certainty of our carrying the Amendment to the Constitution. We must have that to make peace sure.

The Rebel self-appointed peacemakers took nothing by their move, and Lincoln showed as usual his straightforward good sense. What a contrast between him and the politicians who fancy themselves his superiors in insight and shrewdness! What does Raymond¹ mean by his Saturday's article on Lincoln's statement of terms? Is he hedging for a reconstruction with slavery? If so, he is more shortsighted and more unprincipled than I believed. I never fancied, indeed, that he had principles, and I thought he had learned enough not to confess such bad ones. . . .

¹ Henry J. Raymond, Editor of the *New York Times*.

HOME, September 6, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — I have just read your paper on Hawthorne, and am greatly pleased with it. Your analysis of his mental and moral character, and of its intellectual results seems to me eminently subtle, delicate, and tender. I regret only that it is so short, — for there is much suggested in what you have written that might well be developed, and there are some traits of Hawthorne's genius which scarcely have justice done them in the brevity of your essay. The one point which I should like to have had more fully brought out is the opposition that existed between his heart and his intellect. His genius continually, as it seems to me, overmastered himself, and the depth and fulness of his feelings were forced into channels of expression in which they were confined and against which they struggled in vain. He was always hurting himself, till he became a strange compound of callousness and sensitiveness. — But I do not mean to analyze. Your paper is a delightful one and I am very glad to have it.

And now let us rejoice together over the great good news. It lifts the cloud, and the prospect clears. We really see now the beginning of the end. The party that went for peace at Chicago² has gone to pieces at Atlanta. — The want of practical good sense in our own ranks pains me. The real question at issue is so simple, and the importance of solving it correctly so immense, that I am surprised alike at the confusion of mind and the failure of appreciation of the stake among those who are most deeply interested in the result. Even if Mr. Lincoln were not, as you and I believe, the best candidate, he is now the only possible one for the Union party, and surely, such being the case, per-

² The Democratic National Convention, which nominated McClellan for the Presidency. It met at Chicago, August 29.

sonal preferences should be sunk in consideration of the unspeakable evil to which their indulgence may lead. I have little patience with Wade, and Sumner, and Chase, letting their silly vexation at not having a chance for the Presidency thus cloud their patriotism and weaken the strength of the party. . . .

Sunday evening, September 25, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEORGE:—. . . We had a pleasant Club dinner yesterday. . . . Sumner has toned down greatly since it seems certain that Lincoln is to be reelected. His opinion of Lincoln 'is at least not higher than it was three years ago.' An officer just from Atlanta came in and told us some good stories of Sherman,—and of the transportation department of the army. There has been a corps of six thousand men detailed to keep the railroad from Nashville to Atlanta in order. The bridge across the Chattahoochie — a railroad bridge seven hundred and eight feet long, and ninety-three feet high — was built in four days. The army has been well supplied, in great measure with canned food. — 'Yes,' said Sherman, 'I am perfectly satisfied with the transportation service,—it has given us abundance of *deseccrated* vegetables and *consecrated* milk.'

This as a pendant to his recent letters. — What a week this last has been

for good letters! Two from Lincoln, that are worthy of the best letter-writer of the time,—so simple, manly, and direct; one from Grant, not less simple and straightforward, clearing the air with its plain frankness from rumors and innuendoes, and affording a most striking contrast to the letters which Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of receiving from a former Commander-in-Chief; and two from Sherman, masterpieces of strong sense in strong words. How his wrath swells and grows till it bursts in 'Tell that to the Marines,' and with what indignant common-sense does he reject the canting appeal to God and humanity of the Southern slave-drivers! He writes as well as he fights. . . .

In the existing letters from Norton to Curtis there are only four, beyond this last, that fall within the period of the war; and they are unimportant. One could wish for some record of the impressions made by the closing scenes of the great drama. But that which we have yields its contribution to a fuller knowledge of the period, and at the same time reveals Norton as one whose confidence in the national life of which he was a part stood firmly and deeply rooted.

[Letters of Mr. Norton to Mr. Lowell will appear in the December issue.—THE EDITORS.]

A MADONNA OF TINKLE TICKLE

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was at Soap-an'-Water Harbor, with the trader Quick as Wink in from the sudsy seas of those parts, that Tumm, the old clerk, told the singular tale of the Madonna of Tinkle Tickle.

'I'm no hand for sixpenny novels,' says he, with a wry glance at the skipper's dog-eared romance. 'Nursemaids an' noblemen? I'm chary. I've no love, anyhow, for the things o' mere fancy. But I'm a great reader,' he protested, with quick warmth, 'o' the tales that are lived under the two eyes in my head. I'm forever in my lib'ry, too. Jus' now,' he added, his eye on a dismayed little man from Chain Harbor, 'I'm readin' the book o' the cook. An' I'm lookin' for a sad endin', ecod, if he keeps on scorchin' the water!'

The squat little Newfoundland schooner was snug in the lee of False Frenchman and down for the night. A wet time abroad: a black wind in the rigging, and the swish and patter of rain on the deck. But the forecastle bogey was roaring, and the forecastle lamp was bright; and the crew — at ease and dry — sprawled content in the forecastle glow.

'Lyin' here at Soap-an'-Water Harbor, with Tinkle Tickle hard-by,' the clerk drawled on, 'I been thumbin' over the queer yarn o' Mary Mull. An' I been enjoyin' it, too. An old tale — lived long ago. 'T is a tale t' my taste. It touches the heart of a woman. An' so, lads — 't is a mystery.'

Then the tale that was lived page by page under the two eyes in Tumm's head:—

'Tim Mull was fair dogged by the children o' Tinkle Tickle in his bachelor days,' the tale ran on. 'There was that about un, somehow, in eyes or voice, t' win the love o' kids, dogs, an' grandmothers. "Leave the kids have their way," says he. "I likes t' have un t' come t' me. They're no bother at all. Why, damme," says he, "they uplift the soul of a bachelor man like me! I loves un."

"You'll be havin' a crew o' your own, some day," says Tom Blot, "an' you'll not be so fond o' the company."

"I'll ship all the Lord sends."

"Ah-ha, b'y!" chuckles Tom, "He 've a wonderful store o' little souls up aloft."

"Then," says Tim, "I'll thank Un t' be lavish."

'Tom Blot was an old, old man, long past his labor, creakin' over the roads o' Harbor with a staff t' help his dry legs, an' much give t' broodin' on the things he'd found out in this life. "'T is rare that He's mean with such gifts," says he. "But 't is queer the way He bestows un. Ecod!" says he, in a temper, "I've never been able t' fathom his ways, old as I is!"

"I wants a big crew o' lads an' little maids, Tom," says Tim Mull. "Can't be too many for me if I'm to enjoy my cruise in this world."

"They've wide mouths, lad."

"Hut!" says Tim. "What's a man for? I'll stuff their little crops. You mark me, b'y!"

'So it went with Tim Mull in his

bachelor days: he'd forever a maid on his shoulder or a lad by the hand. He loved un. 'T was knowed that he loved un. There was n't a man or maid at Tinkle Tickle that did n't know. 'T was a thing that was called t' mind whenever the name o' Tim Mull come up. "Can't be too many kids about for Tim Mull!" An' they loved *him*. They'd wait for un t' come in from the sea at dusk o' fine days; an' on fine Sunday afternoons — sun out an' a blue wind blowin' — they'd troop at his heels over the roads an' hills o' the Tickle. They'd have no festival without un. On the eve o' Guy Fawkes, in the fall o' the year, with the Gunpowder Plot t' celebrate, when 't was

Remember, remember,
The Fifth o' November!

't was Tim Mull that must wind the fire-balls, an' sot the bonfires, an' put saleratus on the blisters. An' at Christmastide, when the kids o' Harbor come carolin' up the hill, all in mummers' dress, pipin', —

God rest you merry, gentlemen;
Let nothin' you dismay!

't was Tim Mull, in his cottage by Fo'e'sle Head, that had a big blaze, an' a cake, an' a tale, an' a tune on the concertina, for the rowdy crew.

"I love un!" says he. "Can't be too many for *me!*"

"An' everybody knowed it; an' everybody wondered, too, how Tim Mull would skipper his own little crew when he'd shipped un.

"Tim Mull fell in love, by-an'-by, with a dark maid o' the Tickle. By this time his mother was dead, an' he lived all alone in the cottage by Fo'e'sle Head. He had full measure o' the looks an' ways that win women. 'T was the fashion t' fish for un. An' 't was a thing that was shameless as fashion. Most o' the maids o' Harbor had cast hooks. Polly Twitter, for one,

an' in desperation: a pink an' blue wee parcel o' fluff — an' a trim little craft, withal. But Tim Mull knowed nothin' o' this, at all; he was too stupid, maybe, — an' too decent, — t' read the glances an' blushes an' laughter they flung out for bait.

"'T was Mary Low — who'd cast no eyes his way — that overcome un. She loved Tim Mull. No doubt, in the way o' maids, she had cherished her hope; an' it may be she had grieved t' see big Tim Mull, entangled in ribbons an' curls an' the sparkle o' blue eyes, indulge the flirtatious ways o' pretty little Polly Twitter. A tall maid, this Mary — soft an' brown. She'd brown eyes, with black lashes to hide un, an' brown hair, growin' low an' curly; an' her round cheeks was brown, too, flushed with red. She was a maid with sweet ways an' a tender pride; she was slow t' speak an' not much give t' laughter; an' she had the sad habit o' broodin' overmuch in the dusk. But she'd eyes for love, never fear, an' her lips was warm; an' there come a night in spring weather — broad moonlight an' a still world — when Tim Mull give way to his courage.

"'Tumm,' says he, when he come in from his courtin', that night, "there'll be guns poppin' at Tinkle Tickle come Friday."

"A weddin'?" says I.

"Me an' Mary Low, Tumm. I been overcome at last. 'T was the moon."

"She's ever the friend o' maids," says I.

"An' the tinkle of a goat's bell on Lookout. It fell down from the slope t' the shadows where the alders arch over the road by Needle Rock. Jus' when me an' Mary was passin' through, Tumm! You'd never believe such an accident. There's no resistin' brown eyes in spring weather. She's a wonderful woman, lad."

"That's queer!" says I.

"A wonderful woman," says he. "No shallow water there. She's deep. I can't tell you how wonderful she is. Sure, I'd have t' play it on the concertina."

"I'll lead the chivari," says I, "an' you grants me a favor."

"Done!" says he.

"Well, Tim," says I, "I'm a born godfather."

"Ecod!" says he. An' he slapped his knee an' chuckled. "Does you mean it? Tobias Tumm Mull! 'T will be a very good name for the first o' my little crew. Haw, haw! The thing's as good as managed."

"So they was wed, hard an' fast; an' the women o' Tinkle Tickle laughed on the sly at pretty Polly Twitter an' condemned her shameless ways."

"In the fall o' that year I went down Barbadoes way in a fish-craft from St. John's. An' from Barbadoes, with youth upon me t' urge adventure, I shipped of a sudden for Spanish ports. 'T was a matter o' four years afore I clapped eyes on the hills o' Tinkle Tickle again. An' I mind well that when the schooner hauled down ol' Fo'c'sle Head, that day, I was in a fret t' see the godson that Tim Mull had promised me. But there was n't no godson t' see. There was n't no child at all.

"Well, no, Tumm," says Tim Mull, "we has n't been favored in that particular line. But I'm content. All the children o' Harbor is mine," says he, "jus' as they used t' be, an' there's no sign o' the supply givin' out. Sure, I've no complaint o' my fortune in life."

'Nor did Mary Mull complain. She thrived, as ever: she was soft an' brown an' flushed with the color o' flowers, as when she was a maid; an' she rippled with smiles, as then, in the best of her moods, like the sea on a sunlit afternoon.

"I've Tim," says she, "an' with Tim I'm content. Your godson, Tumm, had he deigned to sail in, would have been no match for my Tim in goodness."

'An' still the children o' Tinkle Tickle trooped after Tim Mull; an' still he'd forever a maid on his shoulder or a wee lad by the hand.

"Fair winds, Tumm!" says Tim Mull. "Me an' Mary is wonderful happy t'gether."

"Is n't a thing we could ask for," says she.

"Well, well!" says I. "Now, that's good, Mary!"

'There come that summer t' Tinkle Tickle she that was once Polly Twitter. An' trouble clung to her skirts. Little vixen, she was! No tellin' how deep a wee woman can bite when she've the mind t' put her teeth in. Nobody at Tinkle Tickle but knowed that the maid had loved Tim Mull too well for her peace o' mind. Mary Mull knowed it well enough. Not Tim, maybe. But none better than Mary. 'T was no secret, at all: for Polly Twitter had carried on like the bereft when Tim Mull was wed — had cried an' drooped an' gone white an' thin, boastin', all the while, t' draw friendly notice, that her heart was broke for good an' all. 'T was a year an' more afore she flung up her pretty little head an' married a good man o' Skeleton Bight. An' now here she was, come back again, plump an' dimpled an' roguish as ever she'd been in her life. On a bit of a cruise, says she; but 't was not on a cruise she'd come — 't was t' flaunt her new baby on the roads o' Tinkle Tickle.

'A wonderful baby, ecod! You'd think it t' hear the women cackle o' the quality o' that child. An' none more than Mary Mull. She kissed Polly Twitter, an' she kissed the baby; an' she vowed — with the sparkle o' joyous truth in her wet brown eyes —

that the most bewitchin' baby on the coast, the stoutest baby, the cleverest baby, the sweetest baby, had come straight t' Polly Twitter, as though it wanted the very prettiest mother in all the world, an' knowed jus' what it was about.

'An' Polly kissed Mary. "You is so kind, Mary!" says she. "T is jus' sweet o' you! How can you!"

"Sweet?" says Mary, puzzled. "Why, no, Polly. I'm — glad."

"Is you, Mary? T is so odd! Is you really — glad?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know, Mary," says Polly. "But I — I — I 'lowed, somehow — that you would n't be — so *very* glad. An' I'm not sure that I'm grateful — enough."

'An' the women o' Tinkle Tickle wondered, too, that Mary Mull could kiss Polly Twitter's baby. Polly Twitter with a rosy baby, — a lusty young nipper, — an' a lad, t' boot! An' poor Mary Mull with no child, at all, t' bless Tim Mull's house with! An' Tim Mull a lover o' children, as everybody knowed! The men chuckled a little, an' cast winks about, when Polly Twitter appeared on the roads with the baby; for 't was a comical thing t' see her air an' her strut an' the flash o' pride in her eyes. But the women kep' their eyes an' ears open — an' waited for what might happen. They was all sure, ecod, that there was a gale comin' down; an' they was women, — an' they knowed the hearts o' women, — an' they was wise, if not kind, in their expectation.

'As for Mary Mull, she give never a sign o' trouble, but kep' right on kissin' Polly Twitter's baby, whenever she met it, which Polly contrived t' be often; an' I doubt that she knowned — until she could n't help knowin' — that there was pity abroad at Tinkle Tickle for Tim Mull.

"T was at the Methodist treat on Bide-a-Bit Point that Polly Twitter managed her mischief. 'T was a time well-chosen, too. Trust the little minx for that! She was swift t' bite — an' clever t' fix her white little fangs. There was a flock o' women, Mary Mull among un, in gossip by the baskets. An' Polly Twitter was there, too, — an' the baby. Sun under a black sea; then the cold breath o' dusk, with fog in the wind, comin' over the hills.

"Tim Mull," says Polly, "hold the baby."

"Me?" says he. "I'm a butter-fingers, Polly."

"Come!" says she.

"No, no, Polly! I'm timid."

'She laughed at that. "I'd like t' see you *once*," says she, "with a wee baby in your arms, as if 't was your *own*. You'd look well, I'm thinkin'. Come, take un, Tim!"

"Pass un over," says he.

'She gave un the child. "Well!" says she, throwin' up her little hands. "You looks *perfectly* natural. Do he not, Mary? It might be his *own* for all one could tell. Why, Tim, you was *made* for the like o' that. Do it feel nice?"

"Ay," says poor Tim, from his heart. "It do."

"Well, well!" says Polly. "I 'low you're wishin', Tim, for one o' your own."

"I is."

'Polly kissed the baby, then, an' rubbed it cheek t' cheek, so that her fluffy little head was close t' Tim. She looked up in his eyes. "'T is a pity!" says she. An' she sighed.

"Pity?" says he. "Why, no!"

"Poor lad!" says she. "Poor lad!"

"What's this?" says Tim. "I've no cause for grief."

'There was tears in little Polly's blue eyes as she took back the child. "'T is a shame," says she, "that you've no child o' your own! An' you so wonder-

ful fond o' children! I grieves for you, lad. It fair breaks my heart."

'Some of the women laughed. An' this — somehow — moved Mary Mull t' vanish from that place.

'Well, now, Polly Twitter had worked her mischief. Mary Mull was never the same after that. She took t' the house. No church no more — no walkin' the roads. She was never seed abroad. An' she took t' tears an' broodin'. No ripple o' smiles no more — no song in the kitchen. She went downcast about the work o' the house, an' she sot overmuch alone in the twilight — an' she sighed too often — an' she looked too much at t' sea — an' she kep' silent too long — an' she cried too much in the night. She'd have nothin' t' do with children no more; nor would she let Tim Mull so much as lay a hand on the head of a youngster. Afore this, she'd never fretted for a child at all; she'd gone her way content in the world. But now — with Polly Twitter's vaunt forever in her ears — an' haunted by Tim Mull's wish for a child of his own — an' with the laughter o' the old women t' blister her pride — she was like t' lose her reason. An' the more it went on, the worse it got: for the folk o' the Tickle knewed well enough that she'd give way t' envy an' anger, grievin' for what she could n't have; an' she knewed that they knewed an' that they gosiped — an' this was like oil on a fire.

"Tim," says she, one night, that winter, "will you listen t' me? Thinkin' things over, dear, I've chanced on a clever thing t' do. 'T is queer, though."

"I'll not mind how queer, Mary."

'She snuggled close to un, then, an' smiled. "I wants t' go 'way from Tinkle Tickle," says she.

"Away from Tinkle Tickle?"

"Don't say you'll not!"

"Why, Mary, I was *born* here!"

"I got t' go 'way."

"Wherefore?" says he. "'T is good fishin' an' a friendly harbor."

"Oh, oh!" says she. "I can't stand it no more."

"Mary, dear," says he, "there's no value in grievin' so sore over what can't be helped. Give it over, dear, an' be happy again, like you used t' be, won't you? Ah, now, Mary, won't you jus' try?"

"I'm ashamed!"

"Ashamed?" says he. "You, Mary? Why, what's all this? There never was a woman so dear an' true as you."

"A childless woman! They mock me."

"'T is not true," says he. "They —"

"Ay, 't is true. They laugh. They whispers when I pass. I've heard un."

"'T is not true, at all," says he. "They loves you here at Tinkle Tickle."

"Oh, no, Tim! No, no! The women scoff. An' I'm ashamed. Oh, I'm ashamed t' be seen! I can't stand it no more. I got t' go 'way. Won't you take me, Tim?"

Tim Mull looked, then, in her eyes. "Ay," says he, "I'll take you, dear."

"Not for long," says she. "Jus' for a year or two. T' some place where there's nobody about. I'll not want t' stay — so very long."

"So long as you likes," says he. "I'm wantin' only t' see you well an' happy again. 'T is a small thing t' leave Tinkle Tickle if we're t' bring about that. We'll move down the Labrador in the spring o' the year."

"In the spring o' the year I helped Tim Mull load his goods aboard a Labradorman an' close his cottage by Fo'c'sle Head.

"Spring weather, Tumm," says he,

"is the time for adventure. I'm glad I'm goin'. Why," says he, "Mary is easin' off already."

'Foreign for me, then. Spring weather; time for adventure. Genoa, this cruise, on a Twillingate schooner, with the first shore-fish. A Barbadoes cruise again. Then a v'y'ge out China way. Queer how the flea-bite o' travel will itch! An' so long as it itched I kep' on scratchin'. 'T was over two years afore I got a good long breath o' the fogs o' these parts again. An' by this time a miracle had happened on the Labrador. The good Lord had surprised Mary Mull at Come-By-Guess Harbor. Ay, lads! At last Mary Mull had what she wanted. An' I had a godson. Tobias Tumm Mull had sot out on his cruise o' the seas o' this life. News o' all this cotched me when I landed at St. Johns. 'T was in a letter from Mary Mull herself.

"Ecod!" thinks I, as I read; "she'll never be content until she flaunts that child on the roads o' Tinkle Tickle."

'An' 't was true. 'T was said so in the letter. They was movin' back t' Tinkle Tickle, says she, in the fall o' the year, t' live for good an' all. An' as for Tim, says she, a man jus' would n't believe how tickled he was.

'Me, too, ecod! I was tickled. Deep down in my heart I blessed the fortune that had come t' Mary Mull. An' I was fair achin' t' knock the breath out o' Tim with a clap on the back. "Queer," thinks I, "how good luck may be delayed. An' the longer luck waits," thinks I, "the better it seems an' the more 't is welcome."

'T was an old letter, this, from Mary; 't was near a year old. They was already back at Tinkle Tickle. An' so I laid in a silver spoon an' a silver mug, marked 'Toby' in fine fashion, against the time I might land at the Tickle. But I went clerk on the Call Again out o' Chain Harbor, that

spring; an' 't was not until midsummer that I got the chance t' drop in t' see how my godson was thrivin'. Lyin' here at Soap-an'-Water Harbor, one night, in stress o' weather, as now we lies here, I made up mind, come what might, that I'd run over t' Tinkle Tickle an' give the mug an' the spoon t' wee Toby when the gale should oblige us. "July!" thinks I. "Well, well! An' here it is the seventeenth o' the month. I'll drop in on the nineteenth an' help celebrate the first birthday o' that child. 'T will be a joyous occasion by Fo'c'sle Head. An' I'll have the schooner decked out in her best, an' guns poppin'; an' I'll have Tim Mull aboard, when 't is over, for a small nip o' rum."

'But when Tim Mull come aboard at Tinkle Tickle t' greet me, I was fair aghast an' dismayed. Never afore had he looked so woe-begone an' wan. Red eyes peerin' out from two black caves; face all screwed with anxious thought. He made me think of a fish-thief, somehow, with a constable comin' down with the wind; an' it seemed, too, that maybe 't was my fish he'd stole. For he'd lost his ease; he was full o' sighs an' starts an' shifty glances. An' there was no health in his voice; 't was but a disconsolate whisper — slinkin' out into the light o' day. "Sin on his soul," thinks I. "He dwells in black weather."

"We spied you from the head," says he — an' sighed. "It gives me a turn, lad, t' see you so sudden. But I'm wonderful glad you've come."

"Glad?" says I. "Then look glad, ye crab!" An' I fetched un a chap on the back.

"Ouch!" says he. "Don't, Tumm!"

"I congratulate you," says I.

"Mm-m?" says he. "Oh, ay! Sure, lad." No smile, mark you. An' he looked off t' sea, as he spoke, an' then

down at his boots, like a man in shame. "Ay," says he, brows down, voice gone low an' timid. "Congratulate me, does you? Sure. That's proper — maybe."

"Nineteenth o' the month," says I.

"That's God's truth, Tumm."

"An' I'm come, ecod," says I, "t' celebrate the first birthday o' Tobias Tumm Mull!"

"First birthday," says he. "That's God's truth."

"Is n't there goin' t' be no celebration?"

"Oh, sure!" says he. "Oh, my, yes! Been gettin' ready for days. An' I've orders t' fetch you straightway t' the house. Supper's laid, Tumm. Four places at the board the night."

"I'll get my gifts," says I; "an' then —"

He put a hand on my arm. "What gifts?" says he.

"Is you gone mad, Tim Mull?"

"For — the child?" says he. "Oh, sure! Mm-m!" He looked down at the deck. "I hopes, Tumm," says he, "that they was n't so very — expensive."

"I'll spend what I likes," says I, "on my own godson."

"Sure, you will!" says he. "But I wish that —"

"Then no more. He stuttered — an' gulped — an' give a sigh — an' went for'ard. An' so I fetched the spoon an' the mug from below, in a sweat o' wonder an' fear, an' we went ashore in Tim's punt, with Tim as glum as a rainy day in the fall o' the year."

"An' now you may think that Mary Mull was woe-begone, too. But she was not. Brown, plump, an' rosy! How she bloomed! She shone with health; she twinkled with good spirits. There was no sign o' shame upon her no more. Her big brown eyes was clean o' tears. Her voice was soft with content. A sweet woman, she was, ever, an' tender

with happiness, now, when she met us at the threshold. I marveled that a gift like Toby Mull could work such a change in a woman. 'T is queer how we thrives when we haves what we wants. She thanked me for the mug an' the spoon in a way that made me fair pity the joy that the little things give her.

"For Toby!" says she. "For wee Toby! Ah, Tumm, Tumm, — how wonderful thoughtful Toby's godfather is!"

She wiped her eyes, then; an' I wondered that she should shed tears upon such an' occasion — ay, wondered, an' could make nothin' of it at all.

"T is a great thing," says she, "t' be the mother of a son. I lost my pride, Tumm, as you knows, afore we moved down the Labrador. But now, Tumm, — now, lad, — I'm jus' like other women. I'm jus' as much a woman, Tumm," says she, "as any woman o' Tinkle Tickle!"

With that she patted my shoulder an' smiled an' rippled with sweet laughter an' fled t' the kitchen t' spread Toby Mull's first birthday party.

"Tim," says I, "she've done well since Toby come."

"Mm-m?" says he. "Ay!" — an' smoked on.

"Ecod!" says I; "she's blithe as a maid o' sixteen."

"She's able t' hold her head up," says he. "Is n't afeared she'll be laughed at by the women no more. That's why. 'T is simple."

"You've lost heart yourself, Tim."

"Me? Oh, no!" says he. "I'm a bit off my feed. Nothin' more. An' I'm steadily improvin'. Steadily, Tumm, — improvin' steadily."

"You've trouble, Tim?"

'He gripped his pipe with his teeth an' puffed hard. "Ay," says he, after a bit. "I've trouble, Tumm. You got it right, lad."

'Jus' then Mary Mull called t' supper. There was no time t' learn more o' this trouble. But I was bound an' determined, believe me, t' have Tim Mull aboard my craft, that night, an' fathom his woe. 'T was a thousand pities that trouble should have un downcast when joy had come over the rim of his world like a new day.'

'Places for four, ecod! Tim Mull was right. 'T was a celebration. A place for Tim — an' a place for Mary — an' a place for me. An' there, too, was a place for Tobias Tumm Mull, a high chair, drawed close to his mother's side, with arms waitin' t' clutch an' hold the little nipper so soon as they fetched un in. I wished they'd not delay. 'T was a strain on the patience. I'd long wanted — an' I'd come far — t' see my godson. But bein' a bachelor-man I held my tongue for a bit: for, thinks I, they're washin' an' curlin' the child, an' they'll fetch un in when they're ready t' do so, all spick-an'-span an' polished like a door-knob, an' crowin', too, the little rooster! 'T was a fair sight t' see Mary Mull smilin' beyond the tea-pot. 'T was good t' see what she had provided. Cod's-tongues an' bacon — with new greens an' potatoes — an' capillaire-berry pie an' bake-apple jelly. 'T was pretty, too, t' see the way she had arrayed the table. There was flowers from the hills flung about on the cloth. An' in the midst of all — fair in the middle o' the blossoms an' leaves an' toothsome plenty — was a white cake with one wee white taper burnin' as bright an' bold as ever a candle twice the size could manage.

"Mary Mull," says I, "I've lost patience!"

She laughed a little. "Poor Tumm!" says she. "I'm sorry your hunger had t' wait."

"T is not my hunger."

'She looked at me with her brow wrinkled. "No?" says she.

"I wants t' see what I've come t' see."

"That's queer!" says she. "What you've come t' see?"

"Woman," cries I, "fetch in that baby!"

'Never a word. Never a sound. Mary Mull drawed back a step — an' stared at me with her eyes growin' wider an' wider. An' Tim Mull was lookin' out o' the window. An' I was much amazed by all this. An' then Mary Mull turned t' Tim. "Tim," says she, her voice slow an' low, "did you not write Tumm a letter?"

"Tim faced about. "No, Mary," says he. "I — I had n't no time — t' waste with writin'."

"That's queer, Tim."

"I — I — I forgot."

"I'm sorry — Tim."

"Oh, Mary, I did n't want to!" says Tim. "That's the truth of it, dear. I — I hated — t' do it."

"An' you said never a word comin' up the hill?"

"God's sake!" cries Tim, like a man beggin' mercy, "I could n't say a word like that!"

"Mary turned then t' me. "Tumm," says she, "little Toby — is dead."

"Dead, Mary!"

"We did n't get much more than — jus' one good look at the little fellow — afore he left us."

'When I took Tim Mull aboard the Call Again that night,' the tale ran on, 't was all clear above. What fog had been hangin' about had gone off with a little wind from the warm inland places. The lights o' Harbor — warm lights — gleamed all round about Black hills: still water in the lee o' the rocks. The tinkle of a bell fell down from the slope o' Lookout; an' a maid's laugh — sweet as the bell itself —

come ripplin' from the shadows o' the road. Stars out; the little beggars kep' winkin' an' winkin' away at all the mystery here below jus' as if they knewed all about it an' was sure we'd be surprised when we come t' find out.

"Tumm, ol' shipmate," says Tim Mull, "I got a lie on my soul."

"T is a poor place for a burden like that."

"I'm fair wore out with the weight of it."

"Will you never be rid of it, man?"

"Not an I keeps on bein' a man."

"So, Tim?"

'He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Is you a friend o' Mary's?" says he.

"T is a thing you must know without tellin'."

"She's a woman, Tumm."

"An' a wife."

"Woman an' wife," says he, "an' I loves her well, God knows!" The tinkle o' the bell on the black slope o' Lookout caught his ear. He listened—until the tender little sound ceased an' sleep fell again on the hill. "Tumm," says he, then, all at once, "there never was no baby! She's deceivin' Tinkle Tickle t' save her pride!"

Tumm closed the book he had read page by page.

NEVADA

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

FIRE was here, and havoc's hot excess;
Then æons on æons of quiet in the sun.
No footfall; not a voice. What was begun
In chaos, lay a bleaching wilderness.

Yon ashen peaks were crouching at the brim,
Bare, terrible as fabulous alarms;
And here the haunted cactus waved its arms;
And spectral night and dawn rose o'er the rim.

Nor has the noisy interlude of man
Won from these summits any answering sign.
But from the silence of the shattered plan
Men have caught courage, counsel half-divine;
And through the sun-touched crater's awful span
God's onward footsteps in his ruin shine.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

BY AGNES REPLIER

'CONJECTURAL criticism,' observes Dr. Johnson, 'demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.'

With these words of soberness ringing in his ears, Dr. Furness began more than forty years ago the vast labor which has placed him at the head of Shakespearean scholars, and has made the student world his debtor. He brought to bear upon his task qualities essential to its completion: patience, balance, a wide acquaintance with Elizabethan literature and phraseology, the keenness of a greyhound on the track, an incorruptible sense of proportion, and an appreciation, equally just and generous, of his predecessors' work. Leisure and that rarest of fortune's gifts, the command of solitude, made possible the industry of his life. Above all, a noble enthusiasm sustained him through years of incredible drudgery. 'The dull duty of an editor!' Well may Dr. Johnson heap scorn upon the words. When one is fitted by nature to enjoy the pleasure which perfection in literary art can give, one does not find it dull to live face to face with vital conceptions of humanity, embalmed in imperishable verse.

The first volume of the new Variorum, *Romeo and Juliet*, was published in 1871. Dr. Furness confessed that he chose the play because he loved it, and because he thought it probable that he would never edit another,—an anticipation happily unfulfilled. As

he worked, he saw more and more clearly the imperative nature of his task; and, in his preface to *Romeo and Juliet*, while giving ample praise to Boswell's Variorum of 1821, he states simply and seriously the causes which make it inadequate to-day. Even the Cambridge edition of 1863, which Dr. Furness held to have created an era in Shakespearean literature, and to have put all students of Shakespearean text in debt to the learned and laborious editors, lacks one important detail. There is no word to note the adoption or rejection of contested readings by various students and commentators. This Dr. Furness considered a grave omission. 'In disputed passages,' he wrote, 'it is of great interest to see at a glance on which side lies the weight of authority.'

To read the fourteen prefaces which have enriched the fourteen plays included in the new Variorum, is to follow delicately and surely the intellectual life of a great scholar. There was an expansion of spirit as the work advanced. From being absolutely impersonal, an unseen editor, arranging and codifying the notes of others, sifting evidence and recording verdicts, Dr. Furness emerged gradually into the broad light of day. In the later volumes, every note dealing with a disputed point closes with a judgment, or dismisses the dispute as futile. A shrewd humor, held well in check, illuminates the dusty paths of learning. To distinction of style has been added the magnetic grace of personality. If

we cannot say of the *Preface*, 'With this key Dr. Furness unlocked his heart,' we can at least learn from it how much of his heart he gave smilingly away to a lady of such doubtful merit (what is the worth of merit in a bad world!) as Cleopatra.

For the five first plays, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*, Dr. Furness formed his own text. The remaining nine were reprinted from the First Folio.

'Who am I,' observes the conservative editor, in justification of this change of plan, 'that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakespeare's own words?' This instinct of conservatism strengthened in Dr. Furness with every year of work, until it became a guiding principle, making for vigilance and lucidity. 'Those who know the most,' he was wont to say, 'venture the least'; and his own ventures are so carefully considered as to lose all chance of hazard. Upon internal evidence, 'which is of imagination all compact,' he looked forever askance. Hypothetical allusions to historic personages and events (we like to think that there are half-a-dozen such crowded into a score of Oberon's lines), he dismissed as unworthy of critical consideration. Even when points of resemblance came as close as do the affectations of speech in *Love's Labour's Lost* to the weary euphuisms of Lylly, Dr. Furness stoutly refused to trace a dim connection. An undecipherable word or phrase never presented itself to his level judgment as a species of riddle, to be guessed at frantically until the end of time. If he did not know what the word or the phrase meant, he said so, and went on his way rejoicing. Who can forget his avowal of 'utter, invincible ignorance' as to the mysterious 'scamels' which Cali-

ban finds on the rock, and his determination to retain the word as it stands. 'From the very beginning of the Play,' he reminds us, 'we know that the scene lies in an enchanted island. Is this to be forgotten? Since the air is full of sweet sounds, why may not the rocks be inhabited by unknown birds of gay plumage, or by vague animals of a grateful and appetizing plumpness? Let the picture remain of the dashing rocks, the stealthy, freckled whelp, and, in the clutch of his long nails, a young and tender scamel.'

So, too, with Mark Antony's 'Arme-gaunt Steede,' which, since the publication of the First Folio, has supplied abundant matter for conjecture:

he nodded,

And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede. Dr. Furness prints conscientiously two solid pages of notes anent this mysterious epithet, giving us every suggestion that has been proffered and discarded concerning its possible significance; at the close of which exhaustive survey he adds serenely: 'In view of the formidable, not to say appalling combination of equine qualities and armourer's art which has been detected in this adjective, Antony would have been more than mortal had he not approached his steed with extreme caution, and mounted it "soberly."'

Far more remarkable is the incurious attitude preserved by Dr. Furness in regard to the chronology of Shakespeare's plays, his indifference to dates which have cost other commentators years of study and speculation. Many and stern were the reproaches hurled at him for this indifference, but he remained indifferent still. Indeed it was his most noteworthy characteristic that, while regarding his own work with a steadfast and sane humility, he was wholly unvexed and unmoved by criticism. Immaculately free from what Dr. Johnson terms 'the acrimony of

scholiasts,' he never assumed an editor's rôle to be an 'intellectual egg-dance' amid a host of sensitive interests. Nor did he begrudge, even to the youngest critic, the pleasure of flaunting some innocent rags of research — the mere swaddling clothes of learning — in the face of his profound and gentle scholarship. 'Great tranquillity of heart hath he who careth neither for praise nor blame,' said the wise à Kempis, who knew whereof he spoke; and I have many times heard Dr. Furness quote with approval those stern and splendid lines in which Dr. Johnson, confiding his dictionary to the public, expresses his frigid insensibility as to its reception.

Indifference to dates was but one feature of that serene unconcern with which Dr. Furness regarded the hidden personality of Shakespeare. He was not merely content, he seemed glad to know no more of the poet over whom he had spent his life; and because 'every assertion connected with Shakespeare is accompanied, as a ground-tone, by the refrain "it is not unlike,"' he found such assertions to be little worth his while. 'We cannot tell whether Shakespeare was peevish or gentle,' he wrote, 'sedate or mercurial, generous or selfish, dignified or merry; whether he was a Protestant or a Catholic, whether he loved his home or liked to gad abroad, whether he was jocund or sombre, or whether he was all these things by turns, and nothing long.'

Even the Sonnets afforded to Dr. Furness's mind no key to the enigma. He held that Shakespeare followed the fashion of his day, a fashion borrowed from Italy, which made of the sonnet a personal thing (no Italian would have dreamed of writing a sonnet on Venice and the Rialto as Wordsworth wrote one on London and Westminster Bridge); and that the poet's essentially dramatic spirit gave to his own

sonnets a dramatic form. They seem spoken by one human being to another, spoken in accents of grief, of doubt, of ecstasy, of despair; but in this manner do all Shakespeare's characters speak. This is the impelling force of the dramatic spirit, peopling earth and sky; not the impelling force of the personal spirit, seeking to take the world into its confidence. Shakespeare may even be permitted to bewail his outcast state, without our beginning straightway to sniff a peccadillo.

That the dramatic spirit which baffles scrutiny should have made a powerful appeal to Dr. Furness was right and reasonable. It was the appeal of consanguinity. Like all his race, he had the actor's gifts: not only spirit and fire in declamation, not only the flexible voice and the appropriate gesture; but the power to lose himself past finding in every character he portrayed. Those who have heard him read, know what I mean. The clarion call of Henry the Fifth before the gates of Harfleur, his prayer upon the field of Agincourt, — these things were not mere elocution, however noble and effective; they were passionate appeals to man and God, breaking from the lips of one whose head was reeling with the joy of battle, whose heart was heavy with the awful burden of authority. It was as a boy of fourteen that Dr. Furness first heard Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Peirce Butler) read Shakespeare's plays, and his enthusiasm awoke, never to sleep again. It was as a listener, not as a student, that he received his most powerful and durable impressions. To this early influence was due, in large measure, the preservation of the dramatic feeling through a long life of patient and laborious research.

From Fanny Kemble, too, came the gift of Shakespeare's stage gloves, most precious and most honored of relics. Their history is a notable one. In 1746

they were presented by William Shakespeare, a poor glazier, 'whose father and our poet were brothers' children,' to John Ward, when that generous actor played *Othello* at Stratford-on-Avon, and devoted the night's receipts to repairing Shakespeare's monument in the church. John Ward, with a sense of fitness as pleasing as it is rare, gave these gloves in 1769 to David Garrick, who bequeathed them to his widow, who bequeathed them to Mrs. Siddons, who bequeathed them to her daughter, Cecilia, who gave them to Fanny Kemble, who gave them to Dr. Furness in 1874. It is not often, in these days of millionaire collectors, that the right things belong to the right people so consistently and persistently as have these worn gauntlets.

Dr. Furness's power of sustained labor seemed well-nigh miraculous to a generation which stands forever in need of rest and change of scene. For forty years he worked on an average ten hours out of the twenty-four and, under pressure, thought little of adding a few hours more. For twenty years he lived in his country-seat at Wallingford, remote from the importunities of the town. Here in the uninvaded seclusion of his noble library he sat, resolute and absorbed, while the long quiet days merged into the quiet nights.

With the inspired sagacity of the scholar, he admitted to this solitude only the scholar's natural friend and ally, the cat. Generations of cats sat blinking at him with affectionate contempt as volume after volume of the *Variorum* drew to its appointed close. Companionable cats accompanied him on his daily walks through sunny garden and shaded avenue, marching before him with tail erect, rubbing themselves condescendingly against his legs, or pausing, with plaintive paw upraised, to intimate that the stroll had lasted long enough. Warrior cats, to

whom was granted the boon of an early and honorable death, drank delight of battle with their peers on many a moonlight night, and returned in the morning to show their scars to a master who reverenced valor. Siamese cats, their pale-blue eyes shadowed by desires that no one understood, brought their lonely, troubled little hearts to his feet for solace. And all these wise beasts knew that silence reigned in the long working hours. They lent the grace of their undisturbing presence to the scholar who loved to lift his head, ponder for a moment over the soul-satisfying nature of their idleness, and return to his books again.

'To those who think, life is a comedy; to those who feel, a tragedy.' Dr. Furness, thinking profoundly, feeling intensely, with a sad heart and a gay temper (that most charming and lovable combination!) replaced illusions with philosophy. His rare powers of conversation, his marvelous memory, his information, which, unlike the information of Macaulay, was never 'more than the occasion required,' his unfailing humor, his beautiful vocabulary, rich yet precise, his swift light sentences, conveying important conclusions, all made him the most engaging of companions. There was no talk like his, — so full of substance, so innocent of pedantry, so perfect in form, so sweetened by courtesy. Well might it have been said of him, as Johnson said of Burke: 'If a stranger were to go by chance at the same time with him under a shed to shun a shower, he would think, "This is an extraordinary man."'

The serenity with which Dr. Furness submitted to encroachments on his time and strength equaled the serenity of Sir Walter Scott. The hospitality of Lindenshade, like the hospitality of Abbotsford, was boundless. The kindness of its master was invincible. Poets

sent him their verses, dramatists their plays, and novelists their stories. Authors who meditated writing essays on Shakespeare's dogs, or oaths, or firearms, and who seemed unaware of the existence of a concordance, sought from him counsel and assistance. People who were good enough to believe that Shakespeare really wrote the plays attributed to him by his contemporaries, were anxious that Dr. Furness should be made aware of the liberal nature of their views. To one and all the great scholar lent a weary and patient ear. To one and all he gave more than their utmost dues.

A man of exquisite charity, speaking evil of none; a man of indestructible courtesy, whose home was open to his friends, whose scant leisure was placed at their disposal, whose kindness enveloped them like sunshine; yet none the less a man whose reserves — unsuspected by many — were proof against all; a past master of the art of hiding his soul, 'addicted to silent pleasures, accessible to silent pains.' It is not the portentous gravity of the Sphinx which defies the probe, but the smiling gayety which seems so free from guile. One had to know Dr. Furness long and intimately, to understand that his dominant note was dramatic, not personal, and that his facile speech betrayed nothing it was made to hide.

That the task upon which his life had been spent, and which his death left uncompleted, should be taken up by his son, was to Dr. Furness a source of measureless content. In the preface to *The Tempest*, published in 1892, he recorded his indebtedness to his father, to 'the hand whose cunning

ninety years have not abated.' In the preface to the revised edition of *Macbeth*, published in 1903, he recorded his indebtedness to his son, to the younger hand which had been intrusted with the work, and had accomplished it so deftly. When Dr. Furness died in August, his last volume, *Cymbeline*, was fast approaching completion. It will be published in mid-winter, just as he left it, the fifteenth play of his editing; and with it will appear *Julius Caesar*, the third play edited by Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr. A monument of scholarship, a verdict, final for many years to come, a rich mine for possible successors.

For Dr. Furness always maintained that he would have many followers in the field of Shakespearean research, that, in the future, other students would do his work over again, and do it differently. He was content to be a step of the ladder, and he knew better than most men that 'the labour we delight in physics pain.' The beauty of his surroundings, the magnitude and perfection of his library, the honors done him by English and American universities, the close companionship of his third son, Dr. William Henry Furness, intrepid traveler and explorer, — these things lent dignity and relish to his life. He lived it bravely and mirthfully; he stood ready to lay it down without regret.

Six weeks before his death, being then in perfect health, he wrote to me: 'My grave yawns at my feet. I look down into it, and very snug and comfortable it seems.' In the gallant acceptance of life and death lies all that gives worth to man.

THE TORYISM OF TRAVELERS

BY SAMUEL McCORD CROTHERS

1

WHEN we think of a thorough-going conservative we are likely to picture him as a stay-at-home person, a barnacle fastened to one spot. We take for granted that aversion to locomotion and aversion to change are the same thing.

But in thinking thus we leave out of account the inherent instability of human nature. Everybody likes a little change now and then. If a person cannot get it in one way, he gets it in another. The stay-at-home gratifies his wandering fancy by making little alterations in his too-familiar surroundings. Even the Vicar of Wakefield in the days of his placid prosperity would occasionally migrate from the blue bed to the brown. A life that had such vicissitudes could not be called uneventful.

When you read the weekly newspaper published in the quietest hilltown in Vermont, you become aware that a great deal is going on. Deacon Pratt shingled his barn last week. Miss Maria Jones had new shutters put on her house, and it is a great improvement. These revolutions in Goshenville are matters of keen interest to those concerned. They furnish inexhaustible material for conversation.

The true enemy to innovation is the traveler who sets out to see historic lands. His natural love of change is satiated by rapid change of locality. But his natural conservatism asserts itself in his insistence that the places

which he visits shall be true to their own reputations. Having journeyed, at considerable expense, to a celebrated spot, he wants to see the thing it was celebrated for, and he will accept no substitute. From his point of view his present inhabitants are merely caretakers who should not be allowed to disturb the remains intrusted to their custody. Everything must be kept as it used to be.

The moment any one packs his trunk and puts money in his purse to visit lands old in story he becomes a hopeless reactionary. He is sallying forth to see things not as they are, but as they were 'once upon a time.' He is attracted to certain localities by something which happened long ago. A great many things may have happened since, but these must be put out of the way. One period of time must be preserved to satisfy his romantic imagination. He loves the good old ways, and he has a curiosity to see the bad old ways that may still be preserved. It is only the modern that offends him.

The American who, in his own country, is in feverish haste to improve conditions, when he sets foot in Europe becomes the fanatical foe to progress. The Old World, in his judgment, ought to look old. He longs to hear the clatter of wooden shoes. If he had his way he would have laws enacted forbidding peasant folk to change their ancient costumes. He would preserve every relic of feudalism. He bitterly laments the division of great estates. A noble-

man's park with its beautiful idle acres, its deer, its pheasants, and its scurrying rabbits, is so much more pleasant to look at than a succession of market-gardens. Poachers, game-keepers, and squires, are alike interesting, if only they would dress so that he could know them apart. He is enchanted with thatched cottages which look damp and picturesque. He detests the model dwellings which are built with a too obvious regard for sanitation. He seeks narrow and ill-smelling streets where the houses nod at each other, as if in the last stages of senility, muttering mysterious reminiscences of old tragedies. He frequents scenes of ancient murders, and places where bandits once did congregate. He leaves the railway carriage, to cross a heath where romantic highwaymen used to ask the traveler to stand and deliver. He is indignant to find electric lights and policemen. A heath ought to be lonely, and fens ought to be preserved from drainage.

He seeks dungeons and instruments of torture. The dungeons must be underground, and only a single ray of light must penetrate. He is much troubled to find that the dungeon in the Castle of Chillon is much more cheerful than he had supposed it was. The Bridge of Sighs in Venice disappoints him in the same way. Indeed, there are few places mentioned by Lord Byron that are as gloomy as they are in the poetical description.

The traveler is very insistent in his plea for the preservation of battle-fields. Now, Europe is very rich in battlefields, many of the most fertile sections having been fought over many times. But the ravages of agriculture are everywhere seen. There is no such leveler as the ploughman. Often when one has come to refresh his mind with the events of one terrible day, he finds that there is nothing whatever to re-

mind him of what happened. For centuries there has been ploughing and harvesting. Nature takes so kindly to these peaceful pursuits that one is tempted to think of the battle as merely an episode.

Commerce is almost as destructive. Cities that have been noted for their sieges often turn out to be surprisingly prosperous. The old walls are torn down to give way to parks and boulevards. Massacres which in their day were noted leave no trace behind. One can get more of an idea of the Massacre of St. Bartholemew's Eve by reading a book by one's fireside than by going to Paris. For all one can see there, there might have been no such accident.

Moral considerations have little place in the traveler's mind. The progressive ameliorations that have taken place tend to obscure our sense of the old conflicts. A reform once accomplished becomes a part of our ordinary consciousness. We take it for granted, and find it hard to understand what the reformer was so excited about.

As a consequence, the chief object of an historical pilgrimage is to discover some place where the old conditions have not been improved away. The religious pilgrim does not expect to find the old prophets, but he has a pious hope of finding the abuses which the prophets denounced.

I have in mind a clergyman who, in his own home, is progressive to a fault. He is impatient of any delay. He is all the time seeking out the very latest inventions in social and economic reforms. But several years ago he made a journey to the Holy Land, and when he came back he delivered a lecture on his experiences. A more reactionary attitude could not be imagined. Not a word did he say about the progress of education or civil-service reform in Palestine. There was not a sympathetic reference to sanitation or good

roads. The rights of women were not mentioned. Representative government seemed to be an abomination to him. All his enthusiasm was for the other side. He was for oriental conservatism in all its forms. He was for preserving every survival of ancient custom. He told of the delight with which he watched the laborious efforts of the peasants ploughing with a forked stick. He believed that there had not been a single improvement in agriculture since the days of Abraham.

The economic condition of the people had not changed for the better since patriarchal times, and one could still have a good idea of a famine such as sent the brothers of Joseph down into Egypt. Turkish misgovernment furnished him with a much clearer idea of the publicans, and the hatred they aroused in the minds of the people, than he had ever hoped to obtain. In fact, one could hardly appreciate the term 'publicans and sinners' without seeing the oriental tax-gatherers. He was very fortunate in being able to visit several villages which had been impoverished by their exactions. The rate of wages throws much light on the Sunday-school lessons. A penny a day does not seem such an insufficient minimum wage to a traveler, as it does to a stay-at-home person. On going down from Jerusalem to Jericho he fell among thieves, or at least among a group of thievish-looking Bedouins who gave him a new appreciation of the parable of the Samaritan. It was a wonderful experience. And he found that the animosity between the Jews and the Samaritans had not abated. To be sure, there are very few Samaritans left, and those few are thoroughly despised.

The good-roads movement has not yet invaded Palestine, and we can still experience all the discomforts of the earlier times. Many a time when he

took his life in his hands and wandered across the Judæan hills, my friend repeated to himself the text, 'In the days of Shamgar the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied, and the people walked through by-ways.'

To most people Shamgar is a mere name. But after you have walked for hours over those rocky by-ways, never knowing at what moment you may be attacked by a treacherous robber, you know how Shamgar felt. He becomes a real person. You are carried back into the days when 'there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'

The railway between Joppa and Jerusalem is to be regretted, but fortunately it is a small affair. There are rumors of commercial enterprises which, if successful, would change the appearance of many of the towns. Fortunately they are not likely to be successful, at least in our day. The brooding spirit of the East can be trusted to defend itself against the innovating West. For the present, at least, Palestine is a fascinating country to travel in.

A traveler in Ceylon and India writes to a religious paper of his journey. He says, 'Colombo has little to interest the tourist, yet it is a fine city.' One who reads between the lines understands that the fact that it is a fine city is the cause of its uninterestingness. His impression of Madura was more satisfactory. There one can see the Juggernaut car drawn through the streets by a thousand men, though it is reluctantly admitted that the self-immolation of fanatics under the wheels is no longer allowed. 'The Shiva temple at Madura is the more interesting as its towers are ornamented with six thousand idols.'

The writer who rejoiced at the sight of six thousand idols in Madura, would have been shocked at the exhibition of

a single crucifix in his meeting-house at home.

I confess that I have not been able to overcome the Tory prejudice in favor of vested interests in historical places. If one has traveled to see 'the old paths which wicked men have trodden,' it is a disappointment to find that they are not there. I had such an experience in Capri. We had wandered through the vineyards and up the steep, rocky way to the Villa of Tiberius. On the top of the cliff are the ruins of the pleasure-house which the Emperor in his wicked old age built for himself. Was there ever a greater contrast between an earthly paradise and abounding sinfulness? Here, indeed, was 'spiritual wickedness in high places.' The marvelously blue sea, and all the glories of the Bay of Naples, ought to have made Tiberius a better man; but apparently they did n't. We were prepared for the thrilling moment when we were led to the edge of the cliff, and told to look down. Here was the very place where Tiberius amused himself by throwing his slaves into the sea to feed the fishes. Cruel old monster! But it was a long time ago. Time had marvelously softened the atrocity of the act, and heightened its picturesque character. If Tiberius must exhibit his colossal inhumanity, could he have anywhere in all the world chosen a better spot? Just think of his coming to this island and, on this high cliff above the azure sea, building this palace! And then to think of him on a night when the moon was full, and the nightingales were singing, coming out and hurling a shuddering slave into the abyss!

When we returned to the hotel, our friend the Professor, who had made a study of the subject, informed us that it was all a mistake. The stories of the wicked doings of Tiberius in Capri were malicious slanders. The Emperor was an elderly invalid living in dignified

retirement. As for the slaves, we might set our minds at rest in regard to them. If any of them fell over the cliff it was pure accident. We must give up the idea that the invalid Emperor pushed them off.

All this was reassuring to my better nature, and yet I cherished a grudge against the Professor. For it was a stiff climb to the Villa of Tiberius, and I wanted something to show for it. It was difficult to adjust one's mind to the fact that nothing had happened there which might not have happened in any well-conducted country house.

I like to contrast this with our experience in Algiers. We knew beforehand what Algiers was like in the days of its prime. It had been the nest of as desperate pirates as ever infested the seas. For generations innocent Christians had been carried hither to pine in doleful captivity. But the French, we understood, had built a miniature Paris in the vicinity and were practicing liberty, fraternity, and equality on the spot dedicated to gloomily romantic memories. We feared the effect of this civilization. We had our misgivings. Perhaps Algiers might be no longer worth visiting.

Luckily our steamer was delayed till sunset. We were carefully shepherded, so that we hardly noticed the French city. We were hurried through the darkness into old Algiers. Everything was full of sinister suggestion. The streets were as narrow and perilous as any which Haroun-al-Rashid explored on his more perilous nights. Here one could believe the worst of his fellow men. Suspicion and revenge were in the air. We were not taking a stroll, we were escaping from something. Mysterious muffled figures glided by and disappeared through slits in the walls. There were dark corners so suggestive of homicide that one could hardly think that any one with an oriental disposi-

tion could resist the temptation. In crypt-like recesses we could see assassins sharpening their daggers or, perhaps, executioners putting the finishing touches on their scimitars. There were cavernous rooms where conspirators were crouched round a tiny charcoal fire. Groups of truculent young Arabs followed us, shouting objurgations and accepting small coins as ransom. We had glimpses of a mosque, the outside of a prison, and the inside of what once was a harem. On returning to the steamer one gentleman fell overboard and, swimming to the shore, was rescued by a swarthy ruffian who robbed him of his watch and disappeared in the darkness. When the victim of Algerian piracy stood on the deck, dripping and indignant, and told his tale of woe, we were delighted. Algiers would always be something to remember. It was one of the places that had not been spoiled.

I am afraid that the sunlight might have brought disillusion. Some of the stealthy figures which gave rise to such thrilling suspicions may have turned out to be excellent fathers and husbands returning from business. As it is, thanks to the darkness, Algiers remains a city of vague atrocities. It does not belong to the commonplace world; it is of such stuff as dreams, including nightmares, are made of.

It is not without some compunction of conscience that I recall two historical pilgrimages, one to Assisi, the other to Geneva. Assisi I found altogether rewarding, while in Geneva I was disappointed. In each case my object was purely selfish, and had nothing in common with the welfare of the present inhabitants. I wanted to see the city of St. Francis and the city of John Calvin.

In Assisi one may read again the Franciscan legends in their proper settings. I should like to think that my pleasure in Assisi arose from the fact

that I saw some one there who reminded me of St. Francis. But I was not so fortunate. If one is anxious to come in contact with the spirit of St. Francis, freed from its mediæval limitations, a visit to Hull House, Chicago, would be more rewarding.

But it was not the spirit of St. Francis, but his limitations, that we were after. Assisi has preserved them all. We see the gray old town on the hill-side, the narrow streets, the old walls. We are beset by swarms of beggars. They are not like the half-starved creatures one may see in the slums of northern cities. They are very likable. They are natural worshipers of my Lady Poverty. They have not been spoiled by commonplace industrialism or scientific philanthropy. One is taken back into the days when there was a natural affinity between saints and beggars. The saints would joyously give away all that they had, and the beggars would as joyously accept it. The community, you say, would be none the better. Perhaps not. But the moment you begin to talk about the community you introduce ideas that are modern and disturbing. One thing is certain, and that is that if Assisi were more thrifty, it would be less illuminating historically.

St. Francis might come back to Assisi and take up his work as he left it. But I sought in vain for John Calvin in Geneva. The city was too prosperous and gay. The cheerful houses, the streets with their cosmopolitan crowds, the parks, the schools, the university, the little boats skimming over the lake, all bore witness to the well-being of to-day. But what of yesterday? The citizens were celebrating the anniversary of Jean Jacques Rousseau. I realized that it was not yesterday but the day before yesterday that I was seeking. Where was the stern little city which Calvin taught and ruled? The

place that knew him knows him no more.

Disappointed in my search for Calvin, I sought compensation in Servetus. I found the stone placed by modern Calvinists to mark the spot where the Spanish heretic was burned. On it they had carved an inscription expressing their regret for the act of intolerance on the part of the reformer, and attributing the blame to the age in which he lived. But even this did not satisfy modern Geneva. The inscription had been chipped away in order to give place to something more historically accurate.

But whether Calvin was to blame, or the sixteenth century, did not seem to matter. The spot was so beautiful that it seemed impossible that anything tragical could ever have happened here. A youth and maiden were sitting by the stone, engaged in a most absorbing conversation. Of one thing I was certain, that the theological differences between Calvin and Servetus were nothing to them. They had something more important to think about — at least for them.

II

After a time one comes to have a certain modesty of expectation. Time and space are different elements, and each has its own laws. At the price of a steamship ticket one may be transported to another country, but safe passage to another age is not guaranteed. It is enough if some slight suggestion is given to the imagination. A walk through a pleasant neighborhood is all the pleasanter if one knows that something memorable has happened there. If one is wise he will not attempt to realize it to the exclusion of the present scene. It is enough to have a slight flavor of historicity.

It was this pleasure which I enjoyed

in a ramble with a friend through the New Forest. The day was fine, and it would have been a joy to be under the greenwood trees if no one had been before us. But the New Forest had a human interest; for on such a day as this, William Rufus rode into it to hunt the red deer, and was found with an arrow through his body. And to this day no man knows who killed William Rufus, or why.

Many other things may have happened in the New Forest in the centuries that have passed, but they have never been brought vividly to my attention. So far as I was concerned there were no confusing incidents. The Muse of History told one tragic tale and then was silent.

On the other side of the Forest was the Rufus Stone, which marks the spot where the Red King's body was found. At Brockenhurst we inquired the way, which we carefully avoided. The road itself was an innovation, and was infested with motor-cars, machines unknown to the Normans. The Red King had plunged into the Forest and quickly lost himself; so would we. There were great oaks and wide-spreading beeches and green glades such as one finds only in England. It was pleasant to feel that it all belonged to the Crown. I could not imagine a county council allowing this great stretch of country to remain in its beauty through these centuries.

We took our frugal lunch under a tree that had looked down on many generations. Then we wandered on through a green wilderness. We saw no one but some women gathering fagots. I was glad to see that they were exercising their ancestral rights in the royal domain. They looked contented, though I should have preferred to have their dress more antique.

All day we followed William Rufus through the Forest. I began to feel that

I had a real acquaintance with him, having passed through much the same experience. The forest glades have been little changed since the day when he hunted the red deer. Nature is the true conservative, and repeats herself incessantly.

Toward evening my friend pointed out the hill at the foot of which was the Rufus Stone. It was still some two miles away. Should we push on to it?

What should we see when we got there? The Stone was not much. There was a railing round it as a protection against relic-hunters. And there was an inscription which, of course, was comparatively modern. That settled it. We would not go to the Stone with its modern inscription. The ancient trees brought us much nearer to William Rufus. Besides, there was just time, if we walked briskly, to catch the train at Brockenhurst.

III

But, after all, there is a limit to the pursuit of antiquity. A relic may be too old to be effective. Instead of gently stimulating the imagination, it may paralyze it. What we desire is not merely the ancient but the familiar. The relic must bring with it the sense of auld lang syne. The Tory squire likes to preserve what has been a long time in his family. The traveler has the same feeling for the possessions of the family of humanity.

The family feeling does not go back of a certain point. I draw the line at the legendary period when the heroes have names, and more or less coherent stories are told of their exploits. People who had a local habitation, but not a name, seem to belong to Geology only. For all their flint arrow-heads, or bronze instruments, I cannot think of them as fellow men.

It was with this feeling that I visited

one of the most ancient places of worship in Ireland, the tumulus at Newgrange. It was on a day filled with historic sight-seeing. We started from Drogheda, the great stronghold of the Pale in the Middle Ages, and the scene of Cromwell's terrible vengeance in 1649. Three miles up the river is the site of the Battle of the Boyne. It was one of the great indecisive battles of the world, it being necessary to fight it over again every year. The Boyne had overflowed its banks, and in the fields forlorn hay-cocks stood like so many little islands. We stopped at the monument and read its inscription, which was scorned by our honest driver. We could form some idea of how the field appeared on the eventful day when King William and King James confronted each other across the narrow stream. Then the scene changed and we found ourselves in Mellefont Abbey, the first Cistercian monastery in Ireland, founded by St. Malachy, the friend of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. King William and King James were at once relegated to their proper places among the moderns, while we went back to the ages of faith.

Four miles farther we came to Monasterboice, where stood two great Celtic crosses. There are two ruined churches and a round tower. Here was an early religious establishment which existed before the times of St. Columba.

This would be enough for one day's reminiscence, but my heart leaped up at the sight of a long green ridge. 'There is the hill of Tara!'

Having traversed the period from King William to the dwellers in the Halls of Tara, what more natural than to take a further plunge into the past?

We drive into an open field and alight near a rock-strewn hill. Candles are given us and we grope our way through narrow passages till we come to the centre of the hill. Here is a chamber

some twenty feet in height. On the great stones which support the roof are mystic emblems. On the floor is a large stone hollowed out in the shape of a bowl. It suggests human sacrifices. A gloomier chamber for weird rites could not be imagined.

Who were the worshipers? Druid or pre-Druid? The archaeologists tell us that they belonged to the Early Bronze period. Now Early Bronze is a good enough term for articles in a museum, but it does not suggest a human being. We cannot get on terms of spiritual intimacy with the Early Bronze people. We may know what they did, but there is no intimation of 'the moving why they did it.' What spurred them on to their feats of prodigious industry? Was it fear or love? First they built their chapel of great stones and then piled a huge hill on top of it. Were they still under the influence of the Glacial period and attempting to imitate the wild doings of Nature? The passage of the ages does not make these men seem venerable, because their deeds are no longer intelligible. Mellefont Abbey is in ruins but we can easily restore it in imagination. We can picture the great buildings as they were before Henry VIII destroyed them. The prehistoric place of worship in the middle of the hill is practically unchanged. But the clue to its meaning is lost.

I could not make the ancient builders and worshipers seem real. It was a relief to come up into the sunshine

where people of our own kind had walked, the Kings of Tara and their harpers, and St. Patrick and St. Malachy and Oliver Cromwell and William III. After the unintelligible symbols on the rocks, how familiar and homelike seemed the sculptures on the Celtic crosses. They were mostly about people, and people whom we had known from earliest childhood. There were Adam and Eve, and Cain slaying Abel, and the Magi. They were members of one family.

But between us and the builders of the underground chapel there was a great gulf. There was no means of spiritual communication across the abyss. A scrap of writing, a bit of poetry, a name handed down by tradition, would have been worth all the relics discovered by archaeologists.

There is justification for the traveler's preference for the things he has read about, for these are the things which resist the changes of time. Only he must remember that they are better preserved in the book than in the places where they happened. The impression which any generation makes on the surface of the earth is very slight. It cannot give the true story of the brief occupancy. That requires some more direct interpretation.

The magic carpet which carries us into any age not our own is woven by the poets and historians. Without their aid we may travel through space, but not through Time.

CONFEDERATE PORTRAITS

I

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

OPINIONS differ as to the quality of Johnston's generalship. Let us have the bare, indisputable facts first. After distinguished service with the United States Army, notably in Mexico, he was the highest officer in rank to join the Confederacy, although he was given only the fourth position among the five Confederate generals. His first command was at Harper's Ferry and in the Shenandoah Valley. Here he outmanœuvred Patterson and appeared at Bull Run in time to assume control during that battle. He himself admits that he was opposed to following up the Confederate victory with a march on Washington. In the spring of 1862 Johnston led the Army of Northern Virginia, and fought the battles of Williamsburg and Fair Oaks. After this, a severe wound kept him inactive through the summer and Lee took his place.

During the first half of 1863 Johnston held a somewhat vague control over the western armies of the Confederacy. Davis hoped that he would defeat Grant and save Vicksburg; but he did neither. After Bragg had been worsted, and had become so unpopular that Davis could no longer support him, Johnston was given the command of the Army of Tennessee, and commissioned to resist Sherman's advance

through Georgia. This he did in slow and careful retreat, disputing every disputable point, inflicting greater losses than he received, and wonderfully preserving the discipline, courage, and energy of his army. The government was not satisfied, however, and preferred to substitute Hood and his disastrous offensive. Early in 1865, when Lee became commander-in-chief, he restored Johnston, who conducted a skillful, if hopeless, campaign in the Carolinas, and finally surrendered to Sherman on favorable terms.

Admirable in retreat and defense, a wide reader and thinker and a profound military student, Johnston was no offensive fighter, say his critics. Among Northern writers Cox, who admired him greatly, remarks, 'His abilities are undoubted, and when once committed to an offensive campaign, he conducted it with vigor and skill. The bent of his mind, however, was plainly in favor of the course which he steadily urged—to await his adversary's advance, and watch for errors which would give him a manifest opportunity to ruin him.' And on the Southern side Alexander's summary is that 'Johnston never fought but one aggressive battle, the battle of Seven Pines, which was phenomenally mismanaged.'

Equally competent authorities are

more enthusiastic. Longstreet speaks of Johnston as 'the foremost soldier of the South,' and Pollard as 'the greatest military man in the Confederacy.' The English observer and critic, Chesney, says, 'What he might have ventured had a rasher or less wary commander been before him, is as impossible to say as it would be to declare what would have been the result to Lee had Sherman taken the place of Grant in Virginia. As things were actually disposed, it is not too much to declare that Johnston's doing what he did with the limited means at his command is a feat that should leave his name in the annals of defensive war at least as high as that of Fabius or Turenne or Moreau.'

Among Johnston's enemies, Grant said to Bishop Lay, 'When I heard your government had removed Johnston from command, I was as happy as if I had reinforced Sherman with a large army corps'; and to Young, 'I have had nearly all of the Southern generals in high command in front of me, and Joe Johnston gave me more anxiety than any of the others. I was never half so anxious about Lee.' Sherman, who should have known, declares that 'Johnston is one of the most enterprising of all their generals.' And Ropes, writing in dispassionate study, says that 'Johnston had as good a military mind as any general on either side.'

Yet, I confess, I wish the man had achieved something. The skill, the prudence mixed with daring, which held every position before Sherman till the last possible moment and then slipped away, without loss, without disaster, cannot be enough commended. Perhaps Stonewall Jackson would have done no more. But I cannot help thinking that Stonewall Jackson would have tried.

No one understands a man better than his wife. Mrs. Johnston adored her husband. He was her knight, her

chevalier, her hero, as he deserved to be. But once he was scolding a girl who was attacked by a turkey-gobbler, and neither ran nor resisted. 'If she will not fight, sir,' he said, 'is not the best thing for her to do to run away, sir?' Whereupon Mrs. Johnston commented, with a burst of her hearty laughter, 'That used to be your plan always, I know, sir.'

In short, too much of Johnston's career consists of the things he would have done, if circumstances had only been different.

And here it is urged, and justly urged, that fortune was against him. All his life he seems to have been the victim of ill-luck. Lee was wounded, I think, only once. Johnston was getting wounded perpetually. He himself told Fremantle that he had been wounded ten times. General Scott said of him before the war that he 'had an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in every engagement.' A shell struck him down at Fair Oaks, just as it seemed that he might have beaten McClellan and saved Richmond.

Nor was it wounds only. Johnston had a vigorous frame, yet bodily illness would sometimes hamper him just at a crisis. On the voyage to Mexico Lee was enjoying himself, keenly alive to everything that went on about him. 'I have a nice stateroom on board this ship,' he writes; 'Joe Johnston and myself occupy it, but my poor Joe is so sick all the time I can do nothing with him.'

And external circumstance was no kinder than the clayey habitation. 'It seemed Johnston's fate to be always placed on posts of duty where extended efforts were necessarily devoted to organizing armies,' writes his biographer. He was always in time for toil, for discipline, for sacrifice. For achievement he was apt to be too late. It is surprising how often the phrase recurs in his

correspondence. 'It is very unfortunate to be placed in such a command after the enemy has had time to prepare his attack.' 'I arrived this evening, finding the enemy in full force between the place and General Pemberton, cutting off the communications. I am too late.' 'It is too late to expect me to concentrate troops capable of driving back Sherman.' At the greatest crisis of all, after retreating a hundred miles to draw his enemy on, he at last made his preparations with cunning skill for a decisive stand which should turn retreat into triumph — too late. For the order arrived, removing him from the command and robbing him once more of the gifts of Fortune.

It was from Davis that this blow came, and Davis, or so Johnston thought, was Johnston's ill-luck personified. Certainly, nothing could be more unfortunate for a general than to have the head of his government prejudiced against him from the first. It was for this reason, in Johnston's opinion, that commands were given him when it was too late to accomplish anything, and taken away when he was on the brink of achieving something great. It was for this reason that necessary support was denied, and necessary supplies were given grudgingly; for this reason that his powers were limited, his plans criticized, his intentions mistrusted. In the list of Destiny's unkindnesses, as summed up by one of the General's admirers, the ill-will and ill-treatment of Davis, and Davis's favorites, figure so prominently that other accidental elements seem of minor account. 'If there is such a thing as ill-fortune, he had more than his share of it. He never had the chance that Lee had. If he had not been wounded at Seven Pines, a great victory would have crowned his arms with substantial results. If he had not been betrayed at Jackson, he would have joined

Pemberton and captured Grant's army. If he had not been removed at Atlanta, he would almost certainly have defeated Sherman.'

When I survey this portentous concatenation of *ifs*, I ask myself whether, after all, Fortune deserved the full blame in the matter. You and I know scores of men who would have been rich and great and prosperous, if — if — if — And then a little reflection shows us that the *if* lies latent, or even patent, in the character or conduct of the men themselves. It would be unjust and cruel to deny that many cross accidents thwarted Johnston's career, that inevitable and undeserved misfortunes fell between him and glory. Yet a careful, thoughtful study of that career forces me to admit that the man was in some respects his own ill-fortune, and injured himself.

Take even the mere mechanical matter of wounds. Johnston may have got more than his share of blindly billeted projectiles. But every one agrees that his splendid recklessness took him often into unnecessary danger. One of his aides told Mrs. Chesnut that he had never seen a battle. 'No man exposes himself more recklessly to danger than General Johnston, and no one strives harder to keep others out of it.' This is surely a noble quality, but it is apt to mean ill-luck in the matter of damages.

Some of Johnston's other qualities were less noble and, I think, bred ill-luck with no adequate compensation. In the original cause of the quarrel with Davis, Johnston probably had right on his side. The Confederate generals were to have ranked according to their position in the United States Army. In that Army Johnston stood highest. But Davis placed him below Cooper, A. S. Johnston, and Lee. Davis had, as always, ingenious arguments to support this procedure. Johnston thought the

real argument was personal preference, and he was probably right. At any rate, he did not like it, and said so.

Further, there was a radical difference between President and General as to military policy, throughout the war. Johnston believed that the true course was concentration, to let outlying regions go, mass forces, beat the enemy, and then more than recover what had been given up. Davis felt that the demoralization consequent upon such a course would more than outweigh the military advantages.

Neither was a man to give up his own opinion. Neither was a man to compromise. Neither was a man who could abandon his own view to work out honestly, heartily, successfully, the view of another. 'They were too much alike to get along,' says Johnston's biographer; 'they were each high-tempered, impetuous, jealous of honor, of the love of their friends, and they could brook no rival. They required absolute devotion, without question.'

You see, we begin to get a little more insight into Johnston's ill-luck. Not that Davis was free from blame. To appreciate both sides, we must look more closely into the written words and comments of each. It is a painful, pitiable study, but absolutely necessary for understanding the character of Johnston.

Davis, then, was inclined to interfere when he should not. He had his own ideas of military policy and was anxious to have them carried out. Johnston was not at all inclined to carry out the President's ideas, and having urged his own at first with little profit, became reluctant to communicate them, and perhaps even a little to conceive them. Davis's eager temperament is annoyed, frets, appeals. 'Painfully anxious as to the result in Vicksburg, I have remained without information from you as to any plans proposed or

attempts to raise the siege. Equally uninformed as to your plans in relation to Port Hudson, I have to request such information in relation thereto as the Government has a right to expect from one of its commanding generals in the field.' Again, 'I wish to hear from you as to the present situation, and your plan of operations, so specifically as will enable me to anticipate events.'

When Johnston's replies are evasive or non-committal, Davis's attitude becomes crisply imperative. 'The President instructs me to reply,' he writes through Cooper, 'that he adheres to his order and desires you to execute it.' No tact here, no attempt at conciliation or persuasion. Sometimes the tone is injured, hurt, resentful: 'While some have expressed surprise that my orders to you were not observed, I have at least hoped that you would recognize the desire to aid and sustain you, and that it would produce the corresponding action on your part.' Sometimes it is brusque to roughness: 'I do not perceive why a junction was not attempted, which would have made our force nearly equal in number to the estimated strength of the enemy, and might have resulted in his total defeat under circumstances which rendered retreat or reinforcement for him scarcely practicable.'

The President rates his second in command as if he were a refractory school-boy. 'The original mistakes in your telegram of 12th June would gladly have been overlooked as accidental, if acknowledged when pointed out. The perseverance with which they have been insisted on has not permitted me to pass them by as mere oversights.' 'It is needless to say that you are not considered capable of giving countenance to such efforts at laudation of yourself and detraction of others.' 'The language of your letter is, as you say, unusual, its insinuations unfound-

ed, and its arguments utterly unbecoming from a general in the field to his superior.'

As I read this sort of thing, I cannot help being reminded of Captain Mac-Turk's joyous comment, 'Oh, crimini, if these sweetmeats be passing between them, it is only the twa ends of a handkercher that can serve the turn — Cot tamm!'

And now, how much reason and excuse did Johnston give for such treatment? Abundant. Really, when I remember Davis's keen and fiery disposition, I am less surprised at the things he did say than at those he did not. It is not so much any one word or speech in Johnston's case as the constant tone of criticism, of disapproval, of fault-finding, of actual sullenness and ill-temper.

To begin with, Johnston was jealous, even of Lee; and it is a psychological curiosity that such jealousy should have coexisted with a profound and lasting affection. 'I might [accomplish something] if I had Lee's chances with the Army of Northern Virginia.' 'After his operations in the Wilderness, General Lee adopted as thorough a defensive as mine, and added by it to his great fame. The only other difference between our operations was due to Grant's bull-headedness and Sherman's extreme caution, which carried the army in Virginia to Petersburg in less than half the time in which Sherman reached Atlanta.' And the feeling is even more marked in regard to Jackson. 'General Johnston said that although this extraordinary man did not possess any great qualities as a strategist, and was perhaps unfit for the independent command of a large army, yet he was gifted with wonderful courage and determination. He was much indebted to General Ewell in the Valley Campaign.'

It was not unnatural for Johnston to

think these things. It would have been better if he had not said them.

When it comes to Davis's friends and favorites, the jealousy and irritability are more marked still. Thus Johnston writes to Secretary Randolph, whom he really admired: 'Your order was positive and unconditional. I had no option but to obey it. If injustice has been done, it was not by me. If an improper order was given, it was not mine. Mine, therefore, permit me to say, is not the one to be recalled or modified.'

He writes to Benjamin, whom he did not admire at all: 'Let me suggest that, having broken up the dispositions of the military commander, you give whatever other orders may be necessary.' As for Pemberton, who disobeyed him, and Hood, who supplanted him, he has no belief in their capacity, or patience with their blunders. When notified that Hood was to supersede him, he lost his dignity with the lamentable sentence in an official despatch: 'Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competency.' And shortly after he again became Hood's superior he notified him as follows: 'After reading your report as submitted, I informed General Cooper by telegram that I shall prefer charges against you as soon as I have leisure to do so.'

When it comes to Davis himself, the tone is no more amiable or conciliatory. The long, vigorous, and eloquent letter, written in regard to the question of rank which originated the trouble, deserves to be studied in every line. This was one of those which Davis considered insubordinate. It is insubordinate, in spite of its logic and its nobility; and its significance is increased by Johnston's own confession that he waited for a night's reflection, before sending it. 'If the action against which I have protested is legal, it is not for

me to question the expediency of degrading one who has served laboriously from the commencement of the war on this frontier, and borne a prominent part in the only great event of that war, for the benefit of persons [Lee and A. S. Johnston] neither of whom has yet struck a blow for the Confederacy.' The spirit is wrong, not such as becomes a man ready to give more than his life, his own self-will, for a great cause.

The same spirit continues and intensifies to the very end. Davis may have provoked it. He did not create it. And who can wonder that it harassed him past bearing? No quotation of a line here and there can give the full effect of the wasp-stings which Johnston's school-boy petulance — I can call it nothing else — was constantly inflicting. 'I request, therefore, to be relieved of a merely nominal geographical command.' 'Let me ask, for the sake of discipline, that you have this rule enforced. It will save much time and trouble, and create the belief in the army that I am its commander.' 'If the Department will give me timely notice when it intends to exercise my command, I shall be able to avoid such interference with its orders.'

Doubtless also, Johnston's attitude reacted upon the officers about him. He was an outspoken man, and those who loved him were not very likely to love the President. An exceedingly interesting letter of Mackall's, printed in the *Official Records*, gives some insight into the condition of things I refer to. 'Pemberton is everything with Davis, the devout,' writes Mackall, 'his intelligence is only equaled by his self-sacrificing regard for others.' And again: 'The people won't stand this nonsense much longer. Mr. Davis's game now is to pretend that he don't think you a great general. He don't tell the truth, and if he did, as all the

military men in the country differ with him, he will be forced to yield.'

Any commander who tolerates this sort of thing from a subordinate, tacitly, more than tacitly, admits that he shares the subordinate's opinion.

The sum of the matter is that Johnston had allowed himself to fall into the fatal frame of mind of supposing that Davis's action was constantly dictated by personal animosity toward himself. Such a belief, whether well-founded or not, was sure to breed a corresponding animosity and to paralyze both the General's genius and his usefulness. Nothing shows this better than Johnston's remark to S. D. Lee (recorded by Captain Colston), when Lee congratulated him on his restoration to command in 1865 and on Davis's promise of support: 'He will not do it. He has never done it. It is too late now, and he has only put me in command to disgrace me.'

While the war was actually going on, this mutual hostility of President and General was controlled to some extent by the necessary conventions and civilities of official intercourse. It is both curious and pitiable to see the restraints of decency covering such obvious distrust, dissatisfaction, and dislike. Davis was always the more diplomatic. Further, I think he shows a deeper sense of the immense interests involved, and the necessity of making sacrifices for them, than Johnston does. Indeed, for a long time he was ready to meet Johnston half-way, if Johnston would have gone his half. Even after their preliminary squabble about rank, so late as June, 1862, at the time of Johnston's wound, the President writes, 'General J. E. Johnston is steadily improving. I wish he were able to take the field. Despite the critics, who know military affairs by instinct, he is a good soldier, never brags of what he did do, and could at

this time render most valuable service.' Much later still, real, almost pathetic kindness is mingled with reproof and recrimination: 'I assure you that nothing shall be wanting on the part of the government to aid you in your effort to regain possession of the territory from which we have been driven. . . . It is my desire that you should communicate fully and freely with me concerning your plan of action, that all the assistance and coöperation may be most advantageously afforded that it is in the power of the government to render.'

As for Johnston, he is the military subordinate of this personal enemy of his. He knows his duty. He will be submissive, he will be obedient, he will be respectful, if it costs his own ruin and his country's. The study of his efforts is painfully interesting. Before the rupture had become chronic, they were successful, and his tone rises to real nobility: 'Your Excellency's known sense of justice will not hold me to that responsibility while the corresponding control is not in my hands. Let me assure your Excellency that I am prompted in this matter by no love of privilege, of position, or of personal rights as such, but by a firm belief that under the circumstances what I propose is necessary to the safety of our troops and cause.' Later, I imagine him clenching his fist as he writes words in themselves as submissive and respectful as could be desired. 'I need not say, however, that your wishes shall be promptly executed.' 'That suggestion [of mine] was injudicious. It is necessary of course that those should be promoted whom you consider best qualified.' 'I will obey any orders of the President zealously and execute any plan of campaign of his to the best of my ability.' 'I beg leave to suggest — most respectfully — that there is but one way by which the government

can without injury to discipline, give the orders, — the mode prescribed by itself, — through the officers commanding armies or departments.'

Then the war came to a disastrous end, and everybody was free to abuse everybody else. Davis and Johnston both wrote books and said what they thought with lamentable outspokenness. Yet even here, after a careful weighing of both sides, I feel that Davis appears better, I mean as regards tone and spirit, leaving aside all judgment on the merits of the case. True, he can be savagely bitter, with all the energy of his flowing rhetoric, as in his book: 'Very little experience, or a fair amount of modesty without any experience, would serve to prevent one from announcing the conclusion that troops could be withdrawn from a place or places without knowing how many were there.' And still more aptly, in the very able paper which he prepared for the last session of the Confederate Congress: 'My confidence in General Johnston's fitness for separate command was now destroyed. The proof was too complete to admit longer of doubt that he was deficient in enterprise, tardy in movement, defective in preparation, and singularly neglectful of the duty of preserving our means of supply and transportation, although experience should have taught him their value and the difficulty of procuring them.'

This is harsh; inexcusably, most foolishly so. But at least, even in harshness, Davis preserves his dignity, betrays no conscious personal spite, and gives the impression of aiming only at the general welfare, however he may misjudge and misunderstand.

With Johnston these things are less clear. Not that he is ever anything but nobly patriotic in intention, but he broods so much over his injuries, is so ready to distort circumstance and

accident into malevolence, that sorrow for his country's woes seems sometimes lost sight of in satisfaction at his enemy's discomfiture. I have re-read and re-read his book, and every reading deepens the impression of pity for splendid gifts so blighted, for great opportunities, not so much military as moral, thrown away. One or two or five quotations can not go far to justify this impression. It springs quite as much from what is unsaid as from what is said. Yet some quotation we must have.

To begin with, Johnston writes admirably: a clear, vigorous, logical style, which makes every point tell; bites, stings, lashes, if necessary. His vigor and brevity give the impression of absolute truth, and no one can suspect him of ever intending anything else. Indeed, his biographer declares that in all his statements he is singularly scrupulous and accurate. More careful critics have denied this. Thus his deduction of Sherman's losses from the burials in Marietta Cemetery has been shown to be altogether wrong, because many of those burials were of soldiers who never belonged to Sherman's army at all. Again, General Palfrey, usually so impartial, declares, 'The more I study Johnston's writings, the more cause I find to mistrust them. I like to believe in him; but I cannot do so absolutely, for I find that he permits himself great freedom in asserting what he does not know to be true.'

The freedom and looseness of statement spring from Johnston's dogmatic temper, from his energy and decision, his practical incapacity for seeing more than his own side and point of view; and the dogmatism and the energy lend double bitterness to the slurs which he is constantly flinging at the man who had been his leader, for better and for worse, and who — at least, so

it seems to me — should have been respected for the sake of a great cause and a vanished ideal.

'Under such circumstances his accusation is, to say the least, very discreditable.' 'It is not easy to reconcile the increase of my command by the President, with his very disparaging notices of me.' 'Such an occurrence [explosion of buried shells] must have been known to the whole army, but it was not; so it must have been a dream of the writer.' 'These are fancies. He arrived upon the field after the last armed enemy had left it, when none were within cannon-shot, or south of Bull Run, when the victory was "complete" as well as "assured," and no opportunity left for the influence of "his name and bearing."' 'As good-natured weakness was never attributed to Mr. Davis as a fault, it is not easy to reconcile the assertions and tone of this letter with his official course toward me.' 'I was unable then, as now, to imagine any military object for which this letter could have been written, especially by one whose time was supposed to be devoted to the most important concerns of the government. . . . As I had much better means of information on the subjects of this paper than its author, it could not have been written for my instruction.'

Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it, Iago! 'Had Johnston been less sensitive to an affront to his personal dignity,' says Mr. Rhodes, 'had he been in temper like Lee, and had Davis shown such abnegation of self as did Lincoln in his dealings with his generals, blame and recrimination would not have been written on every page of Southern history.'

'No man was ever written down except by himself,' said Dr. Johnson. Johnston wrote his book to clear his fame, and behold, it condemns him. One sentence of large forgiveness in face

of calamity, one word of recognition that Davis and Seddon, however misguided, however erring, had done their best to serve the same great cause that he was serving, would have accomplished more for his lasting glory than all his five hundred pages of bitter self-justification. The colossal element in Johnston's ill-luck was just simply Joseph E. Johnston.

And now comes the puzzle. It appears that in all ordinary intercourse this man was one of the most amiable, most companionable, most lovable of human beings. Undisputed evidence gives him a list of attractive qualities so long that few can equal it.

That he was brave goes without saying, with a delightful bravery that goes anywhere, and does anything, and makes no fuss. He was always ready to lead a charge or to cover a retreat. He had an enchanting, quiet courage, such as we timid spirits can lean upon, as upon a wall. Read the account of his behavior when he was so severely wounded at Fair Oaks. 'Reeling in his saddle, he said, "Quite extraordinary! It's nothing, gentlemen, I assure you; not worthy of comment. I think we ought to move up a little closer. If a surgeon is within call, and not too busy, — at his convenience, perfect convenience, — he might as well look me over." If some one of his staff had not caught him, the general would have fallen from his horse.'

Read also the playful confession with reference to kerosene lamps. Only perfect courage can so trifle with itself. 'Some kind of a patent kerosene lamp was sent me as a present, and the donor lit it, explaining to me the method of working it. Such was my nervousness, I never knew he was talking to me. Later, after somebody had extinguished the lamp, I tried to reason out to myself what a poltroon I was. We get hardened in time; but I assure you,

nothing would ever induce me to light or extinguish a kerosene lamp. I really envy you, madam, as possessing heroic traits, when you tell me you feel no alarm when in the presence of a kerosene lamp. But I am, by nature, an arrant coward. An enemy, armed with kerosene lamps, would drive me off the field. I should be panic personified.'

And Johnston was absolutely frank, outspoken, straightforward, too much so for his own good, but charmingly so. He gave his opinion of things and people so that you knew where to find him whether you agreed with him or not. How neatly does Colonel Anderson portray him with a touch. "'I think the Scotch the best,' the General quickly rejoined, with the slight toss of the head with which he sometimes emphasized the expression of an opinion he was ready to do battle for.' There was no cant about him, no rhetoric. I would not say, or imply, that the abundance of religious language in Southern reports and orders is ever insincere. But I sometimes tire of it. Johnston is very sparing in this regard. What he does say is evidently solemn and heartfelt.

The General's honesty and uprightness are delightful also. He was no politician, but his political convictions were as lofty and constant as they were simple. He followed Virginia. That was enough. 'Nothing earthly could afford me greater satisfaction than the fulfillment of his [Davis's] good wishes by this army striking a blow for the freedom and independence of Virginia.' 'I drew it [his father's sword] in the war not for rank or fame, but to defend the sacred soil, the homes and hearths, the women and children, aye, and the men of my mother, Virginia, — my native South.'

After the war, when he was a candidate for Congress, his standpoint was as elementary — and as honorable.

Some of his followers had tried to explain away his tariff attitude, for the sake of winning votes. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this is a matter about which I do not propose to ask your advice, because it involves my conscience and personal honor. I spoke yesterday, at Louisa Court House, under a free-trade flag. I have never ridden "both sides of the sapling," and I don't propose to begin at this late day. That banner in Clay Ward comes down to-day, or I retire from this canvass by published card to-morrow.'

Perhaps the finest tribute to his moral elevation comes from a generous enemy. 'I recorded at the time,' says Cox, writing of the surrender, 'my own feeling that I had rarely met a man who was personally more attractive to me than General Johnston. His mode of viewing things was a large one, his thoughts and his expression of them were refined, his conscientious anxiety to do exactly what was right in the circumstances was apparent in every word and act, his ability and his natural gift of leadership showed in his whole bearing and conduct.' And in illustration of his scrupulous conscientiousness Cox adds that, when the General learned that one of his staff had retained a little cavalry guidon of silk in the form of a Confederate flag, he sent for it at once and passed it over to the Union officers, as the colors were supposed to be surrendered.

Johnston was as simple, too, as he was upright and honest, cared nothing for display, parade, or show, lived with his men and shared their fare and their hardships. 'There was only one fork (one prong deficient) between himself and staff, and this was handed to me ceremoniously as the guest,' says Fremantle. 'While on his journey to Atlanta to assume command of the second army of the Confederacy, he excited universal remark by having an

ordinary box-car assigned to himself and staff, instead of imitating the brigadiers of the time and taking possession of a passenger-coach,' says Hughes.

Even as regards Johnston's jealousy, his sensitiveness to personal slights, and to the advancement of others, it is curious to note that this does not seem to have been owing to any inordinate ambition. He himself says that he did not draw his sword for rank or fame; and General Gordon tells us that he was not ambitious. This is doubtless exaggerated. All soldiers, all normal human beings, are ambitious, and like rank and fame, when they can get them honestly. But I find no shadow of evidence that Johnston was devoured by Jackson's ardent fever, or ever dreamed long dreams of shadowy glory and success. His attitude in this connection recalls what Clarendon says of the Earl of Essex: 'His pride supplied his want of ambition, and he was angry to see any man more respected than himself because he thought he deserved it more.' I believe that he was even capable of the highest, noblest, self-sacrifice, so long as it was not enforced, but voluntary; and that he was always ready to act upon his own fine saying, 'The great energy exhibited by the Government of the United States, the danger in which our very existence as an independent people lies, requires sacrifice from us all who have been educated as soldiers.'

What is most winning about Johnston, however, in fact, quite irresistible, is his warmth of nature, his affection, his feminine tenderness, doubly charming in a man as strenuously virile as ever lived. His letters, even official, have a vivacity and personal quality wholly different from Lee's. He loved his men, watched over them, cared for them, praised them. 'I can find no record of more effective fighting in modern battles than that of this army

in December, evincing skill in the commanders and courage in the troops.' He has the most kindly words for the achievements of his officers. Of Stuart he writes, 'He is a rare man, wonderfully endowed by nature with the qualities necessary for an officer of light cavalry. Calm, firm, acute, active, and enterprising, I know no one more competent than he to estimate the occurrences before him at their true value.' And to Stuart: 'How can I eat or sleep without you upon the outpost?' Of Longstreet: 'I rode upon the field, but found myself compelled to be a mere spectator, for General Longstreet's clear head and brave heart left me no apology for interference.'

With his equals in other commands he was amply generous, where they did not represent Davis. Thus he writes of Bragg: 'I am very glad that your confidence in General Bragg is unshaken. My own is confirmed by his recent operations, which, in my opinion, evince great skill and vigor. It would be very unfortunate to remove him at this juncture, when he has just earned, if not won, the gratitude of the country.'

The man is even more attractive in his private friendships. 'One of the purest and strongest men I ever knew,' says Stiles, 'and perhaps the most affectionate.' Few more touching letters were ever written than the one he addressed to Mrs. Lee after her husband's death. Characteristic of his friendship was its singular demonstrativeness. He embraced and kissed his male friends as tenderly as if they were women. 'I have said he was the most affectionate of men,' writes Stiles. 'It will surprise many, who saw only the iron bearing of the soldier, to hear that we never met or parted, for any length of time, that he did not, if we were alone, throw his arms about me and kiss me, and that such was his habit in parting from

or greeting his male relatives and most cherished friends.'

In his domestic relations there was the same tenderness, the same devotion. He adored his wife, and their love was a life-long idyl, diversified, as idyls should be, by sunny mocking and sweet merriment. He had no children; but his nephews and nieces were as near to him as children. When he was told, in Mexico, of one nephew's death, 'the shock was so great that he fell prostrate upon the works. . . . Up to the day of his death, forty-four years later, Johnston kept a likeness of his nephew in his room and never failed to look at it immediately after rising.'

With all this, is it any wonder that men loved him and resent bitterly today the inevitable conclusions drawn from his own written words? Bragg wrote, in answer to one of Johnston's kind letters: 'That spontaneous offer from a brother soldier and fellow citizen, so honored and esteemed, will be treasured as a source of happiness and a reward which neither time nor circumstances can impair.' Kirby Smith wrote: 'I would willingly be back under your command at any personal sacrifice.' Longstreet wrote: 'General Johnston was skilled in the art and science of war, gifted in his quick, penetrating mind and soldierly bearing, genial and affectionate in nature, honorable and winning in person, and confiding in his love. He drew the hearts of those about him so close that his comrades felt that they could die for him.'

The country trusted him. 'I discover from my correspondence you possess the confidence of the whole country as you do mine,' writes a civilian in December, 1863.

The soldiers trusted him. After weeks of falling back, yielding point after point to an encroaching enemy, the evidence is overwhelming that

Johnston's troops were cheerful, eager, zealous, had unbounded belief that he was doing the best that could be done, unbounded regret when they heard that he had been removed. His disciplinary faculty, his grip upon the hearts of men, his power of inspiration, were immense and undisputed. He had the greatest gift a leader can have, magnetism. 'There was a magnetic power about him no man could resist, and exact discipline followed at once upon his assuming any command.' What the general feeling in his army was is nowhere better shown than in the fine letter written to him by Brigadier General Stevens, after Johnston had been replaced by Hood. 'We have ever felt that the best was being done that could be, and have looked confidently forward to the day of triumph, when with you as our leader we should surely march to a glorious victory. This confidence and implicit trust has been in no way impaired, and we are to-day ready, as we have ever been, to obey your orders, whether they be to retire before a largely out-numbering foe, or to spend our last drop of blood in the fiercest conflict. We feel that in parting with you our loss is irreparable . . .

and you carry with you the love, respect, esteem, and confidence, of the officers and men of this brigade.'

Yet a man so honored, admired, and beloved could write the *Narrative of Military Operations!* What a tangle human nature is!

If I wished to sum up Johnston's character briefly, I should quote two passages, both, as it happens, left us by women. Mrs. Chesnut writes, toward the close of the war: 'Afterwards, when Isabella and I were taking a walk, General Joseph E. Johnston joined us. He explained to us all of Lee's and Stonewall Jackson's mistakes. We had nothing to say — how could we say anything?' When one reads this, remembering what Lee's position in the Confederacy was, what Johnston's was, and that he was talking to what must have been one of the liveliest tongues in the Southern States, one appreciates why Johnston did not succeed. When one turns to the remark of an officer to Mrs. Pickett, — 'Lee was a great general and a good man, but I never wanted to put my arms round his neck as I used to want to to Joe Johnston,' — one is overcome with pity to think that Johnston should have failed.

THE QUESTION OF PHILIPPINE NEUTRALITY

BY CYRUS F. WICKER

IN the House of Representatives, on May 1, last, the Committee on Insular Affairs reported favorably a joint resolution of the House and Senate authorizing the President to open negotiations with such foreign governments as in his judgment should be parties to the compact, 'whereby the neutralization of the Philippine Islands shall be guaranteed and their independence recognized through international agreement,' and suggesting that the year 1918 be selected for the awarding of independence and perpetual neutrality to our island possessions.

Nearly all Americans are aware that the Philippine Islands have entailed enormous expense upon our people. They represent an outlay impossible ever to estimate with certainty, involving as it does the cost of a regular army more than doubled, the protection of a distant coast-line, and the prosecution of a long-continued campaign against ignorance and disease. It has already reached an amount before the computation of which officials and statisticians have either failed or kept suggestive silence. A half billion of dollars is not too large a sum to place upon our fourteen years of sovereignty in the Islands, including their subjugation and defense. The late Senator Hoar declared ten years ago that the American Government had expended upon them over \$600,000,000, and his statement has never been successfully challenged. Computing even to-day that the Government pays \$1500 annually for each soldier in the foreign service, the cost

under the head of military expenses alone amounts to \$26,000,000 a year, not to speak of the sums expended in the construction and equipment of defensive fortifications.

Yet, for all this, the average American is not ten cents richer for their possession. The value of American exports to the Islands in 1911, exclusive of those for the army, navy, and administrative services, was \$15,000,000, with imports amounting to under \$17,000,000; and if every dollar of both combined had been clear profit instead of merely the value of the products exchanged, the whole amount would scarcely have paid the expenses of the same year's military establishment.

Furthermore, the American government has placed a tariff on the principal articles of export from the Islands to the United States, sugar, rice, and tobacco, so that the Islands, so far as any special advantage is given to American trade, might just as well not belong to us at all. Is not this the time, therefore, and might it not now be wise to consider a cessation in the expenditure of those vast sums which Congress votes annually for the fortification and military occupation of the Islands?

In their report of the same date the Committee on Insular Affairs states that, in its opinion, there does not exist to-day any considerable sentiment in the United States favorable to the permanent retention of the Philippines, basing this assertion on the ground that the Democratic party has, in three

successive national platforms, proposed the recognition of Philippine independence; while the leaders of the Republicans, including both the President and the ex-President, have repeatedly declared that the policy of their party was but to prepare the people of the Islands for independence in the future. In view of such statements, the question seems to be one merely of time and of the proper method to be employed.

It is not independence that is of supreme importance, but neutralization. A study of the subject will show that independence is not only unnecessary, if permanent neutrality is awarded, but also more difficult of imposition and maintenance, and much more doubtful as to its results. Neutralization is a European, not an American, institution. It is little known in this country, and, until two years ago, no treatise had been written in English on the subject. It is certain to have a different development on this hemisphere and in the Far East from that which it has had in Europe, where the need of buffer states is more apparent. But this at least is of value, that, although four entire countries have been neutralized, three of them independent states of Europe and one a union of dependent states in Africa, together with two colonies and a canal, we are assured by examples that it is not requisite, in granting permanent neutrality, to confer independence as well.

Savoy was neutralized while belonging both at the time and thereafter to the Kingdom of Sardinia. It is now, although neutralized, one of the departments of France. The Ionian Islands continued to belong to Greece after their neutralization, and the neutralized Basin of the Congo is apportioned among and owned to-day by four different powers. The Philippines are our property and we may

neutralize them, with the coöperation of the Great Powers of the world, while retaining exclusive sovereignty over them. We may build their schools, keep order, inculcate ideals of American citizenship, influence in all legitimate ways the trade of the Islands to come to America, just as England is doing in India, with the added advantage that we shall benefit equally with all other nations in their trade, which, under our tariff provisions, is not altogether the case now.

Philippine independence, moreover, without being an essential factor in the neutralization of the Islands, might, if conferred at this present time, result unwisely for the United States. Supposing that we should grant independence to the Philippines, we should then have no assurance that they would not, in the future, following some political change not uncommon in new republics, erect a tariff wall against ourselves — a ludicrous and mortifying situation, but not impossible to the ingratitude of republics. It is certain that at the present moment they are not capable of self-government and the maintenance of stable foreign relations. Commercially interested nations, which now include the whole world, would hardly agree to our withdrawing guidance and protection and responsibility, and then failing to provide some authority to take our place.

If we step out, some one will step in, if only to protect their commerce with the world; and although Europe could not prevent our withdrawal, she could certainly refuse to neutralize the Islands under these conditions, leaving them rather to the first Power strong and determined enough to seize them and at the same time to satisfy Europe in the matter of equal participation in their trade. Until we have convinced not only ourselves, but also the world, of the ability of independent Philip-

pine Islands to maintain foreign relations and stable self-government, it is useless to expect to receive the help of Europe in neutralizing them after withdrawing from them ourselves.

Neutralization, however, is not incompatible with continued sovereignty over the Islands, and we have only to consider what changes in our relations might occur if they were placed in permanent neutrality. We know that we may not levy soldiers there, nor cede a portion of territory, nor receive articles of a contraband nature from the Islands in time of war. But we may build fortifications to protect their perpetual neutrality, and keep an adequate force of troops there to preserve order, taxing the Islands, instead of ourselves, for the cost of their erection, equipment, and maintenance. We have precedents in the cases of Switzerland and Belgium, where fortresses have been retained, and new ones erected, solely to insure the complete neutrality of the respective States. Fortifications for the protection of neutralized lands and waterways are historically possible and, where the duty of protecting the neutrality of important harbors is concerned, assume the character of national obligations as well, falling, in the absence of agreement, upon the sovereign power.

The point of greatest objection and one where, if anywhere, the proposal for the neutralization of the Philippines would fail, is with the tariff. It would be necessary to establish free trade in the Islands, as there could be no exclusive tariff advantages between the United States and its neutralized possessions. We cannot neutralize the Philippine Islands and then expect to retain for ourselves the possibility of driving out all foreign trade and confining the commerce of the Islands to the United States. It is doubtful, indeed, whether we might do that with

the Islands to-day, in the present state of world-relationships, and not incur the hate or hostility of the civilized world. Yet, even under free trade in the Islands, we would be giving up nothing from which we are now deriving any appreciable benefit. On the contrary, we might profit by the changed conditions, having laid a tariff on many articles imported from the Philippines, including their principal exports, while other nations, notably England with her free-trade provisions, have not, retaining meanwhile our advantage in comparison with Europe in matters of proximity and freight charges.

That we should be the chief gainers, together with all the world, by such an act, is apparent when we consider that it would make the Pacific in truth a peaceful sea, while reducing our navy at once to its proper spheres of home protection and the assurance of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine in North and South America. It might not mean a reduction in the Navy, which is not the question at issue; but it would at least do away with that anomalous situation by which we maintain at great expense in far-away islands a garrison and a fleet which, we are perfectly aware, are inadequate to defend them, in order to retain territories which, as we are assured by our military authorities, we would not attempt to defend but would abandon in time of war. What effect does our military occupancy have, other than to bring us into a position to lose by capture or destruction some of our battleships and cruisers and a portion of our regular army?

Neutralization offers greater protection to the Philippine Islands than this nation alone can give; and with the expense of that protection shifted to the Islands, and its excess borne in common by all the guaranteeing Powers, we should have reached a most practical solution of our difficult question.

Again, if our exclusive possession of the Islands is doing us no visible good, but may serve later to irritate China by the presence of an armed Power in close geographical proximity to her own shores, why not deal with them some other way? Let us neutralize them and, cutting off an expense of nearly fifty millions a year, continue our relations with our possessions in commercial and educational ways. 'Instead of establishing,' as the report of the Committee says, 'a protectorate, which would make this country individually responsible for the defense of the islands, a responsibility which will entail very considerable burdens and the possibility of trouble with foreign powers, it seems wiser to accomplish the same result by treaty with the other powers, which would make the islands neutral territory and secure from foreign invasion.' We have done our duty toward the Islands and can now in no better way express the American purpose which we have always held toward them than by placing them, under our sovereignty, in permanent neutrality.

If we do this, granting free trade in the Islands, there is no nation that will object. On the contrary, it is probable that the Powers will meet advances in this direction with great cordiality.

They give up nothing, as the Islands are not now open to occupation, and, once neutralized, no one, in the face of the interests of the entire world, would dare to seize them. Under the guarantee of the suggested Powers, Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Japan, and Spain, there is little danger that the Philippines would fail to enjoy unmolested peace.

The question is greater than one of mere privilege. We have seen that permanent neutrality has developed from its origin as a doubtful favor, applied to individual states, into a valuable resource available, in the interests of peace and commerce, to the colony-holding nations of to-day. There is no loss of honor to a state in accepting neutralization, and no occasion for shame in granting it to colonial possessions. The report of the Committee on Insular Affairs is not unworthy of the people of these United States.

The Philippine Islands once neutralized, a way would be opened to friendly and more stable relationships with the Orient, which could not fail to act as an example to the Powers. This result, in the furtherance of international peace in the East, and also — where its effects would be closely watched — in South America, would be inestimable; it is also possible.

A HOLY MAN

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

WE first saw Gopal Baba on an early April morning, while the grass and trees of Berhampore Square were still white with dew, sparkling in the yellow radiance of the dawn. Mem-Sahib and I were wending homeward toward our barrack bungalow, from a walk along the high embankment of the Bhagirathi, replenished now by the first melting of Himalayan snows. I have a fancy that, crowned with huge helmets of white sola pith, we looked like peripatetic mushrooms to the brown-skinned, pious Brahmans who, pressing the triple cord between their palms, stood waist-deep in the turbid water, praying their sins away in the sacred tide.

We had started before sunrise, walking down-stream past Ghora-bazaar and the dak-bungalow, under a wide-spreading silk-cotton tree now draped in bright green leaves, which we had admired in February, month of blossoms, splendidly decked with crimson flowers, like a blazing torch against the green. A little farther down the bund, we had a strange encounter that wonderfully expressed one of the hidden feelings of our hearts. From the boat which had arrived from Calcutta, and lay moored by the embankment, emerged a huge man, evidently no Bengali, nor of any Indian race we knew. Bronzed, with the face of an eagle, he wore a loose, exotic-looking jacket and very wide trousers, and his shaggy head was crowned with a red

fez. He swung along, majestic, masterful, with lordly disdain in every feature, every movement.

'I think he is a Turk,' said Mem-Sahib. 'I like Turks, they are such splendid men!'—a generous concession from a Russian whose kin had fought against them under Khars.

The big, masterful man swung on to meet us with long strides, and, some dozen paces off, seeing that we were watching his oncoming with sympathetic eyes, he stopped short, threw up his hands with magnificent disdain, and in a voice with fine reverberating undertone exclaimed,—

'My God! *What a country!*'

Then he paused a moment, and broke out again,—

'My God! *What people!*'

Be this your epitaph, O Bengalis!

We learned that the big Turk had got stranded in Howrah, and was now making his way up country in search of Sunni coreligionists. We contributed to his wants, and bade him go bravely on, in the name of Allah, merciful and compassionate.

Homeward wending, then, from this encounter, we had turned from the bund toward the square, and were passing the garden of the Collector Sahib's *kuti*, the only house in the square that rejoiced in an upper story. It was, I think, the general's quarters in the old days before the Mutiny of 1857, when Berhampore was a military

cantonment, with the square for a parade-ground. The generals of those days had made a garden, adorned with flowering shrubs and foliage-plants, where roses panted through the hot season and took heart again after the rains. There was a pyramid of scarlet-trumpeted hibiscus that flamed in the forehead of the morning.

As we skirted the Collector's garden, conscious of the growing heat, we saw Martha coming toward us, wheeling little Theo, the Collector Mem-Sahib's dear baby, in her perambulator. Martha was not, as might be supposed, a nursemaid; Martha was a huge, black-bearded Mahometan, one of the Collector Sahib's *chaprassis*, a dozen of whom, with red button-shaped turbans and big brass plaques of office on their breasts, stood about his throne to do his errands,—whom later I inherited, when the Collector Sahib went off on leave and left me in charge. I once asked the Collector Mem-Sahib why this big, black-whiskered Moslem, who could have led a charge of cavalry, should bear the gentle name of Martha. The lady replied, with her charming smile,—

'Oh, don't you see? Because he is careful and busied about many things!'

So Martha, having a big man's love of children, had been deputed, as often before, to wheel little Theo forth to enjoy the morning air while the grass was still white with pearls and festoons of gossamer hung from the date-palms.

Theo was beginning to feel the oncoming hot season. She was pale, a pathetic, tiny angel of a child, who should have been running barefoot in English meadows among cuckoo-flowers, gathering the sweet life of spring and the color of the daisy-tips in her cheeks. Martha, in deep-voiced Hindustani, was trying to cheer and entertain her, and Theo courteously tried to be receptive and to show herself enter-

tained, but her attention flagged, and the far-away eyes matched rather sadly the little pale cheeks.

So much we saw as we approached: Martha with deep concern in his dark, honest face; Theo rather limp, but winsome as ever. Then Gopal Baba came suddenly upon the scene. I think he had been in the Collector Sahib's garden, and came forth by a wicket-gate in the wall. One could see that he was a Brahman, fine-featured, cinnamon-skinned, wearing a white loin-cloth, and with a scarf of white muslin across his shoulders; barefoot and bare-headed, with long hair and a short, curly beard just touched with gray. He was wonderfully lithe, his step swift and springy, his whole bearing full of forceful grace. He walked beside Theo in her baby-carriage, smiling, with wonderfully gentle, luminous eyes, looked into her peaked little face, and laid his brown hand on her little white hand, which rested rather wearily on the wicker rim of the perambulator.

The first thing that struck me was that Martha did not show the least wish to interfere. As a Mahometan, he was suspicious of all Hindus; as an orderly, he had an official's high disdain for all lay folk; as a trusted minister of the Collector Sahib and, even more, of the Collector Mem-Sahib who, indeed, had conferred on him the honored name of the maiden of Bethany, he should have been, and on all occasions was, very alert to guard little Theo from alien approach, be it of man or woman, elephant or sunstroke. Yet he did not check Gopal Baba, or bid him begone for a Hindu vagabond, which, had he done it, would not have surprised me in the least. Indeed, I saw him smiling down at Gopal Baba, and he stopped the baby-carriage, so that the gray barbarian might, if so minded, talk at his ease with the Christian child.

It seemed, however, that Gopal Baba was not so minded. He had laid his brown hand on Theo's white little fingers, and he kept it there, bending down over her, smiling with bright serenity; with joy, not pity, in his eyes. Little Theo, when he first touched her hand, looked up, with a quick, questioning, intuitive, baby glance; and, as her eyes met his, she too began to smile, her little face growing more animated and a tinge of color coming into her cheeks. She looked like her old self of the cold season, and one could see answering reassurance and satisfaction kindling in Martha's eyes.

Gopal Baba, as I have said, had not spoken to the little girl, nor did he now; yet one could see that a very good understanding was established between them, and a sweet serenity filled the dear little baby face. She drew a long breath, sighed happily like a little child awaking from sleep, and then laughed a happy, gentle little laugh, as she looked up at Gopal Baba. With her other hand she began to pat that dark hand of his, which still lay on hers, and in her touch and in her eyes there were caresses.

The whole thing lasted but a moment, and then Gopal Baba raised his serene eyes from the child to the chaprassi; then, straightening himself up, he turned and walked away, with rapid, noiseless steps, like a gentle, benevolent panther.

When I was in *cutcherry* later in the day, in the huge barrack across the square, I had occasion to see the big and big-hearted Collector Sahib, and I told him of this early morning happening.

'Oh, yes!' he said, with that pleasant laugh of his, which remains one of my best memories of India, 'that was Gopal Baba: quite a crony of Theo's, you know!'

'Who is Gopal Baba?' I asked.

'Oh, a kind of crazy saint!' said the Collector Sahib, smiling. 'I don't quite know where he comes from. I suppose he has always been here; part of the station, you know. You ought to have seen him at work in my garden a week ago. You know the big *peepal*, the great rubber tree that overhangs the square? Some of the branches had grown too far over the house, and I was afraid of the damp in the rains, especially for Theo. I was talking to Martha about these branches, saying they ought to be cut, when Gopal Baba came up to us, debonair as always. He never seems to want anything. Gopal Baba listened, and heard Martha reply that it would be dangerous work; it would not be easy to get any one to undertake it.'

'Gopal Baba smiled and went away; half an hour later he came to the house with a *hashua*, went quickly up to the roof without saying a word to any one, swung himself into the tree and began to lop off the overhanging branches. The way he skipped from one to another was the most fearless thing I ever saw; he was absolutely birdlike.'

Mem-Sahib and I were forth on another early morning walk, a few days later, this time up the river, and were looking down from the high bund at a quaint little weather-stained temple with twisted pillars, under a many-stemmed, shaggy banyan tree, when we descried Gopal Baba sitting on a stone bench before the temple, still as a statue, in happy contemplation. He looked up and smiled. It was, I think, his home.

Thereafter, in the multitudinous occupations of the Civil Station,—criminal trials, treasury work, land surveying, assessments, ryots and crops, amusements and festivities,—Gopal Baba faded wholly from my memory. It was well into the greater rains before we saw him again.

The Collector's Mem-Sahib and little Theo had been spirited away to Darjiling, to lift up their hearts toward the miraculous snows of Kinchinjunga, to breathe in new life and strength from the vivid mountain air.

Mem-Sahib and I remained in the plains, presently, on the departure of the Collector Sahib, to be left in charge of the District of Murshidabad with its million and a quarter of Bengali souls. The rains had come up like thunder, and had continued, once more like thunder, with smothering mists, multitudinous lightnings, reverberant boombings, and white sluicings of water that flushed the earth like an inundation. The Bhagirathi River daily rose in a brown, seething flood, upborne by the embankment until it was a dozen feet above the level of the square. The flat cement roof of our bungalow had been seamed and cracked, like a wrinkled face, by the blazing sun of the hot season, and, when the thunderclouds of the greater rains burst in cataracts over our devoted heads, there was nothing to keep the water from coming through the ceilings of our rooms. Accordingly it came. Once, in an hour of detached thirst for knowledge, I counted eleven separate streams descending upon our carpets, while the two Poonaswamis and their helpers rushed wildly about with pans and tubs to catch the drip; and did, indeed, catch a good deal of it, while the thunder boomed overhead. But the rooms were perpetually damp, full of the sour smell of rotting bamboo matting; and mildew broke out on all sides, over everything. The ants, more provident than ourselves, had made their way up the walls, carrying bag and baggage up well-defined little roads, and were now comparatively dry amid the big beams of the ceiling.

The water, soaking through the sandy soil from the high-embanked Bhagirathi, threatened to well up

through the floor. We had laid our troubles before the big Collector Sahib, and he had arranged for our transfer to the dry upper story of a huge empty barrack at the corner of the square, which once housed a regiment, before the Mutiny, and we were waiting for a comparatively dry day to transport our possessions. Meanwhile, Mem-Sahib was sick and sorrow-laden. We were both suffering from blood-poisoning, the sequel of rubbed mosquitoes, and Mem-Sahib was quite lamed by swollen ankles, in spite of the Doctor Sahib's ministrations and zinc ointment.

The days were exasperating; the nights were oppressive; and a point of wretchedness was added by a winged sprite which Anglo-India fitly calls the 'brain-fever bird.' It pipes up, for the most part, in the smothering nights of the rains, a sort of demon nightingale, and its cry is a melancholy 'Oh-oh-oh!' descending by intervals of a fifth. It stops for a minute, until one has had time almost to forget it and sink into uneasy slumber, and then it repeats its lugubrious and heart-rending wail, 'Oh-oh-oh!' which goes through one's brain like a rusty fret-saw.

Taking it all together, we were pretty miserable, nervous, over-wrought, and wretched, in spite of the kindly sympathy of good Gilber Sahib.

One afternoon, in the midst of these detestable circumstances,—a hot, steamy, muggy afternoon it was, when a breath of cold air would have been paradise,—I was sitting under the punkah in a cane armchair in our big central room, and Mem-Sahib, utterly worn-out and dejected, sick and sore, was lying down in her bedroom. I was jaded and dispirited, out of conceit with life, ready to blaspheme Mother India and all the works of Brahma, composing to myself communions against the Bengali brother, almost

lamenting that Clive had not been well licked at Plassey and the whole Anglo-Indian adventure knocked on the head. I had no wish even to read, and was gazing straight before me at the ants on the wall, in heart despondent, and in body tormented by the ceaseless stinging of prickly heat, my ankles sore and swollen with mosquito-bites.

I was half-conscious of a kind of stir among the servants who had been sitting on the front veranda looking out at the rain and, half-turning, I saw the elder Poonaswami, he of the red-and-gold turbans and pleading smile, hurrying toward me.

'A *sadhu* has come, a holy man!' he said, and backed away again to the veranda.

Looking up, I saw Gopal Baba standing near me, smiling as before, with happy, luminous eyes. One of the most singular things concerning him was the way one's servants and chappassis and the whole host of official jackals deferred to him, falling back to let him pass, though always ready enough to browbeat and bully and bluster at humble and unprotected suppliants. But Gopal Baba could come and go like the sunshine, like the wind of the Spirit. The servants stood aside and gave him the free run of the house.

Gopal Baba met my look of inquiry with his winning smile, and, before I had time to rise, seated himself on my sofa without a word on my part or on his. Had he been a government official, or a pundit or zemindar, I should of course have risen and begged him to take a seat, and he, equally of course, would first have declined with a flourish of ceremonious hesitation, and then, on my pressing him, would have accepted. But Gopal Baba made all this very unnecessary; he waited for no invitation, and one felt that, with his high simplicity, none was needed.

He came like the sunshine, welcome, not formally greeted.

Yet there was little in the outer person of Gopal Baba to impose on Poonaswami of the gold-and-red turban, save those luminous, wonderful eyes. Gopal Baba was barefoot and bare-headed, wearing, as always, but a white loincloth and a white scarf across his shoulders. I noticed that his hands were well-formed and sensitive, his bearing lithe and elastic; and presently I found myself dwelling on those happy, benignant eyes of his, that lit his fine face and spoke of abounding inner joy.

His eyes were the eyes of a happy, happy child, brimming over with gentle gayety. There was in him nothing solemn, or portentous, not a shade of self-importance or self-consciousness, as who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle!' The singular thing was that he said nothing at all; with the lips, at least, for the shimmering sunshine in his eyes said all things. He sat there on my sofa, in the dim room, for the sky outside was heavy with pouring storm-clouds, a quiet, very serene figure, with hands decorously folded, with the gentle stillness and poise of the best Oriental manners. He sat, indeed, with the supreme unconsciousness of an angel, watching me with his gentle smile. Then, after a few minutes, during which no word was spoken, he rose, bade me farewell with his eyes, and was gone before I could rise, with that velvety, elastic step of his.

Realizing that my strange visitor was gone, I came at the same time to a realization of the strangeness of his coming, and of the wonderful atmosphere of serenity he had brought with him and, happily for me, had left behind him when he departed.

For I found a singular happiness in my heart. I looked out at the sluicing torrents of rain, the reeking mists, the water in plashing pools upon the grass,

and through it all I felt the benignant light, the hidden sunshine, the sky overhead, full of divinity, incomparably blue. The endless worries and pains that beset us seemed small things in the face of that large serenity; discords that made the music finer. Gopal Baba had found within his heart what the skylark finds when he pours forth his joyful melody through the upper air; what the roses know, when they breathe forth their perfume; what little children feel, when they smile happy-eyed at the angels.

I went to read to Mem-Sahib and cheer her up. That afternoon, an hour or two later, we were privileged to receive the visit of a youthful Babu, Kali Prasanna Chatterji by name, who held a position in the Court of Wards, and who came highly recommended as a Bengali gentleman and a philosopher. He entered with something of the air of a peacock, acridly escorted and announced by Poonaswami of the red-and-gold turban, who seemed not to approve of him. Kali Babu's beautiful name deserves to be translated. The first word denotes the god of the Iron Age, and also the one-spot on the dice. The second part means that he is altogether at peace. The third, the surname of one of the four lofty families of Kulin Brahmans, means that his emblem is the sacred umbrella. So, as far as names went, Kali Babu was a very wonderful person indeed. Yet Poonaswami plainly disapproved of him.

Kali Babu saw on a little side table draped with black-and-gold Madrasi cloth, a yellow-backed copy of *Tartarin de Tarascon*. He asked, with something of an air, what it might be. I told him, naming Alphonse Daudet.

'Oh! So you read French novels?' sniffed Kali Babu, as who should say, 'Do you make a practice of burglary?'

I admitted that I did. But I saw

that I was fallen in the eyes of Kali Babu, fallen, fallen from my high estate. I had lost caste, and was but an outlander and a barbarian.

I accepted it quietly, however, for the charm of my earlier visitor was still upon me. Therefore I said, —

'Kali Babu, perhaps you may have heard of Gopal Baba? Tell me something of him.'

Kali Prasanna Chatterji, Esquire, sniffed at the name of Gopal Baba, as he had at Daudet's masterpiece, and thus unburdened his high soul: —

'Oh, yes! I know him; indeed, very well. In fact, he used to teach us once; he was our *guru*, as we say. You know, I think, what that signifies? I will tell you. A guru is a spiritual preceptor, who stands to you *in loco parentis*.' I felt like adding, '*E pluribus unum; Erin go bragh!*' but held my peace. 'But,' continued Kali Prasanna Chatterji, Esquire, 'he has long ceased to hold that exalted position, except nominally. Of course we still show him respect, outwardly at least. But he does not teach us any more. We found him not intellectual enough; not metaphysical; he never rose to the heights of dialectics. So we had to let him drop. And besides,' went on our young sage, evidently casting about in his mind for something disagreeable to say, 'I have been told that he smokes opium.'

'Oh!' I replied, and we let the matter drop, turning, at the instance of Kali Babu, to a discussion of the limitations of the Western mind. He would not be tempted into philosophy. I have a lurking fear that he found me unintellectual.

In due time, Kali Prasanna Chatterji, Esquire, took ceremonious leave, and strutted forth, saying in his heart, 'O Vishnu, I thank thee I am not as other men; thou hast made me a Brahman, a little higher than the angels!'

Mem-Sahib, as I have said, is of the Russian persuasion. Yet she had, even in those days, some command of our Western tongue.

'What a young ass!' she said, while Kali Babu's fine back was still silhouetted against the sky, in the door of the veranda.

Such, then, was the second coming of Gopal Baba. It was only after he had gone, that I learned of the third.

It befell that, on the Mahometan festival of the Mohurram, Mem-Sahib, Gilber Sahib, and I, with others of the rainy-season exiles, were invited by His Highness the Nawab to watch the religious procession at Murshidabad. The whole land was flooded, as the result of the ill-judged enthusiasm of a young tiller of the soil, who had cut a little track across the embankment to get water for his *brinjal* patch. It was ever such a little track, yet within a few hours two million dark Bengalis were standing up to their waists in muddy water. Then the flood was checked at its source, and presently abated.

After the procession, I went on foot through recently inundated ground, to see some Moslem games. The sun, and, I suppose, the poisoning of my blood by mosquito-bites, laid me low, two days later, with a violent and prolonged attack of jungle fever. It begins with a deadly languor and weariness, which drives one to lie down; this passes into a miserable, icy chill which shivers through one's body and bones, and even heaps of blankets are helpless to combat it. And there is, withal, a weariness of mind and spirit that turns the whole world gray, leaving one without faith, hope, or grace, wisdom or understanding.

Then comes a change of miseries. One's heart, which has threatened to come altogether to a standstill, gradu-

ally quickens its beats, and is presently pounding away like those trip-hammers which Don Quixote and Sancho heard in the darkness of the forest. This pounding keeps up, in hot, dry misery, till one feels as though the heart would come bodily through one's ribs, and burst at the next stroke. Yet there are lulls of happy quietness, when one is filled with divine peace.

At last the furnace-heat in one's blood is tempered by profuse perspiration which leaves one a half-dead rag, faint and breathless, seeking only the unconsciousness of sleep. And this recurrent purgatory goes on for days together. One is never secure. It always lies in wait, hiding in one's veins, ready to break forth again.

During that first fever spell, in August and the beginning of September, I was completely bowled over for a week or ten days. At the end of it, when I began to pull together again, Mem-Sahib beguiled my convalescence by reading me Russian fairy tales. In the midst of one of them, about a wonderful golden bird, she suddenly broke off and said,—

'Oh, do you know that Gopal Baba was here a good many times while you were ill? He used to come in and sit on the sofa without saying anything. At first the servants thought he ought to be sent away. But he was so sweetly insistent that I told them to let him be.'

Looking backward across the years, I have a fancy that there was a hidden bond between his comings and those lulls of happy quietness, full of divine peace, that cooled the furnace of my fevered days; those serene hours that were like fair green islands in my dark, tempestuous sea. At least I know that there was in India one man who loved the Father with his whole heart, and found in that love immeasurable joy.

WHAT ENGLISH POETRY MAY STILL LEARN FROM GREEK

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I

My first words must be an apology for the title of this paper. It may seem a rather arrogant theme for a professor of Greek to lay before modern readers. But the truth is that I do not for a moment mean to hold up Greek literature as a model for all others to follow. Every great literature has something to teach the others. If ever, in some different life, it were my privilege to address an audience of ancient Greeks, there is nothing I should like better than to suggest to them some qualities which Greek literature might learn from English. But for the present the other side of the question is more fruitful. For some cause or causes, the Greek poets produced extraordinarily successful poetry. I wish now to make a rough attempt to analyze some of those causes and see what we can learn from them.

Perhaps it is also rather a stale theme. Many generations of English critics have dealt with it, from Milton to Walter Pater. Matthew Arnold's *Lectures on Translating Homer* are, I see, now made into a school-book, with introduction and notes. Why, then, have I felt justified in treating the subject again? Because, I would say, though the Classics themselves remain fixed, our conception of them is continually moving. Since the time of, let us say, Matthew Arnold, our actual knowledge has vastly increased. The general

widening of our studies, even the process of turning our focus of attention away from the Classics to more concrete and vivid subjects, has benefited our classical scholarship. It has greatly increased our knowledge, and still more increased our power of imaginative understanding. If any one doubts that, I would ask him to think of three books, the first three that come into my mind: Dittenberger's *Sylloge Inscriptionum*, Miss Harrison's *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, and Mr. Zimmern's *Greek Commonwealth*; to reflect on the vast field covered by those three books, and consider how little of it was known to Matthew Arnold's generation.

I take Matthew Arnold as a type, not out of disrespect, but out of respect. He is not merely a critic of the first rank, which would be one reason for choosing him, but he is also to an unusual degree fearless and lucid. One knows where to have him, and where to challenge him. I take him as the best type of a liberal, cultivated, and well-read generation, who applied to ancient poetry — and sometimes to modern: witness his treatment of Shelley — the somewhat blighting demands of unimpassioned common sense.

Let me begin by taking at length one small concrete instance, his attack on Ruskin about the meaning of the words *φυσικος ατα*.

He warns us, in the *Lectures on Translating Homer*, that 'against modern

sentiment in its applications to Homer, the translator, if he would feel Homer truly,—and unless he feels him truly how can he render him truly?—cannot be too much on his guard.' He then takes the famous lines (*Iliad* iii., 243) about Helen's brothers:—

τοὺς δ' ἥδη κάτεχεν φυσίζος ἄλα.

'So spake she; but they were already held by Earth the Life-giver, in Lacedæmon far away, in their dear native land.' And he quotes for dispraise, Mr. Ruskin's comment:—

"The poet," says Mr. Ruskin, "has to speak of the earth in sadness; but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thought of it. No; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still—fruitful, life-giving." This is a just specimen of that sort of application of modern sentiment to the ancients, against which a student who wishes to feel the ancients truly cannot too resolutely defend himself. . . . The reader may feel moved as he reads it; but it is not the less an example of "le faux" in criticism; it is false.'

How does Matthew Arnold himself translate *φυσίζος*? He does not say; I greatly fear that if pressed he would have said it was 'merely an ornamental epithet.' As a matter-of-fact, I think we may safely say that it is an epithet steeped in primitive mysticism. Ruskin's error was that, not having the clue, he did not go far enough. His feeling about the word was right; but he stopped short at sentiment, whereas the word really connoted religion. 'The life-giving earth' is that most ancient goddess who is the cause, not only of the quickening of seeds, but of the resurrection of man. We are familiar with the thought from St. Paul's use of it as a metaphor. But the conception is far older than St. Paul, and lies in the very roots of Greek religion,

as may be seen in Dieterich's *Muttererde*.

The detailed evidence would, of course, take us too long; but I may dwell on it thus much. The word *φυσίζος* occurs only five times in ancient Greek poetry; twice it is applied to Castor and Pollux, who shared, as we all know, an alternate resurrection (*Iliad* iii., *Odyssey* xi.); once in an indignant speech of Achilles (*Iliad* xxi.) it is used of a dead man who seems to have returned, 'with twenty mortal murders in his crown,' from the grasp of the *φυσίζος* *ἄλα*; once in an oracle, quoted by Herodotus, of the dead yet ever-living Orestes, who holds the balance of victory between Sparta and her enemies. In the fifth instance (*Hymn to Aphrodite*, 125) this mystical reference is less clear, and I will not press it. The point may seem small, but it is of shades of meaning like these that the quality of language is formed. This is merely one of the cases in which greater knowledge has widened and deepened our whole conception of Greek poetry, and swept magnificently away some of those limitations which we were taught to regard as 'Classic.'

Let us now take a few current judgments about Greek poetry and see what we can deduce from them. I will begin with some quotations from *Coleridge's Literary Remains*, as edited in Dent's Library by Mr. Mackail:—

'The Greeks were polytheists; their religion was local; almost the only object of all their knowledge, art, and taste was their gods; and accordingly their productions were, if the expression may be allowed, statuesque, whilst those of the moderns are picturesque. The Greeks reared a structure which, in its parts and as a whole, filled the mind with the calm and elevated impression of perfect beauty and symmetrical proportion.'

'Almost the only object of their knowledge, art, and taste was their gods.' That is in a sense true, though very misleading; for we know now that there were at least two stages in Greek religion: first, something more like the religion of other primitive though gifted races, something deep, turbid, formless, and impassioned; and secondly, an anthropomorphic movement, clarifying, humanizing, and artistic in its spirit, which led to the formation of the beautiful but somewhat unreal family of Olympian gods. Coleridge himself expresses the truth a little later in the phrase, 'Bacchus, the *vinum mundi*.' A Greek *Theos* is much more adequately conceived as the 'wine of the world' than as an anthropomorphic statue. It is in that sense that we can understand such a line as that of Euripides,

We are slaves to Theoi, whatever the Theoi may be.

Such Theoi are not anthropomorphic figures; they are wills or forces.

'Their productions were statuesque.' Coleridge explains what he means by this. 'They reared a structure which in its parts and as a whole' made an 'impression of perfect beauty and symmetrical proportion.'

This criticism seems to me profoundly true, although I should almost have thought that a better word for it was 'architectural.' It is borne out in the old contrast between the Gothic church with its profusion of detail,—always rich, always exciting, sometimes ugly, and constantly irrelevant,—and the Greek temple, in which every part is severely subordinated to the whole.

Another remark of Coleridge is rather curious to read at the present day: 'The Greeks, except perhaps Homer, seem to have had no way of making their women interesting but by unsexing them, as in the tragic

Medea, Electra, etc.' Here I think there is little doubt that we have simply moved beyond Coleridge, and thereby come nearer the Greeks. Yet his words are, perhaps, in their literal sense, true. The romantic heroines of Coleridge's day needed a good deal of 'unsexing' before they stood fairly on their feet as human beings, with real minds and real characters. The romantic fiction of a generation or two ago could never look at its heroines except through a roseate mist of emotion. Greek tragedy saw its women straight; or, at most, saw them through a mist of religion, not through a mist of gallantry or sentimental romance. When people are accustomed, as Coleridge was, to that atmosphere, it is pitiful to see how chill and raw they feel when they are taken out of it. As a matter-of-fact, Greek tragedy, as a whole, spends a great deal more study and sympathy upon its women than its men, and I should have thought that, in the ordinary sense of the word, it was hard to speak of Antigone and Deianira and Medea, hard to speak of Andromache and Hecuba in the Troades, or even of Clytemnestra and Electra, as 'unsexed' creatures.

I will refrain from making quotations from Matthew Arnold on the subject of Greek religion. However tolerant an American literary audience may be, there are limits to the disrespect it will allow toward its great critics. But I must protest, in passing, against his use of the *Mime of Theocritus* about Gorgo and Praxinoë as an instance of Greek feeling about religion. It is almost as if you took, as an instance of modern religion, one of Mr. Anstey's *Voces Populi* describing, say, a church parade.

The thing that troubles the ordinary English reader in Greek religion is that he is accustomed to a religion that is essentially moral and essentially dog-

matic. Greek religion, in the first place, is not preëminently concerned with morality; it is concerned with man's relation to world-forces. In the second place, there is no omnipotent dogma.

I will, however, venture to take a sentence or two of Pater's. In one passage he sums up a discussion by saying that Greek art and literature are characterized by 'breadth, centrality, blitheness, and repose.' Now I dare say this is true, if only we understand the words as Pater meant them. But, of course, each word is really a species of shorthand, which summed up for him various long chains of thought. The danger is that we may accept them as catch-words.

'Breadth.' The word always reminds me of an ancient occasion when I was rehearsing a Greek play, and the stage-manager came forward in a cheery manner to the caste and said, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, remember this is classical. Breadth! Breadth! No particular attention to meanings!' But I do not suggest that he was interpreting Pater rightly.

'Centrality.' This seems true; at least the Greek poets have a clear normal tradition of style. They do not strike one as eccentric or cliquey. But we must remember that they are largely central just because other artists and poets have gathered round them. They stood where they happened to be, and it is the rest of us that have made a centre of them.

'Blitheness.' Well, their best work on the whole lies in tragedies and dirges. I have tried hard to understand what the critics mean by the 'blitheness' of the Greeks. It perhaps means what I think would be quite true, that the Greeks have, on the whole, an intense sense of life, of the beauty of things beautiful, of the joyousness of things joyous, as well as of the solemnity or

tragedy or horror of other things. Greek poetry in classical times is certainly hardly ever depressed or flat or flabby.

'Repose.' Yes; perfectly true, and undeniably characteristic. Every Greek tragedy, every great impassioned poem, ends upon a note of calm; and we all know the same quality in the paintings and statues.

Pater again makes great use of the word 'statuesque,' and it is a word that I can never feel quite happy about. Stone, of which statues are made, has certain obvious qualities: it is cold, hard, immovable. Speech, of which literature is made, has its qualities also, and they are remarkably unlike those of stone. Speech is warm, swift, vibrating, transitory. The 'statuesque' theory is derived, I believe, from Winckelmann, who was very intimate with the statues and knew little of the literature; consequently he interpreted everything through the statues. And every dilettante is under the temptation of following him, since a decent acquaintance with the statues is an easy thing to acquire, and any first-hand acquaintance with the literature a hard one. We should also remember that the statues which Winckelmann and the critics of his time knew, and used for the illustration of classical Greece, were almost without exception the work of the decadence, and to our present judgment markedly unlike the spirit of the great period.

II

Now, what result emerges from this rather rough summary? First, that Greek poetry is full of religion. This is true and important, though religion, as we noticed, is not exactly what we mean by the word: classical Greek poetry is somehow always in relation to great world-forces. Every great

vicissitude, every desire and emotion, seems to be referred to the mysterious action of tremendous and inscrutable laws or wills — something that a Greek would call Theos.

Secondly, it is full of this statu-esque, or, as I prefer to call it, 'architectural' quality. Every work of Greek art is 'a structure, which, in its parts and as a whole, aims at an impression of beauty and symmetrical proportion.' This is a principle of which the Greeks themselves were eminently conscious. Aristotle lays down flatly the law that a poem or tragedy should be *εἰσινοτροπή*, 'capable of being seen as a whole'; and the writers on style, from Terpander and Gorgias down to the later rhetoricians, are never weary of telling us that a speech or poem must have 'a beginning, a middle, and an end.' We may perhaps think that we knew that before; but if we compare the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* with any of our English epics or long poems we can hardly help feeling an astonishing difference in this point of architecture. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are definitely 'constructed'; they have a beginning, a middle, and an end. They have a story working up, through a great series of climaxes and digressions, to a tremendous height of emotion just before the end, and in the actual end reaching a note of calm. Turn them into English prose, and they still make thoroughly good stories.

Now think of our epics, the *Faerie Queene*, the *Excursion*, the *Revolt of Islam*, *Endymion*: are they not to an amazing degree shapeless and lacking in this quality of the ordered whole? I cannot help thinking that this is the real cause of the failure of the long poem in English. A poet should always remember that poetry excels prose threefold and fourfold in sheer boring power; and yet our poets never seem to

have grasped the importance of making a long poem organic in its parts, as they would a prose story. Even *Paradise Lost* is not from this point of view well-constructed. It may be that the future here has something great in store for us. In this matter of construction we have learned our craft on the short story, and brought it to a degree of perfection perhaps never equaled in the world. It seems now as if we were able to grapple with the long prose story. After that, perhaps, will come the turn of the long poem. Of course it is not the same quality of construction that is wanted. The amount of sheer excitement and intellectual interest which is needed to float a long prose story would probably kill an epic poem, or distract the attention from its higher poetic qualities. But there is an organic construction for a poem, too; and that, I believe, is one of the obvious tasks that lie before us.

Religion, architecture; there is also, I think, a third quality, which critics have not noticed, or have treated as obvious. I mean the quality and precision of the texture out of which Greek poetry is woven. It is not merely that the actual words are finer in quality than English words, though I incline to think that this is true also. They build their palace of cedar, and we of rougher wood. But still more important is the actual precision of the building, the exact fitting of word into word with reference both to the emphasis and the rhythm. This depends greatly on the importance of quantity in Greek speech. To take one instance: it is in the essence of Greek poetry that a long unstressed syllable shall nevertheless be felt as long. That is a rock on which English verses make shipwreck by the thousand.

Perhaps some caution is necessary here. I am assuming, it may be said,

a careful and studied pronunciation, which is really characteristic of Greek as a dead language spoken by scholars, just as it is of Latin for the same reason, but which probably never belonged to any language in the rough-and-tumble of common intercourse. Well, I cannot stop to debate the point at length, but I think that, first, the detailed rules of Greek metre and the laws which the poets followed, and, secondly, the definite statements of grammarians of the best period, show that, in poetry and public speech at any rate, the Greeks did demand, and intensely enjoy, a very clear and accurate articulation. In the time of Philostratus, people came in thousands to hear a sophist who could really pronounce the old poetry with full attention to quantity, to stress, and to that curious variety of musical tone which in post-classical times became important, and was denoted by accents. To turn the musical accent into a stress-accent, as is often done in America and Germany, is to my ear absolutely destructive of all poetic rhythm. It is better to attend only to quantity and neglect the pitch-accent altogether. But the question is highly technical, and I will not discuss it further.

Let us go to Matthew Arnold again. 'Homer,' he says, 'is rapid in movement, plain in style, simple in ideas, noble in manner.'

Yes; but what I think strikes me still more is the combined gorgeousness and precision of the texture.

ώς οτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ αστρά φαεινή ἀμφὶ σελήνην.

hōs ho' en oúranō ástra faeinēn ámfi selēnēn.

Put it against the beginning of Pope:

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing:
The wrath that hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.
Their limbs unburied on the naked shore
Devouring dogs and ravening vultures tore.

Yes, it is rapid, plain, dignified, and full of fire; but will it stand for a moment in point of texture and quality beside that

hōs ho' en oúranō ástra faeinēn ámfi selēnēn.

Try even Milton:—

Him the Almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

That is much nearer: it is gorgeous and it is precise, only it has not quite the simplicity; it has nothing near the musical swing. It cannot, for example, in that metre, give habitually, and as a matter of course, full value to the long unstressed syllables. It is only by training that we are able to do this in the Greek hexameter, to say *ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων, ἄνδρον ἡρῷον*, without letting some two of the five long syllables go short, or to pronounce Pallas Athéné rightly, and not as if it were 'Pallus Athene.'

Our poets, of course, have tried the hexameter, fascinated by that swing. I abstain from criticizing Longfellow, partly from prudence, partly from affection; but I take two passages that are selected for their merit in Ward's *English Poets*, and must ask my reader to read them carefully aloud, comparing them all the time with some one line of Homer.

Bút in the | interval | here the | böiling | pënt-üp |
water
Frees it | self by a | sudden descent, attaining a
basin
Ten feët | wide and | eigh्तीen | lönge, with | white-
ness and fury
Occupied partly but mostly pellucid, | pure, a |
mirror;
Beautiful there from the colour derived from the
green rocks under,
Beautiful | most of | all, where | beads of | foam
uprising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate
hue of the stillness.

(Clough, *Bothie*.)

All day long they rejoiced; but Athene still in her chamber
 Bent herself over her loom, as the stars rang loud
 to her singing,
Chanting of order and right, and of foresight,
 warden of nations;
Chanting of labour and craft, and of wealth in the
 port and the garner;
Chanting of valour and fame and the man who
 falls with the foremost,
Fighting for children and wife, and the field which
 his father bequeathed him.

(Kingsley, *Andromeda*.)

Now, what is wrong with the first of these passages is pretty obvious. It is that, on any standard approaching that of the Greeks, the metre is beneath criticism. The stress on 'but,' the utterly lamentable and destructive use of trochees instead of spondees, so that 'most of' and 'boiling' have to count as two long syllables, while 'pure, a' is apparently a dactyl. The poet, in fact, is completely baffled by the most obvious technical difficulties of the metre he has chosen. This is not, of course, to deny the beauty of many lines and passages, and the interesting character of the poem as a whole.

The passage from Kingsley is metrically ever so much better. The chief flaw is monotony, mainly at the beginning and end. The difficulty of starting on a stressed syllable drives the poet to monotonous construction — witness the four lines running beginning with a present participle — and there is almost as much monotony in the constant dissyllabic endings. There is no approach to that perfect control of the instrument which enables Homer — and Virgil even more — to vary their rhythms and pauses without ever spoiling the metrical structure.

The stressed syllable at the start and the dissyllabic ending; those are two great difficulties of the hexameter in English; and it is by avoiding them, as well by his wonderful skill in other respects, that Swinburne has contrived

to build up in English a trisyllabic metre that will really stand alongside the Greek.

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,
 that love hath an end;
 Goddess and maiden and queen, be with me now
 and befriend.
 Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the
 seasons that laugh or that weep,
 For these give joy or sorrow, but thou, Proser-
 pina, sleep.
 Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring
 of gold,

A bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?

'Thou art more than the gods that number the
 days of our temporal breath,
 For these give labour and slumber, but thou,
 Proserpina, death.'

ὣς δέ τις ἐν οὐρανῷ δατρὰ φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην . . .
 οὔτ' ἔμε γέ τιν μεγάροισι τύποκοτος ιοχέαρι

The English will bear the comparison. The great difficulty is that such texture of language in English is somehow exotic; it has to choose its language and diction with special exclusiveness. It hardly ever, even in Mr. Swinburne's sea-poems, seems really to belong to the wind and the open air. The strong direct life of the Homeric hexameter comes out more in *Sigurd the Volsung*:

There Gudrun stood o'er the turmoil, there stood
 the Niblung child:
 As the battle-horn is dreadful, as the winter wind
 is wild,
 So dread and shrill was her crying, and the cry
 none heeded or heard,
 As she shook the sword in the Eastland and
 spake the hidden word:
 'The brand for the flesh of the people, and the
 sword for the King of the World.'
 Then adown the hall and the smoke-cloud the
 half-slaked torch she hurled,
 And strode to the chamber of Atli, white-flutter-
 ing 'mid the smoke;
 And their eyen met in the doorway and he knew
 the hand and the stroke,
 And shrank aback before her, and no hand might
 he upraise;
 There was naught in his heart but anguish in
 that end of Atli's days.
 But she towered aloft before him, and cried in
 Atli's home:
 'Lo, lo, the daylight, Atli, and the last foe over-
 come.'

It is fine poetry, strong and beautiful. I hardly like to say anything against it; but taken as mere metrical workmanship, it remains rough. The texture of the language is sometimes cheap, sometimes a little affected; the long unstressed syllable, on which everything depends, is little considered. The texture of *Sigurd* seems to me sometimes to be founded not upon Homer but, as it were, upon something earlier and cruder than Homer. Keeping the sound of it in your ears, think first of Swinburne, then of the words spoken to the dead Achilles in *Odyssey* xxiv, how all day long down to even-fall the bravest of Achaeans and Trojans met their death,—

*μαρνάμενοι περὶ σείο· σὺ δὲ ἐν στροφάλγυι κονίῃς
κείσθη μέγας μεγαλωστή, λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάν.*

The Swinburne had one quality of great poetry, and the Morris another, but has not this, almost to the limit of perfection, both? It is so smooth and splendid, and at the same time so simple and strong!

III

In illustrating this question of poetic texture, I find I have been speaking chiefly of epic. Is there any future for this form of poem in English? Most people will say that they do not see any clear hope; but we must remember that such negative evidence is not of much value. As soon as somebody can see the thing he will do it. As we said before, it is chiefly architecture that is wanted. The texture, indeed, may need generations of craftsmen to build it up, but we must remember that Milton practically did make such a texture once, single-handed. The other great quality, religion, is wanted, too. Probably a great epic should be based on some traditional story with characters and incidents that already mean something in the national mind. At

any rate it must be somehow related to life as a whole, or to the main issues and interests that men feel in their lives. It is something of this sort that makes much of the greatness of Mr. Hardy's *Dynasts*. If one could only get some day a combination of the sustained sweep of Frank Norris with the high quality of William Vaughn Moody!

About drama I will say nothing at present, or almost nothing. The three qualities we have noticed, religion, architecture, and beauty of texture, are notably present in Greek tragedy; the religion most obviously so. As to architecture, whatever may have happened to the supposed classical unities, it is the rarest thing in the world to get a Greek drama which does not aim essentially at unity of effect and unity of atmosphere. I think that one of the reasons why comparatively few scholars enjoy Greek tragedy as much as they enjoy Homer, say, or Theocritus, is that drama so seldom condescends to burst out into specially beautiful scenes or passages. Every character and every scene is subordinate. Each is doing work for the whole. It is largely the same quality, I think, which in modern times leads to the comparative unpopularity of Ibsen with lovers of literature. Of course I do not compare him with the Greeks in his actual attainment of beauty; but in his resolute disregard for the beauty of the part, and his concentration on the value of the whole, he works exactly in their spirit.

But how, you may say, does this comparative disregard of beautiful or eloquent language fit with my doctrine of texture? It does so in quite an interesting way. Let us spend a moment in considering it.

The diction of a poetical play in any language has, I conceive, two tasks,

among others, laid upon it. It must be able to move up and down a certain scale of tension, the lower end tending toward ordinary conversation (or the illusion of ordinary conversation), the upper end toward sheer lyrical poetry. And secondly, it must somehow preserve always a certain poetical quality of atmosphere — something ideal, or high, or remote, however one may define it.

Now you will find that the ordinary English poetical play tries to solve this problem by (1) rather slack and formless metre; and (2) ornate, involved, and ultra-poetical diction. The first enables the poet to slide into prose when asking for his boots; the second, almost unassisted, has to keep up the poetical quality of the atmosphere. It does so, of course, at the expense of directness, and often with the ruinous result that where you have Drama you have killed Poetry, and where you have Poetry you have killed Drama.

Greek tragedy tried quite a different method. It has (1) a clear ringing and formal metre, based indeed on the rhythm of ordinary conversation, but perfectly strict in its rules and unmistakable to the ear. Comedy and Tragedy both write their dialogue in iambic trimeters, but the critics tell us that if in comic dialogue any line occurs which observes the metrical rules of tragedy, that line is a parody. So clear is the tragic rhythm. (2) This metrical system, aided by a corresponding convention in vocabulary, so maintains the poetic atmosphere, that the language can afford to be extraordinarily direct and simple, though, of course, it can also rise to great heights of imaginative or emotional expression.

I may mention that these two points constitute part of the reason why, after many experiments in blank verse, I came to the conclusion that the tragic trimeter was best represented in Eng-

lish by rhyme. Rhyme gives to the verses the formal and ringing quality, remote from prose, which seems to my ear to be needed; it enables one to move swiftly, like the Greek, and to write often in couplets and antitheses, like the Greek. I also found that, while in neither case would English convention tolerate for long the perfect simplicity of language that is natural in Greek, it was possible in rhyme to write far more directly and simply than in blank verse. Blank verse, having very little metrical ornament, has to rely for its effect on rich and elaborate language. Rhyme often enables you to write lines as plain and direct as prose without violating the poetical atmosphere.

That is a digression, and my judgment may, of course, be wrong. But I believe you will find that one reward which Greek tragedy reaps from its severe metrical rules is that, the ear being satisfied and unconsciously thrilled by the metre, the language can at will cast away all ornament, and go straight for drama. In the greater part of the *Oedipus Rex* you will find scarcely any deliberate eloquence, and scarcely any poetical ornament. What you do find in every speech and every line is dramatic relevancy. There is beauty, of course, but not as it were a beauty that is deliberately sought and imposed upon the material. It is the beauty that necessarily results from clean well-balanced proportion, psychological truth, and intensity of feeling.

It is in lyric poetry that the difference between Greek and English, and, I will venture to say, the great technical superiority of Greek, comes out most strongly. I am considering, of course, so far as the two can be separated, technique, and not inspiration. I am not for the moment concerned to deny that for sheer poetic beauty some quite simple English song, with no elabora-

tion or subtlety about it, may stand as high as the choruses of the *Agamemnon*. I merely urge that in point of technique there is hardly any comparison. It is only in the last century that English poetry has begun to learn its business in the writing of lyrics, under the lead first of Shelley, and then of Swinburne. Some admirers of Elizabethan lyrics will, perhaps, here rise in indignation against me, but I must still maintain that in the matter of lyrical skill in the Greek sense Elizabethan song is absolutely rudimentary. I will base that statement on three grounds:—

1. Elizabethan song cannot handle the trisyllabic foot. No English poet succeeded in doing so till the generation of Shelley.

2. No Elizabethan song can handle what the Greeks called syncope—that is, the omission of a short unstressed syllable, so that the long syllable that is left becomes over-long (as in 'Break, break, break.')

3. No Elizabethan song can make anything of the unstressed long syllable.

4. These are three purely metrical points, but I would add another of wider range. The whole essence of lyric is rhythm. It is the weaving of words into a song-pattern, so that the mere arrangement of the syllables produces a kind of dancing joy. Now, the older English lyric seems to associate this kind of marked rhythm with triviality. It has no feeling for the sublimity of song as such. Even at the present day our clearest lyrical measures are almost confined to the music-halls. Many people still feel sublimity or even seriousness to be incompatible with good lyric rhythm. Now Greek lyric is derived directly from the religious dance; that is, not merely the pattering of the feet, but the yearning movement of the whole body, theulti-

mate expression of emotion that cannot be pressed into articulate speech, compact of intense rhythm and intense feeling. The two are not in Greek incompatible; on the contrary, they are intimately and essentially connected.

This rhythmical movement of the body accompanying the lyric leads naturally to an extreme precision in metrical values, a full valuing of each word. The long unstressed syllable comes by its due; trisyllabic and even quadrasyllabic feet like the *Ionic a Maiores* (˘ ˘ - -, 'morituri'; 'in a palm tree') are easily managed; and syncope, which we find so difficult, is almost a central and necessary feature. It is curious to think how difficult it is for us to work words together into one of the commonest of Greek song-metres.

Παρθενίη, παρθενίη, ποῖ με λιποῦσ' ἀποιχεῖ.
Seldom again, seldom again, streaming across
the twilight.

What we do is to help ourselves out by rhyme, that is, by a very clear stress on the last syllable of some member of the song, to make up for the rather blurred values in other places.

Again, in lyric also we find the architectural quality. A good Greek lyric always builds up to the rhythm of its final lines. To quote instances would take us too long, as each one would have to be proved in detail. But let any one read the last two or three lines of each verse of the Fourth Pythian, and see how the rhythm is deliberately at certain chosen places entangled and checked, in order to run loose at the end in smooth trochees, with just the thrill of one resolved arsis. Almost any of the more serious lyrics of Euripides will show the same process. Let me illustrate this point of architecture in English. Take a good Elizabethan song,—I tremble here at what I am going to say, but my convictions will out,—an Elizabethan song, in

which a short line is purposely mixed with long lines:—

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist . . .

Here there is no architecture. There is no lyric value in the shortness of that line. The ear has not been led up by a series of rhythms to demand that particular short line, and to feel a special rest and refreshment when it comes. You will tell me that it was meant to be accompanied by music, and that by working the music right you can make the two-beat line seem as if it had four beats. Quite true, but no defence: admit modern music, and all thoughts of metre and poetic rhythm go to the wall. Modern music would justify the first column of the *New York Sun* as a lyric.

Now take a poem that is architectural:—

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought,
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand;
Come, long sought!

Thy brother Death came and cried:
'Wouldst thou me?'
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee:
'Shall I nestle near thy side,
Wouldst thou me?' And I replied:
'No, not thee!'

If you read this carefully, a little dreamily, letting your speech move somewhat in the direction of song, you will find that the short lines, especially at the end, are deliberately built up to. That is what makes them serve their rhythmical purpose. They give just the rhythm that the ear has been made to hunger for.

I could write at great length upon this subject, but I have perhaps already indicated the main point, and I would

like now to call attention to one particular misunderstanding.

Professed imitations of Greek rhythm in English poetry seem to me to have gone practically always on quite wrong lines. They ought to have been more intensely rhythmical than the average; as a matter of fact, they think they are being Greek when they lose lyrical rhythm altogether. Swinburne, as usual, so far as metre is concerned, gets triumphantly to the heart of the matter:

She is cold and her habit is lowly,
Her temple of branches and sods;
Most fruitful and virginal, holy,
A mother of gods.

That has a strong clear rhythm, full of majesty and sweetness, and it happens to be practically a Greek metre:—

Μελισσοτρόφου Σαλαμῖνος
ὢ βασιλεῦ Τελάμων,
ῥῆσον περικύμονος οἰκή -
σας ἔδραν.

But if you take, let us say, the most admired lyrics in *Samson Agonistes*:—

God of our fathers, what is man?
That thou towards him with a hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short
course,

Not evenly, as thou rul'st
The angelic orders and inferior creatures, mute,
Irrational, and brute;

or,

This, this is he: softly awhile;
Let us not break in upon him . . .
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renowned,
Irresistible Samson, whom unarmed
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could
withstand?
Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid . . .

This may be poetry of the highest order; I can quite imagine that those who know it by heart even enjoy the rhythm of it. But surely it is clear that the rhythm is exceedingly obscure, and utterly unlyrical in quality? There is far more swing, far more approach to song, in Milton's average blank verse.

The beginning of the second passage is, I believe, meant to represent choriambics: —

This, this is hé; sóftly awhile;
Lét us not bréak in upon him;

but they cannot be considered successful choriambics. All writers of lyrics in English must face a disagreeable fact. When there is a perfectly clear and simple metre to give guidance, their readers will very likely, though not certainly, pronounce the words right; but the words themselves, however carefully chosen, will hardly ever guide the average reader through a difficult or original metre. It is a habit of our pronunciation to make the word-accent yield constantly to the sentence-accent: and if you try in lyric to impose on the reader some rhythm to which he is not accustomed; if you try to produce some rhythm that you think rare and beautiful, or particularly expressive of some phase of feeling, you must prepare for disappointment. Unless you write in words of quite unmistakable rhythm (I recommend ‘mulligatawny’ and ‘hullabaloo’), you will find yourself disappointed. The readers will twist your line away toward some rhythm with which they are thoroughly familiar. This is one reason among many why these unrhymed quasi-Greek metres are so certain to fail of their purpose.

Take another case, from Matthew Arnold's *Merope*: —

Much is there which the sea
Conceals from man, who cannot plumb its
depths.

Air to his unwinged form denies a way
And keeps its liquid solitudes unscaled.
Even earth, whereon he treads,
So feeble is his march, so slow,
Holds countless tracts untrod.

But more than all unplumbed,
Unscaled, untrodden is the heart of man;
More than all secrets hid the way it keeps:
Nor any of our organs so obtuse,
Inaccurate, and frail,

As those wherewith we try to test
Feelings and motives there.

Now I do not say that the thought of these verses is unpoetic or dull, or that the expression is particularly bad; but I must say that the verses seem to me, as lyrics, to have absolutely no value at all. Put them for a moment beside the ‘Forsaken Merman,’ or ‘Strew on her roses, roses,’ and see how, not only are there no metrical refinements, no polysyllabic feet, no syncope, no unstressed long syllables, but there is no trace of the first necessity of lyric — the rudimentary swing that urges you in the direction of singing. Let us turn from that song to what I conjecture to have been its original model, a chorus in the *Choephoroi* : —

*πολλὰ μὲν γὰ τρέφει
δεινὰ δεμάτων ἄχη —*

Pólla mén | gá trefeí | deína dématón aché. |
Read this with its full metrical values, not being afraid, and realize that it was accompanied and its rhythm intensified by some kind of movement or stress of the body; then notice how all through the stanza your voice starts and is checked and is checked again, and then floods out in a ringing line. You will see that this solemn poem has a rhythm so marked that in modern England we should only think it fit for a music-hall; and secondly, that it is full of metrical architecture. What a feeling of peace comes to the ear at the recurrence of the metrical phrase of the last line!

*αἰγίδων φράσαι κέτον.
aígídón frásai kótón.*

In general, I believe that in the last generation or two we have been gradually getting to understand Greek metres, — though, of course, we do not understand them fully yet, — and, at the same time, English poetry, especially that of Shelley and Swinburne and their followers, has been developing its own lyrical genius. We are now, for

instance, able to handle four-syllable feet as well as three-syllable. Compare
When you've 'card the East a-callin' you won't
never 'eed naught else —

No, you won't 'eed nothink else —
But them spicy garlic smells,

And the palm-trees and the sunshine and the
tinkly temple bells,

On the road to Mandalay;

and

*σὺ δέ μ', ὁ μάκαρις Δίρκα,
στεφανηφόρος ἀπωθῆ
θάσιος ξενοσαν ἐν σοι.
τι μ' ἀναίνη; τι με φεύγεις.*

And the palm-trees and | the sunshine | —
τι μ' ἀναίνη; τι με φεύγεις.

We are learning to manage syncope, from 'Break, break, break,' onward through various beautiful Christy Minstrel songs like

Gra-ashopper sittin' on de swee-eet 'tater vine;
and so getting back to lines like
'Ιδαῖα τ', Ιδαῖα, κισσοφόρα νάπη,
the clue to which is that the 'I of the second 'Idaia is equal to -- or - ^ :—
And Ida, da-ark Ida, where the wiild ivy
grows . . . ?

Also several writers of lyric since Swinburne have observed their unstressed long syllables. Just at the moment, it may be, we are in the midst of a reaction against metrical accuracy, and many of our best writers pursue an effect like that which the Greeks found in the *seazon* and similar freaks of verse, a deliberate disappointment to the ear, producing some feeling of pathos or frailty. Personally, I think it is overdone, but the fact that good writers do it probably shows that they have at least an ear for accurate rhythm, and could produce it if they were not, for the moment, tired of it.

IV

I have spoken much about texture and much about architecture; I have said little of the other of my three

points — the constant connexion of Greek poetry with religion. I feel that to some any emphasis laid on this point may seem almost paradoxical. To them, perhaps, Greek religion is a thing of anthropomorphism and lucidity; a thing essentially without mystery, and almost without earnestness. I would ask them to remember the background; to remember the evidence of anthropology and even of Greek religious inscriptions, and to realize that older religion which vibrates at the root of Greek poetry. The lucidity of the fifth and fourth centuries was imposed on a primitive tangle of desires and terrors, on a constant sense of the impending presence of inscrutable world-forces. Greek poetry is never far removed from the primitive religious dance. Some particular lyric may stand, perhaps, half-way between an original magic dance meant to bring rain and fill the water-springs, and a mere artistic dance meant to show its own gracefulness. But, at any rate, there is always about it some trace of the first, and through the beautiful words and graceful movements of the chorus one feels the crying of a parched land for water.

'All thoughts, all passions, all desires . . .' In our art it is true, doubtless, that they are 'the ministers of love'; in Greek they are as a whole the ministers of this religion, and this is what in a curious degree makes Greek poetry matter, makes it all relevant. There is a sense in each song of a relation to the whole of things, and it was apt to be expressed with the whole body, or, one may say, the whole being.

It sometimes seems as if, for poetry, we have become too much differentiated. Poetry needs intellect, of course, and rots without it. But poetry also needs the whole self in one piece: every thought in it needs the support of a sub-conscious and instinctive emotion.

With us, when inspiration comes, the ruling powers of the brain are apt to dance their Bacchic dances alone; in classic Greek one feels that the underground inarticulate impulses moved more along with them, as they did with Euripides' Bacchanals, when

all the mountain felt
And worshipped with them; and the wild things
knelt
And ramped and gloried, and the wilderness
Was filled with moving voices and dim stress.

It may or may not be possible for men to arrive again at this oneness; it may be that it depends on the actual quality of the daily life we live, and that to the Greeks of the Great Age, not for long, but for a few glorious generations, the daily stuff of life was really a thing of splendor. If so, our task in the matter of poetry is wider, and perhaps harder, than we thought; but it is a task to which voices on every side are calling us.

THE FATIGUE OF DEAFNESS

BY CLARENCE JOHN BLAKE

UNDER normal conditions, in a well-balanced and duly coördinated human machine, the usual, and multiform, processes of daily life are conducted under the control of an habitually sub-conscious directorate which duly apportions the adequate expenditure of motive power, of nervous energy; when the balance is impaired, or the coördination becomes imperfect, an additional sum of energy is required, for purposes of substitution, or of compensation.

So long as the extent of the requirement falls within the limit of the amount at sub-conscious disposal, the substitution may be made by the increase of some forms of expenditure at the expense of others less immediately important, or by the limitation of all and the creation of a contingent reserve. Beyond the limit thus provided for the unusual expenditure of energy, expenditure can be made only under direction of the will, as a con-

scious effort; though this, if long continued as a deliberate demand met by a contribution from the reserve, may become a habit, a procedure wholly or partly under conscious direction, but none the less a draft upon the daily income of vital force beyond that for which economic provision had originally been made, and one which is surely, remonstrantly, to be recorded under some form of expression of the physical conscience.

The illustrations of this balance-adjustment of accounts where it concerns the functions of organic life, those complicated laboratory processes by means of which we live and move and have our physical being, are less apt to fix our attention than those which concern the peripheral, the intra- and trans-mural activities of our city of residence.

The experience of an ill-fitting shoe, of a maimed digit, brings at once to our consciousness the necessity for substi-

tution and for compensation, together with the recognition of an unusual expenditure of nervous energy; while the temporary lessening of tactile sense in the finger-tips on a cold morning in the country may be a wholesome lesson in gratitude for the bounties we possess but learn to disregard because they grow familiar to our daily use. The lame, the halt, and the blind appeal without words to our sympathy and to our appreciation of their sorry case, and we readily accord them such helpful expenditure of energy, on our part, as shall supplement their own compensatory effort, but there are other less evident disabilities quite as needy when once their wants come to be understood.

Among these is the impairment of function of a sense-organ so completely developed at birth as to make it immediately operable as a channel for the reception and transmission to the brain of external stimuli, and of such range, both in limit and in acuteness of perception, as to make its sense-provision a striking example of the bounty of nature.

That impairment of the hearing power should be an inconvenience is readily understandable; that it may make so large a demand upon the nervous energy as to be a source of fatigue, needs personal experience, or observation, for its full appreciation.

Changes of tension in the normal sound-transmitting apparatus of the middle ear, or other interferences with the passage to the perceptive apparatus of sound-waves in their accustomed form and volume, as a result of disease, may so alter or decrease the sounds perceived as to make them unfamiliar and needing explanation by a mental process; and the total, or even partial, abolition of the hearing power of one ear, the other remaining intact, may so far interfere with the ability to

appreciate the direction of a sound-source, which is one of the habits of normal binaural audition, as to be not only a cause of embarrassment, but to constitute a serious demand upon the nervous energy as well.

To the individual possessed of a reasonably perfect bodily machine, the working limitations incident to possible imperfections in that machine are with difficulty appreciable by any figurative construction, and it is therefore only by the sufferers themselves, or those whose business it is to study imperfections, effect repairs, and suggest compensations, that the full cost, in expenditure of nervous energy, required to overcome an obstacle to perception, can be adequately understood.

With the abolition, or limitation, of receptivity through one or another of the channels of communication by means of which the human machine is kept in touch with its environment, a portion of the nervous energy constantly seeking peripheral expression must be expended in the adjustment to the new condition and the utilization, in a compensatory way, of other channels of communication.

Given, therefore, a limitation of sight, of hearing, or of tactile sense, an expenditure of energy, in what may be termed conversion of force, is required, evidencing itself in the individual as that complex of symptoms to which we give the name of fatigue; and the purpose of this communication is to direct attention to that type of the mechanism of force-conversion which is evidenced by what may be called the fatigue of deafness.

In view of the fact that the normal ear has very nearly double the amount of hearing power necessary for the ordinary uses of every-day life, it is comprehensible that one half of the binaural power may be lost without serious inconvenience to the individual; beyond

that point of defect, however, a distinctly appreciable effort must be made to hear, and, in default of this, a still further effort to gather, through other sensory channels, such information as may serve to supplement the defective hearing.

The channel especially available for this supplementary purpose is that of sight, because through it there may be brought to knowledge the character of the particular mechanical process originating the mode of motion to our appreciation of which we give the name of sound; and the most important illustration of this visual aid to defective hearing is found in the effort to appreciate the sounds of the voice at their true formative value. While the vowel sounds are the threads upon which the parts of speech are strung, the consonant sounds are checks or alterations of tone, of differing form and force; and those which nearly resemble each other, in both force and musical value, are produced by the coördinating operation of very nearly the same sets of muscles, and hence are accompanied by very nearly the same facial expression.

Given, therefore, an average case of marked impairment of hearing, the result of a slowly progressive middle-ear disease, for instance, the patient will hear most readily the consonant sounds which require most muscular force in their production, including the four explodents, — *t*, *d*, *p*, *b*, — very nearly resembling each other in force and tone-value, and all formed in the front of the mouth, *p* and *b* being distinctly labial, and *t* and *d* as distinctly due to the contact of the tip of the tongue with the upper incisors. In the event of a thickening of the drum-head, or other lessening of the mobility of the sound-transmitting apparatus of the middle ear, an obstacle is presented to the passage of sound-waves

inward; excluding especially such short sound-waves of moderate intensity as those constituting the upper partials of the consonant checks.

Much as these four explodents differ in projectile and in pneumatic value, the differences in the pitch, and in the relative disposition, of their qualitative over-tones is slight; a moderate degree of obstruction serves to level the differences, and these consonants, which are markedly distinctive in meaning, sound very much alike.

This was interestingly illustrated in the early telephone experiments, when a thick iron plate was used as the sound-receiving armature of the magneto-transmitter, instead of the thin ferro-type disk which came later into use. The thick iron plate, by its comparative immobility, presented so great an obstacle to the moderate impulse of the short sound-waves of the qualitative over-tones, as to make each *t*, *p*, *b*, and *d*, in a spoken sentence sound only as a dull thud to the listening ear.

From the position and formation of these consonants, and the necessity for distinguishing accurately between them, it usually ensues that their differentiation makes the first step in that instinctive study of lip-reading which, to the appreciably deaf person, becomes eventually more or less habitual, and offers another channel for the expenditure of nervous energy, in the effort to see, as well as to hear, the spoken word.

The other consonant sounds having the greatest logographic, or force-value, *k* and *g*, for example, are formed in the back of the mouth, and are accompanied by a lesser degree of recognizable facial expression than the front consonants, while the consonants having the least force-value, *f*, *l*, *m*, *n*, very nearly resemble, in the mechanism of their construction, the harder con-

sonant sounds of nearly the same musical value.

It thus comes about that the deaf person will, when a soft consonant occurs in a sentence, substitute for it, mentally, the hard consonant sound most nearly resembling it, the consonant which would probably have been heard had it been used. In any given sentence, therefore, there are, to the very deaf, though seeing, persons, certain consonant sounds which are distinctly heard, others which are imperfectly heard, others which are detected by sight, and still others which are merely inferred.

In the higher grades of imperfection of hearing, therefore, both the effort to hear and the effort to see, combined, are inadequate to the presentation to the mind of the complete spoken sentence, since there remain gaps in the array of consonant sounds which must be filled in from the context; the completion of the sentence thus presented meaning the solution of a puzzle, and being therefore a third demand upon the nervous energy, in addition to those required through the medium of hearing and of sight.

In other words, the exercise of the ordinary communication with his fellow men demands of the person of imperfect hearing the operation of three distinct brain-processes to achieve that which is normally accomplished without conscious effort; and the resultant fatigue may be justly estimated as a possibly important factor in many cases of nervous over-strain.

But there are still other demands in the way of compensatory expenditure of nervous energy which make even a very little impairment of hearing a serious handicap in the race of life, among these being the difficulty in determination not only of the direction of a sound-source, but of the qualitative value of the sound as well, and a

distortion of the central sound-picture resulting from imperfection in hearing in one ear, the other ear being normal in function.

Since the head casts a sound-shadow, as it does a light-shadow, if one ear hears normally and the other ear but one half as much, there will be a marked difference in the sound-perception of a spoken sentence, according to the direction from which the sound proceeds; or, if there be, in the imperfect ear, an alteration of tension of its sound-transmitting apparatus, with corresponding accentuation of certain tones, the central adjustment of the distorted to the normal sound-picture requires a constant expenditure of energy to keep the concept true.

Still another demand upon the strength and endurance of the person with imperfect hearing is incident to the fact that an obstruction which hinders the passage of sound in one direction will equally hinder its passage in the opposite direction. If the cause of the deafness be an obstruction to the passage of sound through the middle ear from without inward, this obstruction will interfere with the normal passage outward of those sounds consequent upon the activity of the human machine: sounds made by the contraction of muscles, sounds incident to the movement of joints, and, more especially, the friction sounds made by the blood flowing through the blood-vessels, large and small, tones of low pitch for the former, and of high pitch for the latter.

Whether constant or intermittent, monotonous or variable, these circulation sounds have to be reckoned with in the adjustment of the compounded tone-picture to the uses of the day; and in their turn make a demand on the energy, expressed in judgment and self-control, of one who would keep the even tenor of his way.

Of all the external sounds which the human ear is capable of receiving and translating, that of the human voice is the most pregnant with meaning, and often the most difficult to interpret; and when that which, to the hard-of-hearing, is a distorted sentence is still further disfigured by imperfect or uneven utterance, the burden imposed by misfortune is made still more heavy by the carelessness of those who might help to lift it.

To the person, who, through imperfect hearing, has distinctly limited relationship with his fellow men, to the aged and the otherwise infirm, in whom the progressive contraction of the accommodative muscles within the drum-head has, by limiting the movement of the sound-transmitting apparatus, decreased the transmission of short sound-waves, and therefore the ability to hear truly the qualitative over-tones distinguishing the consonant sounds, there are two classes of speakers to be regarded with dread: those who articulate imperfectly, who may be said to be slovenly in speech; and those uneven speakers who, in a single sentence, rise to the fullness of their vocal capacity, and then sink to a whisper. The slovenly speaker demands of his hearer an acute attention and liberal translation, while the effort to follow the bilowy lecturer may be compared to that of a lame man who is trying to keep his footing in a rocking boat.

One of the most effective helps which we can render those fellow travelers who find the fatigue of their deafness a daily load, is gentle speech, well-chosen, well-modulated, of an even

tenor and, above all, articulate. When it is necessary to increase the voice volume, this should be done with due regard to the evenness of tone and the distinctness of articulation; to those who can receive only that which is ministeringly brought to them, to whom the once-accustomed volume of the sound of life has become pitifully diminished, let us bring in gentle mien, carefully, patiently, the best that we have to offer.

The majority of the human handicaps are more evident, and better understood, than is the impairment of hearing, which, without outward sign of disability, may first become of public knowledge as an obstacle to the conduct of the ordinary affairs of life and therefore as something to be contemned; a condemnation reflected often upon its unfortunate possessor, who finds himself thrust aside because he is apparently too slow to comprehend, or because the obstacle to be overcome in getting into touch with him, demands too great an effort in its surmounting.

Daily experiences of this sort, coupled often with the disappointment in the effort to live usefully and self-sustainably, bring about a sense of isolation and of imprisonment, adding much to the fatigue and incident depression of the pitifully deaf; and while there are no apparent wounds to bind, there are gashes in the spirit and inroads upon the strength of our fellows who hear imperfectly, which make it incumbent upon us to halt a little in the hurry of the highway and give aid.

THE WAY

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

By wisdom that cometh at night and by stealth
The soul of a man is made free;
It is not in the giving of learning or wealth,—
The divine gift, liberty;
But these things shall bind on him chain on chain
Of inward slavery;
He shall lay earthly things on an earthen altar,
And go out from all gods, nor turn back, nor falter,
And he shall follow me.

He shall do the deeds of the great life-will
That is manifest under the sun;
He shall not repine though he doeth ill
It repenteth him to have done;
Behold, he is brother to thousands
Who before was brother to none;
And because all his deeds are done in the spirit,
Great is the love that he shall inherit,
And all other gain shall he shun.

He shall not take note what another hath,
Or what to himself is due;
He shall not give heed what another saith,
Or to doctrines false or true;
He shall lead the life, he shall follow the path,
And all things shall come to him new;
And he shall pluck from the life in his bosom,
Flower by flower, the eternal blossom,
Rose, rosemary, and rue.

He shall not make narrow his heart with truth,
Nor wall for another the way;
He shall not give a bond in the days of his youth
Against his manhood's day;

And he shall go out from all aloof,
 And alone in his heart shall he pray;
And to him in the fullness of time shall be given
To have no master on earth or in heaven,
 But he shall be master alway.

He shall do the will that is stronger than his;
 He shall act in the infinite;
He shall not draw back from sorrow or bliss,—
 He shall bear the embrace of it;
So shall he create all things anew, —
 Not parcel the old, bit by bit;
And to him shall be known that the glory of living
Is to love, be it receiving or giving,
 And his heart with the whole shall knit.

In the dark of the dawn we are waifs blown forth,
 Above great oceans to roll,
Of powers that never measured the worth
 Of bird, or beast, or soul;
And bridals of contingency
 The fires of our youth control;
But whether we soar, or swoop, or hover,
Only the lover all the world over
 Hath the freedom of the whole.

For I wandered forth without a mate
 My bread with the poor to find;
The learned, the rich, the good, the great,
 I left in their niches behind;
I had only a lover's heart in my breast,
 And a world's dead lies in my mind;
In the life of the poor I escaped my prison,
Like a soul from the grave had my free soul arisen
 To live in the unconfined.

SOME RECENT FICTION

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

FROM the mazes of discussion in the modern novel it is sometimes most refreshing to go back to that earliest and purest form of narrative, the ballad, and to lose one's self in the delight of story as story. It is not that we are ungrateful for the complexities and the subtleties of our latter-day fiction, but that it is always wise in any study to turn back now and then to sources, and that in this case the effort takes one from troubled waters back to a clear and limpid stream.

They spared us their interpretations of human fate, for the most part, these forgotten ballad-makers, and sang simply of human lives, telling directly, objectively, that which happened, event and people growing real as the tale unfolded. They had power, perhaps lost now forever, of stirring the listener's feeling to the very depths, the appeal being made, not to one special faculty, but to the whole man, touching old chords of thought and of emotion, bringing dim memories to life, so that he who heard was made one with the story that was sung or told.

Always, in reading a good ballad, I stop for a moment, if only for a moment, to wonder why any other type of literature was ever devised, so satisfying is it in its haunting singleness of suggestion in regard to place, character, and incident. As much by what is left unsaid as by what is said, the imagination is set stirring. Like fair Janet, one

Fain would be at Carterhaugh
Amang the leaves sae green,

because of its compelling mystery, all

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that we know of the place being suggested in the words quoted, and in those that tell of the red, red roses growing there. Could any study of individual character, could any arraignment of a hypocritical and fair-spoken type, be more complete than the bequest of Edward to his mother of his curse, for the evil counsels that have led him to crime? A whole drama is unfolded in those two lines, with total shock of surprise to the reader, and a whole unwritten romance is told in the last two lines of the "Wife of Usher's Well," as the youngest son says, at the close of that ghostly midnight visit between death and cock-crowing, —

And fare ye well, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire.

One does not wish to reduce our elaborate and sophisticated modern novel to anything so primitive, but contact with this fresh and early form makes one realize in how many ways, sometimes admirably, sometimes atrociously, we depart from pure story, and many of the great achievements, as well as many of the shortcomings, of our fiction become apparent.

In facing the lengthy and complicated works before me, my first impression is of the astounding amount of information some of them contain. Here is a story, which, the announcements say, is the first one ever written about the fire-insurance business;¹ a surprising plea, by the way, if one stops to recall the supposed nature of fiction.

¹ *White Ashes.* By SIDNEY R. KENNEDY and ALDEN C. NOBLE. The Macmillan Co.

And it *is* about the fire-insurance business, whose working methods are clearly and exhaustively treated; but why should not all these details be given in essay form? Of imaginative appeal, of artistic unity, the book has almost none, and the characters concerned are of far less importance than the exposition of ways and methods of insuring.

There is cause for marvel, in dealing with many of these tales, in seeing how much mere detail the narrative can carry, of background, of furnishings, or of concrete examples proving a theory. The little steam-tug, wearily, or with spirit, tugging a line of canal-boats up a river, comes to mind now and then as one follows the puffing and groaning movement of a plot overladen with stuff. What an opportunity the author of the old ballad, the "Heir of Lynne," neglected, in failing to give a complete account of the hero's wardrobe from head to heel, both before and after he became a prodigal; also, a complete inventory of those possessions that he gambled away, instead of telling of his weariness of heart as he comes back and stands at the lost gates of his father's home! Speaking of gambling, that garish melodrama, the *Guests of Hercules*,¹ whose quality would forbid its being mentioned in these pages save that it illustrates the point all too well, gives, in its descriptions of Monte Carlo and the methods there employed, a liberal education in gambling, at once so comprehensive and so minute that one almost feels that, given a roulette-wheel and a gold-braided uniform, one could start a gambling establishment in the front yard.

In most of these stories of the inventory type, far more observation than thought is apparent, but both are

¹ *The Guests of Hercules.* By C. and N. WILLIAMSON. Doubleday, Page, & Co.

shown in *The Department Store*,² which treats, with Teutonic thoroughness, the clash between old and new business methods. It carries the study of shopkeeping all the way from the small, individual enterprise, through the department store of the present to the department store of the millennium, located in Berlin, at once tasteful and gorgeous in its exterior, and righteous in its inner workings; a shop in which all women employees are housed and mothered under the mammoth roof, and are paid incredible wages. The book is an interesting one, and, from the study of business methods, the characters emerge with an air of reality.

The most striking defect in this kind of work is its lack of true imaginative quality. I do not mean the gay and fanciful invention of things that are not, of unrealities, but imagination in the deepest sense of the word: that power of penetration to the eternal, underlying significance of things, and that power of imaging the inner vision in concrete, tangible form, so that, for instance, a tale that is told comes before us as something actually witnessed and shared. It is the highest intellectual faculty of man, Ruskin claims, 'and tastes into the very rock heart, no matter what the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit, all is alike divided asunder . . . whatever utmost truth, life, principle, it has, laid bare.' It creates, as it divines reality. 'No stone, leaf, or shadow, nor anything so small' used by the artist that it does not win through him 'meaning and oracular voice.'

This penetrating insight to the soul of things conceives a thing at once, and as a whole, as Coleridge, perhaps better than any one else, has demonstrated, so that all details, all circumstances, are fused and welded together

² *The Department Store.* By MARGARETTE BÖHME. D. Appleton & Co.

as one. The unity, the singleness of purpose, of the great works of the imagination hardly needs to be cited; there is not a minute, concrete touch in *King Lear* that does not body forth the imaginative vision of that awful suffering. It is naturally a long stride from the masterpieces of sixteenth-century drama to our modern novel, even at its best, but surely, fiction also, in the light of its origin, should make the imaginative appeal. It sometimes seems as if we no longer see or know imaginative unity, so satisfied are we with externals, so athirst for information on all subjects, so cursed by the mania for statistics. No imaginative power could unify all of the details presented in some of these novels; no unity of the deeper kind belonging to art could come from methodical presentation of answers to all the questions that could be asked about a subject.

The historical novel vies with the modern realistic novel in introducing more matter than can be fused into a perfect whole, and we all know how these accounts of the past are, beyond the fashion of old garrets, packed and crammed with ancient stuffs. There is, therefore, cause for surprise and rather unusual pleasure in reading *The Friar of Wittenberg*,¹ a vigorous and spirited historical novel, presenting, imaginatively and sympathetically, Martin Luther at the crisis of his career. Despite an evidently extensive knowledge of the period, the author has shunned the temptation to overload his narrative with mere information, and with great skill has selected, both in his presentation of the gay charm of Rome under the southern sun and of the gray northern stronghold which is the hero's home, that which is genuinely significant. The study of Luther from the point of view of a young nobleman,

¹ *The Friar of Wittenberg*. By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS. The Macmillan Co.

half-German, half-Italian, is both original in conception and fortunate in execution, and the decisive influence of the great reformer upon the youth who is wavering at the cross-roads of his temperament brings the theologian before us in very human guise.

Beyond the Law,² is a historical novel, far inferior in quality to the one just discussed. It deals with the times of William of Orange, and is full of stirring and swashbuckling adventure. It takes sides against the taciturn hero, and has the fault of seeing only good in the one party in the contest, only wrong in the other. Possibly this is a reproach which could be made, though less strongly, in the case of the *Friar of Wittenberg*.

The Lone Adventure,³ by Halliwell Sutcliffe, a Jacobite tale dealing with an uprising for Prince Charlie, is perhaps a trifle overweighted with local color. It has, however, an interesting motive, the making of a man out of a scholar-dreamer, and the story of the inner and the outer struggle gives good opportunity for character development. It is of finer quality than *Beyond the Law*, and has an air of genuineness and reality, although the author repeats too often and in too many ways the point he is making in regard to his hero.

It is not only with information that our stories are overweighted; many and many a one is too heavily clogged with sentiment, which is introduced for its own sake, and dwelt upon with minute particularity, as if here, too, the author must expound and explain. It is easier, perhaps, to give information about successive stages of grief or joy, to analyze at length, than to give the quick, instinctive thrust which wakens

² *Beyond the Law*. By MIRIAM ALEXANDER. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

³ *The Lone Adventure*. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

the imagination and stirs unfathomed depths of feeling. Here again primitive story, in its reserve and its objectivity, may help us detect the lack of balance, of measure, of sanity in many a modern work. Among the tales that sin in this respect, Florence Barclay's *Through the Postern Gate*¹ naturally bears the palm. Surely even the admirers of this author will see in this, the latest and worst of her novels, the sickly quality of the sentimentality offered to the public in the guise of art. Nor do the sugared blasphemies of reference and quotation add dignity or worth. 'And the evening and the morning were the first day'; — it would seem that some instinct would keep an author, of whatever creed or faith, from transferring the solemn words of the magnificent chapter in Genesis which records the brooding of primitive thought at the dim edge of things from the creation, to the love passages between the spinster and the dapper youngster with the flower in his buttonhole.

The Man in Lonely Land,² *The Lovers of Sanna*,³ are two romances perhaps overweighted with sentiment, though the former brings the relief of a welcome humanitarian feeling, and the latter both humor and a spice of adventure.

One finds in *Alexander's Bridge*⁴ a welcome contrast to the over-emotional tales. In this study of passion, involving the lives of two women and the test of a man's faith, there is a steady and harmonious development of plot and of character, a dignity and reticence in the treatment of the dra-

¹ *Through the Postern Gate*. By FLORENCE BARCLAY. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² *The Man in Lonely Land*. By KATE LANGLEY BOSHER. Harper & Bros.

³ *The Lovers of Sanna*. By MARY STEWART CUTTING. McBride, Nast, & Co.

⁴ *Alexander's Bridge*. By WILLA S. CATHER. Houghton Mifflin Co.

matic scenes. The author's workmanship is deft and skillful, and the swift, clean stroke tells on every page.

Among the stories making strong appeal to the emotion must be mentioned *The Old Nest*,⁵ which presents the sorrow of parents forsaken, if not forgotten, by their children. The outpouring of sentiment is more legitimate here than in some of the other cases, for it deals with the lives of those who are old and hurt in the running, not of those who are still actors in the drama of life. Moreover, there is throughout a certain delicacy and restraint in the treatment of the theme.

The most interesting instance of the novel of overwhelming sentiment comes in *The Citadel*,⁶ a story of political reform. From the first unpremeditated outburst of feeling on the part of the young hero in his speech to Congress, on through the eloquent oratory of his career, the appeal is primarily from emotion to emotion, producing an effect almost of hysteria upon the waiting crowd. It is full of the froth and fume of betterment and change, and we are swept breathlessly along by a tide which promises to do away with things wrong and old, to change human nature in the twinkling of an eye, to banish competition; and which delivers the young over forever to the Sidis and the Montessori methods of education. The frank ignoring of human obligation on the part of the hero, in the swiftness wherewith he is off with the old love; on the part of the heroine in her treatment of her aged aunt in that unnecessary elopement, might well rouse the question as to whether those who have been faithless in little will be faithful in much. However, the story is an entertaining story, and a deeply

⁵ *The Old Nest*. By RUPERT HUGHES. The Century Co.

⁶ *The Citadel*. By SAMUEL MERWIN. The Century Co.

significant one in its testimony to the growing emotionalism and volatility of our character as a nation, our greater and greater readiness to succumb to the sound of words. Many of the reforms outlined seem wholly desirable, but surely statesmanship should rest on a more solid basis of thought.

If much of our modern work stands rebuked in the presence even of the most primitive and naïve literary art, in regard to the use of endless, unassimilated detail, in regard to the outpouring of unbridled sentiment, there is still another point of comparison on which we might well meditate. A tale like *The White Waterfall*,¹ providing on every page sensation the most extreme, so that every moment seems the climax, bears witness to another phase of our lack of taste, our inadequate sense of measure. Those wistful old ballads, which dealt with peril not for the sake of prolonging the harrowing effect, but for the sake of following human footsteps wherever they must go, betray the crudeness of work which constantly harps on the one point of physical danger in response to the demand of readers who clamor for unalleviated extremity of agony. Are we then more barbarous than our far-off barbarous forbears?

One turns from the sensation-monger to more serious types of fiction and is at once aware of another phase of our modernity, which expresses itself in abstract inquiry or in dogmatic statement, and which, from its very nature, must stop short of creation. It used to be said that there were only three plots in existence, and that these, with variations, had served as the basis for the world's supply of plays and of novels. Surely now, with our thirst for information always keen, and our desire for progressive reforms alert,

there are as many novel-plots as there are new enterprises, kinds of business, new causes to espouse, new evils to expose, and new countries to explore, whose geography is provocative of curiosity. The abstract themes engaging the attention are endless, and many a pleasant hour may be spent in thinking how one's neighbor's transgressions, or some phase of civic or national wrong, could be worked up into a plot. This series of incidents, runs the more or less mechanical thought, could lead up to the climax where the greatest enormity is to be exposed; characters must fit themselves to the abstract idea, or vanish; the world shall read and learn its lesson.

General topics have become far more interesting to us than human story; with the growth of the power of analysis, comes, of course, the lessening of the synthetic sense, of the power of imagination. The old way of art, of making a universal appeal through a profoundly conceived story of human fate, is no longer ours; we get our universal appeal through generalized statements based on statistics. The economists have undone us! From an ethical point of view, perhaps, no theme is better worth treating, and certainly none is more frequently treated in fiction, than the sufferings of the poor. They rouse the conscience, they satisfy the intellect, these carefully systematized tales of misery, yet many of them betray the wholly worthy motive of making these things known, rather than the anguish of suffering with the characters delineated, and the power to embody that suffering in the lasting form of art. How much nearer human nature, and the actual pangs of joy and of woe, are the 'old, forgotten, far-off things' that come in snatches of song, than the carefully compiled figures, the generalized observation, the composite pictures of nowadays, springing

¹ *The White Waterfall*. By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER. Doubleday, Page & Co.

less from the sympathetic imagination than from the note-book!

One wonders in looking at much of our fiction, why the attempt at art form persists. When the didactic purpose is the all-important thing, why is not the proper form, exposition in essay, employed? The retort may come that, in many a case, the old ballad which we are using as a touchstone taught its lesson also. That is true, but it knew how to teach by artistic suggestion, not by rubbing in the theme. And it must always be remembered that the ballad died, in the eighteenth century, of excess of moral conviction.

*Cap'n Martha Mary*¹ does not generalize, does not present statistics, but pictures, with utmost realism of detail, the piteousness of childhood which must fend for itself, and the heroic little central figure is one to be long remembered. Though it is a story of special plea, it is quick and vital with human sympathy, and full of something deeper than the mere desire to prove a point. *Buttered Side Down*² contains a series of vigorous tales of rather harrowing reality. There is originality of perception, as well as genuineness of feeling in these stories told in the vernacular; and in some cases the roughness of workmanship adds to the effectiveness of presentation.

*Blinds Down*³ contains much good work, in its study of a peculiarly English environment, and of types of character that have been largely determined by the old-fashioned setting and old-fashioned ways. The book is an interesting example of the loss of the power of suggestion in much of our

modern work, for the theme, which is the folly of sheltering human souls from knowing the harsh facts of human life, is reiterated in comment and in incident in most unnecessary fashion. Surely it is patent enough in the facts of the story, which has its interesting and dramatic moments.

*Fate Knocks at the Door*⁴ is a story of interesting theme and of refreshing idealism, somewhat marred by the treatment, which is blurred and indistinct. This surprising combination of very ordinary melodrama with a mysticism which has its profundities is sometimes difficult to interpret. There are fragments, glimpses, suggesting many complexities of modern character study, yet the people do not emerge clearly, are not fully created, but are seen dimly through a floating mist of thought and of feeling, and seem not so much imaginatively created as imaginary. There are far echoes of Meredith at times in both thought and style, yet the characters do not reach definiteness, as do Meredith's, but float in a limbo between nothingness and creation.

The Sins of the Fathers,⁵ is a sensational story, done with a sweeping stroke, dealing with the causes and the consequences of wrong relations between white folk and black in the South. There is local color enough and to spare; some of the historical background puts a strain upon one's credulity; and the tale betrays, perhaps, too much of our love of continued climax of effect.

*In Cotton Wool*⁶ is an exceedingly clever study of character degeneration, wherein a veiled selfishness, reinforced

¹ *Cap'n Martha Mary*. By AVERY ABBOTT. The Century Co.

² *Buttered Side Down*. By EDNA FERBER. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

³ *Blinds Down*. By HORACE ANNESLEY BOCHELL. The George H. Doran Co.

⁴ *Fate Knocks at the Door*. By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. J. B. Lippincott Co.

⁵ *The Sins of the Fathers*. By THOMAS DIXON. D. Appleton & Co.

⁶ *In Cotton Wool*. By W. B. MAXWELL. D. Appleton & Co.

by our modern passion for physical comfort which has become a science, leads the hero, step by step, to insanity. This book has the rare merit of being at once entertaining and instructive, and may be impartially recommended to all and sundry as a wholesome tonic.

*The Price She Paid*¹ presents the life of a woman who develops her voice for the operatic stage, the stimulus being poverty. Her difficulties and discouragements, until she wins something of the necessary heroism of the successful artist, are vividly and realistically presented. The story, however, wanders in plot and in motive. What becomes of the villain husband who is so minutely described, in person and in surroundings, far beyond the requirements of the tale, and whose threats play so portentous a part in the plot, only to vanish into nothingness? In spite of the *non sequitur*, the book is better than any other one of Mr. Phillips's works that I have read, yet it has something of his querulousness of voice, a thinness of quality which suggests that he did not go far enough into the vital sources of human life. There is, for instance, in this whole study, no touch of recognition of the artist's joy in his work, or delight in work for work's sake.

Stover at Yale,² gives some admirably spirited stories of a young collegian, more than fulfilling the promise of the Lawrenceville volumes. In most of these brief narratives there is an effect of reality in character-representation and in background, and the vigor of young manhood is felt throughout the book. It contains, moreover, valuable and well-justified criticism of American college life.

¹ *The Price She Paid*. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. D. Appleton & Co.

² *Stover at Yale*. By OWEN JOHNSON. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

No American stories of school and of college, however, make one aware, as do the English, of the shaping and controlling forces back of the play of boy's life. Whether it is because, with us, those forces are less real, or because it is taken for granted that here readers would not be interested in the grave phases of academic existence, it is hard to say. Mr. Hornung's *Fathers of Men*,³ in very quiet fashion, presents life at an English public school from a new point of view, that of the son of a hostler who had run away with his employer's daughter. It is very realistic, and very real in effect, showing the slow and somewhat dogged response of the Yorkshire lad to the finer influences that come through master and friend to reinforce the native strength and sincerity of his character.

In *The Charioteers*,⁴ by Mary Tappan Wright, appears a sombre tale, finely wrought to an ethical issue, concerning a high-minded New England woman, who took the great false step and suffered the consequences, slowly growing wise. There is a dignity, a reserve in the treatment; there is no ready display of lavish sentimentality, but a quiet record of slow character-change and growth. To the American academic background, glimpses of the hillsides and the sky of Greece bring welcome contrast and relief, and these suggestions of outer beauty are reinforced by the inner beauty of idealism showing in the initial quotation of Plato.

It is difficult to draw the line sometimes between the novels which have some special plea to present, and those which try to deal simply, dramatically, with human experience. *Carnival*,⁵ is

³ *Fathers of Men*. By E. W. HORNUNG. Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁴ *The Charioteers*. By MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT. D. Appleton & Co.

⁵ *Carnival*. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. D. Appleton & Co.

a study of the life of an unimportant young actress, and it takes us from the glamour of the footlights to the dreary realities behind the scenes. It is sad, and increasingly so, throughout. The author has the power of graphic presentation of scene and of incident, and both London with its theatres and streets, and the lonely Cornwall farm to which her unhappy marriage takes Columbine, become almost too real. Genuine dramatic power is shown in the ending.

*The Greater Fellowship*¹ is an excellent love story, with an unusually interesting setting, Persian life, from the point of view of the foreign resident. The local color has the charm of far-off days, and of nature beauty full of the fascination of strangeness; moreover, it is not spoiled by being overdone, though the temptation to heap up detail must have been strong. The title hints an underlying theme which carries the tale into regions deeper than those of mere romance.

There is something over-plausible in the character-interpretations in *The Street Called Straight*,² where one man's wrong-doing calls two others to the rescue, and the young American hero and the young English hero vie with each other in chivalry. The story moves smoothly, too smoothly on; the people concerned do all that could be asked, but in a fashion which suggests rather perfectly adjusted machinery than struggling human nature, and which results in a certain finished commonplaceness.

Eve Triumphant,³ by Pierre de Coulevain, is a story of large scope, dealing with the lives of two American women

who lose the coldness of temperament supposed to belong to the type, drink deep of passion, and, after suffering, reach happiness. The types as presented are amusingly remote from the American, or any other race, and one wonders why the story received the honor bestowed upon it by the French Academy, as it seems to have neither the closeness of observation nor the depth of thought that go to the making of genuine interpretation of experience.

*Over the Pass*⁴ is a refreshingly real story, and, full as it is of a sense of companionship with cloud and with mountain, with man and with beast, it represents something vitally and lastingly true. It has much of the spice of adventure, more than a touch of poetry, and something of genuine philosophy. One is grateful for the good taste shown in the ending; unlike most of the idyllic stories of nowadays it does not restore to the hero on the last page the millions that he has renounced, but leaves him leading a genuinely simple life close to the heart of nature.

*The Labyrinth of Life*⁵ has, both in the setting and in the character-study, a cosmopolitan quality. It represents, against a Parisian background, the struggle of a young man of poetic temperament with the hard realities of life. There comes a crash which means apparent failure, but at the end the broken pieces are picked up and put together, with a touch of fine philosophy on the part of both author and hero. The book is full of promise, the earlier part especially showing a certain brilliancy of workmanship.

Sharrow,⁶ though a melancholy tale, without, perhaps, adequate cause for

¹ *The Greater Fellowship*. By RACHEL CRAVEN SCHAUFLER. The Macmillan Co.

² *The Street Called Straight*. By the author of *The Inner Shrine*. Harper & Bros.

³ *Eve Triumphant*. By PIERRE DE COULEVAIN. Trans. by ALYS HALLARD. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

⁴ *Over the Pass*. By FREDERICK PALMER. Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁵ *The Labyrinth of Life*. By E. A. VALENTINE. E. P. Dutton & Co.

⁶ *Sharrow*. By BETTINA VON HUTTEN. D. Appleton & Co.

the melancholy, has much that is appealing in its rendering of enduring passion on the part of a child of an ancient race for the ancestral home. The mellow beauty of the spot which had for centuries been the abiding-place of the family, is interpreted with full poetic sense of the charm that may come to places long associated with human lives. Possibly, in future days, antiquarians may turn to the book to study a type of English lord and his environment when both have become obsolete through swiftly-changing social conditions.

*The Matador of the Five Towns*¹ is made up of stories and sketches, somewhat heavily freighted with relevant and irrelevant detail, making one wonder if Mr. Bennett did not pack away in these tales all the stuff which was left over and would not go into the novels, as one packs into the last boxes in moving the miscellaneous accumulations of a life-time. The inanities of 'The Baby's Bath,' the imitative insincerities of 'The Death of Simon Fuge,' are relieved by more genuine studies of life, as in the story which gives its name to the volume, yet one closes the book wondering whether it may not be possible, in time, to get tired of the Five Towns.

One seldom encounters in a novel closer and more significant treatment of local conditions than one finds in *The Mountain Girl*.² The beauty of the spot, the quaintness and picturesqueness of the life are vividly rendered, with many an imaginative touch in its study of reality, and the lives and the passions of the people are inwrought in the very fibre of the spot. The last part of the book, however, is so different that it might have been written by

¹ *The Matador of the Five Towns.* By ARNOLD BENNETT. The George H. Doran Co.

² *The Mountain Girl.* By PAYNE ERSKINE. Little, Brown & Co.

another author, and the devices borrowed from the paper-covered type of fiction regarding the identity of the English lord, and the journey of the young wife to the ancestral castle with the heir in her arms, are hackneyed and commonplace.

*Greyfriars Bobby*³ retells with art as simple as it is true to life a beautiful bit of Scotch history. This long watch of fourteen years of the little skye-terrier above his master's grave is one of the great love stories of all time, and it is hard to see how it could be more sympathetically recorded. Not even Dr. John Brown could penetrate further into the heart of a dog than this author has done; and with the interpretation of the dog comes, in the concrete and vivid sketch of background and of minor characters, fine interpretation of the soul of things Scotch. There is constant stirring incident; one follows with increasing interest the fortunes of the heroic little central personage of the tale, which, as a friend of mine recently remarked, is the only one among recent novels that has a real hero. One cannot help wishing that the book might go to all homes where there are children, and all libraries from which children draw books, for it will have untold influence in quickening imaginative sympathy with suffering animals,—and we all know that it is the mere lack of power to understand which is the cause of the greater part of the cruelty to dumb and gentle beasts.

*The Judgments of the Sea*⁴ contains vigorous and stirring tales, regarding vigorous people, and they are as refreshing to encounter as the sting of salt sea air. They show a wholesome touch of that idealization for which any

³ *Greyfriars Bobby.* By ELEANOR ATKINSON. Harper & Bros.

⁴ *The Judgments of the Sea.* By RALPH D. PAINE. Sturgis & Walton.

human type is the better, abundant humor, and a good eye for droll character contrasts. Strength, rather than delicacy of workmanship, characterizes their execution.

*Ensign Russell*¹ is full of crisp and brisk adventures, wherein we follow, with interest and with amusement, character in the making. The initial story, and 'The Paths of Judgment' may be especially recommended.

*A Local Colorist*² contains a few stories, which are told in the quietest possible fashion; yet they are so full of close and subtle observation that they make many of the earlier studies of rustic life seem obvious and superficial. The ironic humor, and the sympathetic keenness shown here, make one wish that the little volume contained twice as many tales.

Her Little Young Ladyship,³ by Myra Kelly is full of the humor and of the keen insight into human nature which mark all the work of this author. The book is most entertaining, but it lacks something of the distinction of the stories which were close studies of differing humble types of human nature, for the plot involving the English lord and his villain brother keeps reminding one that it has been used before, and that, I think, is something that never occurred in reading about the *Little Citizens*.

An unabridged translation from the Russian of *The Brothers Karamazov*,⁴ by Fyodor Dostoevsky, the first of a series including his more important work, — with the exception of *Poor Folk*, — dwarfs, in weight and in signi-

¹ *Ensign Russell*. By DAVID GRAY. The Century Co.

² *A Local Colorist*. By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON. Charles Scribner's Sons.

³ *Her Little Young Ladyship*. By MYRA KELLY. Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁴ *The Brothers Karamazov*. By FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. Trans. by CONSTANCE GARNETT. The Macmillan Co.

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fiance, the seventy volumes of original contribution to American and English fiction before me. It is difficult to suggest all the reasons for the spell which draws one again and again from lighter and more entertaining pieces of fiction back to this unwieldy book. Huge as it is, it is but a fragment of the work originally projected, being one of the five parts planned. M. Waliszewski, in his *History of Russian Literature*, expresses the opinion that this, though a book touching almost every chord of the human soul, and a most invaluable treasury of information concerning Russian life, may, perhaps, never be accessible to the average European reader, because of its lack of form, of measure, and of proportion. It is difficult, however, to think that sins against rhetorical rule could keep any intelligent reader and thinker from becoming acquainted with work so great and so remarkable. We seem to be in the presence of some awful reality of life, beyond the power of the mere literary artist to produce, in this story of the debauched nobleman and his sons, of parricide and wrong suspicion. Against this cloudy background the face of Alexey Karamazov, the youngest of the sons, who resembles his innocent and persecuted mother, shines out like a star. Not only the main personages of the book, but minor characters, the monk Zossima, made holy by hard trial, the disgraced officer, the village idiot, seem to live their lives before us, as do the persecuted child and tortured animals.

Dostoevsky, in his better work, achieves the great feat of telling his deepest thought, his profoundest feeling, in the simple forms of the life that he knows, telling it concretely, and so close to every-day happenings that we are compelled to see and hear. Mystic, visionary, he is also a realist, and the difference between his work and that

of the mere observers may be seen in the depth of significance wherewith mere details are invested, as, for instance, in *Poor Folk*, the button which poor Makar Djevuschkin finds hanging by a thread from his coat, when he is summoned before his Excellency, and which he nervously fingers until it rolls across the floor, carrying with it the weight of a whole drama of poverty and of devotion. This genius for making commonplace details instinct with deep meaning was as apparent in Dostoevsky's first story as in the later work, but his power grew greater because experience and suffering brought deeper understanding for him to express.

If this colossal narrative seems somewhat shapeless, it is yet so full of insight into eternal truth, so pervaded by a great personality, that it seems unified, however episodic, however many trails of human experience it follows. Less of an artist than either of his great countrymen, Tourgenieff or Tolstoï, he is, in a certain sense, more profound even than the latter, for the depth and the cruelty of his experience carried him further toward the heart of the meaning of life. The tragedy of poverty he reveals, not as one who watches, studies, sympathizes, and tries to share, but as one who is a part of its inner agony. Poverty, however, was the least of his sufferings. Nature had inflicted him with epilepsy; his country, for his radical views, had imposed upon him punishment cruel beyond conception, in leading him out to execution, then, at the last moment, commuting the sentence to four years' exile in Siberia. Both nature and his country he forgave, because of the deeper insight won through pain and the opportunity to share more fully the lot of his suffering fellows. If

his mind sometimes trails away into strange regions, and there is now and then, as in *Crime and Punishment*, something of morbid psychology in his themes, it is but natural. This, too, he seems to say, is a part of human experience for me to share; there is nothing alien or beyond the touch of my sympathy.

If his work, then, reflects much of the trouble of earthly things, it has, too, something of direct vision into the infinite, and perhaps none of his novels show this more clearly than does *The Brothers Karamazov*. His eyes look out from Calvary. The youth, Alexey, seeing, but not sharing, the evil; the Idiot, in the book of that name, whose mind nature has closed upon all ordinary passions, the love of gain and kindred lusts, to open them upon things eternal, best represent, perhaps, a certain detachment in Dostoevsky. One is ever and again reminded of Browning's Lazarus, in "Karshish," whose sojourn in the grave had carried him beyond the reach of human things, so that ever after, all mere affairs of every day seemed dwarfed and unimportant in the light of understanding of that which is beyond fluctuation and change.

Dostoevsky represents, not so much struggle, tragedy, as the moment beyond, of vision and forgiveness, for he won his way through full understanding of evil to the great peace of not condemning, the pity born of suffering. When we find him saying, 'Father and teachers, I ponder, What is hell? I maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love,' we feel a searching activity of sympathy which makes the Tolstoï doctrine of non-resistance seem passive and non-effective, in the presence of this active outpouring of love to all fellow creatures.

THE VANISHING AMERICAN WAGE-EARNER

BY W. JETT LAUCK

I

THE native American wage-earner is rapidly disappearing. Along with him have also gone his working companions of former years, the English, Irish, Scotch, Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans. In their places have appeared the representatives of almost two score alien races from the south and east of Europe, and the Orient. Only one fifth of the workers in our mines and manufacturing plants to-day are native Americans. About one tenth of our wage-earners are the native-born children of parents from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. More than three fifths of our great body of industrial workers are southern or eastern Europeans.

There is scarcely a city or town of any industrial importance east of the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, which has not its immigrant colony, composed of members of the Italian, Magyar, and Slavic races. Practically the same situation exists in the mining states of the West. The Pacific coast, in addition to its Chinese, Japanese, and Hindoos, has also received its contingent of southern and eastern Europeans. Wherever there has been any industrial development — in the coal mines of Kansas and Oklahoma, the iron-ore mines of the Mesabi and Vermilion ranges of Minnesota, the furnaces and mills at Pueblo, Colorado, and Birmingham, Alabama, the packing-houses in Kansas City, South Omaha, and Fort Worth,

the copper mines of Tennessee, the coal mines of Virginia, as well as in the mines and mills of the East — the Slav, the Hungarian, and the Italian have found a lodgment in the operating forces. As a rule, the extent of their employment decreases as industry moves westward, but even in the West these races are rapidly becoming predominant among the industrial workers. Their status is also not confined to the substratum of unskilled workmen, but they are found in all grades of the industrial scale, — with the exception of the executive and the technical positions, — from the highest to the lowest occupations. A brief review of several basic industries will forcibly disclose the real significance of the recent racial substitutions in our mines and manufacturing establishments.

II

Only one fourth of the iron and steel workers of to-day are native Americans, and only one eighth are the descendants of the older skilled immigrant employees, who received their training in the mills and furnaces of Great Britain and Germany. Practically all of these are in the more responsible executive and technical occupations. The superintendents of our iron and steel manufacturing plants are unable to persuade the native Americans to enter the industry, and are wondering whom they will get to take the places of the foreman and skilled workers of the present generation. Three fifths of

the employees of our furnaces and steel mills are of foreign birth. Two thirds of these immigrant workmen are southern and eastern Europeans of recent arrival in the United States. Polish, Magyar, and Slovak iron and steel workers, combined, equal in number the native Americans in the industry; and the North and South Italians, Lithuanians, Russians, and Croatians together outnumber the English, Irish, Scotch, and Germans. The operating forces of the industry until twenty years ago were exclusively composed of native Americans and older immigrants from Great Britain and Northern Europe. In the decade 1890-1900, southern and eastern Europeans found employment in the mills and furnaces, and the pressure of their competition has gradually driven out the members of races at first employed.

The displacement of the native American miner has been even more sudden and widespread than that of the iron and steel worker. Only one fifth of our bituminous coal miners are native Americans, and less than one tenth are of native birth and foreign parentage, the children, that is to say, of British and northern European immigrants. More than sixty per cent are foreign born. Three fourths of the immigrant employees are from the south and east of Europe, and among these the Italians, Poles, Slovaks, Croatians, and Lithuanians are numerically predominant.

The low-paid and unskilled southern and eastern European immigrants were first employed in the western Pennsylvania mines. With their advent, native workers and northern and western European employees were gradually displaced. Some went to the mining localities in the Middle West and Southwest, and some left the industry entirely to engage in other occupations. The native American and older

immigrants, who remained in the Pennsylvania mines, were those who held or were advanced to more responsible positions, and the few who were left in the unskilled occupations were usually the inert and the unprogressive. The recent immigrants, after inundating western Pennsylvania, moved on to the Middle West, and the American miners and those of British extraction in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, are being steadily displaced by them. As in the case of the Pennsylvania mines, the older immigrants are leaving the industry or moving to the coal fields of Kansas, Oklahoma, and Colorado, where the competition of the southern and eastern European is less keenly felt.

Practically the same conditions with the same results have been brought about by the entrance of the southern and eastern European into the anthracite mines. The American and older immigrants, originally employed, have left the industry, or have migrated to the western coal and metalliferous mining fields, and those who remain are chiefly in the supervisory and responsible positions.

The recent immigrant industrial invasion has also extended to the iron-ore and copper mines. The great majority of iron-ore workers in the Birmingham district in Alabama are Negroes, the tide of recent immigration to the Southern States thus far having been very small. On the iron-ore ranges of Michigan and Minnesota, however, only about one eighth of the employees are native Americans. Three fourths are of foreign birth, the principal races represented being the Croatians, Finns, North and South Italians, Poles, Slovaks, Slovenians,¹ and Swedes. In the

¹ A people of south-western Hungary, related to the Croatians as the Slovaks are to the Bohemians. In the rate of immigration the Slovaks lead; next come the Hebrews, while the Slovenians rank third.—THE EDITORS.

copper mines of Michigan and Tennessee the same preponderance of foreign-born employees exists. About one fifth of the workers in the copper mines are native Americans, and about one eighth were born in America; but their parents were born abroad. The great majority are Croatians, Finns, Poles, North Italians, Slovenians, and English. The Finns and the English were the original copper-mine workers, but they have been, and are gradually being, displaced by the southern and eastern Europeans.

With the exception of a few Italians in the mills in New Orleans, there are no foreign-born textile operatives in the Southern States. The immense labor force called into existence by the demand for labor growing out of the extraordinary development of cotton-goods manufacturing in the South has been recruited from the native-born agricultural classes and mountaineers of that section. In New England, however, the situation is entirely different. There is scarcely a race from the south and east of Europe or the Orient which does not have its representatives among the employees of cotton, woolen, worsted, silk, hosiery, and knit-goods mills.

When the cotton mills were first started in New England, the looms and spindles were tended by the sons and daughters of the farmers who lived in the surrounding country. As the industry expanded, skilled and experienced operatives were attracted from England, Scotland, and Ireland. After 1850 the French-Canadians came in large numbers in response to the growing demand for operatives. These sources of labor-supply continued until 1890, when southern and eastern Europeans began to find employment in the mills. As their employment became more extensive, the immigration of English, Irish, Scotch, and French-

Canadians declined, and during the past decade has practically ceased. Not only has this class of work-people stopped entering the mills, but those already employed have sought work elsewhere, and the southern and eastern European employees are now predominant.

The same condition of affairs prevails in the other branches of the textile industries, — woolen, worsted, silk, carpet, hosiery, and knit-goods manufacturing, — as in the cotton mills. The native Americans and older immigrant employees have been superseded by foreign-born operatives of recent arrival in the United States.

At the present time, the native Americans in the New England cotton mills scarcely make up one tenth of the total number of operatives employed. The proportion of native Americans in other branches of textile manufacturing, as compared with cotton goods, is slightly larger, but even then is exceedingly small. Only one seventh of the employees of our woolen and worsted mills and silk-dyeing establishments, and only one fifth of those in our silk mills and carpet factories, are of native birth, and of native fathers. About one operative out of each three workers in hosiery and knit-goods establishments is a native American. Three out of every five operatives of cotton, woolen, worsted, and carpet mills are of foreign birth, and two out of three of these foreign-born wage-earners are of recent arrival from southern and eastern Europe and the Orient. Three out of every four operatives of dyeing establishments for silk goods are aliens.

The Poles, Greeks, Italians, Portuguese, and Lithuanians are the predominant races of recent immigration employed in our cotton, woolen, and worsted mills. In the spinning, weaving, and dyeing of silk goods and carpets, and in the manufacture of hosiery

and underwear, the North and South Italians, Magyars, and Poles are the leading races of recent arrival in the United States among the employees. Among the immigrants in all of these industries are also to be found considerable numbers of skilled operatives from England, Scotland, and Ireland, and from Germany. The French-Canadians form an important proportion, especially among the cotton and woolen mill operatives.

Such are the racial elements in the operating forces of our basic industries. Furthermore, this situation is typical of all the less important divisions of industry. The United States Immigration Commission included within the scope of its exhaustive investigations in all parts of the country more than forty of the leading branches of mining and manufacturing. Everywhere—in the manufacture of agricultural implements, cigars and tobacco, boots and shoes, clothing, furniture, glass, gloves, leather, petroleum, collars and cuffs, electrical supplies, machinery, locomotives, and a score of other industries—the same condition of affairs was found to exist. The native American occupied numerically a subordinate position among the wage-earners and, along with the representatives of older immigrant races from Great Britain, was being rapidly displaced by southern and eastern European employees, who had been securing employment in all kinds of mines and manufacturing establishments.

III

The southern and eastern European immigrant who has so extensively found employment in our mines and factories has had no industrial training abroad. He has also brought with him a low standard of living, and has been tractable and subservient. As a result,

his competition has exposed the native American and older immigrant employees to unsafe or unsanitary working conditions, and has led to or continued the imposition of conditions of employments which the Americans and older immigrants have considered unsatisfactory and, in many cases, unbearable. Where the older employees have found unsafe or unsanitary working conditions prevailing, and have protested, the recent immigrant wage-earners, usually through ignorance of mining or other working methods, have manifested a willingness to accept the alleged unsatisfactory working conditions.

The southern and eastern European also, because of his tractability, necessities condition, and low standards, has been inclined, as a rule, to acquiesce in the demand on the part of the employers for extra work or longer hours. The industrial workers have also accepted without protest the system of so-called company stores and houses, which prevails extensively in bituminous and anthracite coal, iron-ore, and copper mining, and other industrial localities.

The presence of the recent immigrant industrial worker has also brought about living conditions or a standard of life with which the native American and older immigrant employees have been unwilling, or have found it extremely difficult, to compete. The southern and eastern European wage-earner is usually single, or, if married, has left his wife and children abroad. He has no permanent interest in the community in which he lives or the industry in which he is employed. His main purpose is to live as cheaply as possible, and to save as much as he can. Consequently, he has adopted a group method of living known as the 'boarding-boss' system. Under this plan, from eight to twenty

men usually crowd together in a small apartment or house in order to reduce the per capita outlay for rent, and buy their own food and do their own cooking. The total cost of living ranges from eight to fifteen dollars per month for each member of the group. The impossibility of competition by the native American with such standards of living needs no discussion.

In addition to these conditions, brought about by the influx of southern and eastern European industrial workers, another factor, mainly psychological in its nature, but no less powerful in its effect, has been operative in the displacement of native Americans and older immigrant employees. In all industries, and in all industrial communities, a certain reproach has come to be associated with native American or older immigrant workmen who are engaged in the same occupations as the southern and eastern Europeans. This feeling on the part of the older employees is mainly due to the habits of life and conduct of recent immigrants, and to their ready acceptance of conditions; but it is also largely attributable to the conscious or unconscious antipathy, often arising from ignorance or prejudice, toward races of alien customs, institutions, and manner of thought.

The same psychological effect was produced upon the native Americans in all branches of industrial enterprise who first came into working contact with the older immigrants from Great Britain and northern Europe. In the decade 1840-1850, when the Irish immigrant girls were first employed in the New England cotton mills, the native women who had previously been the textile operatives protested; twenty years later the Irish girls, after they had become firmly fixed in the industry, rebelled because of the employment of

French-Canadian girls in the spinning rooms, just as the French-Canadian women refuse to be brought into close working relations with the Polish and Italian women who are entering the cotton mills at the present time. Whatever may be the cause of this aversion of older employees to working by the side of the newer arrivals, the existence of the feeling has become one of the most potent causes of racial substitution in manufacturing and mining occupations.

IV

It is obvious that the advent within recent years of the southern and eastern European into American industrial life has been a matter of most serious consequence to the American workman, and the present-day competition of the same racial elements is of the greatest significance to the native-born and older immigrant wage-earners. The labor unions of the original employees, which should have been among the greatest factors in assimilating industrially the recent immigrant, and in educating him to American standards, in some industries—as for example bituminous coal mining in western Pennsylvania, or the cotton mills of New England—have been completely inundated, and wholly or partially destroyed by the sudden and overwhelming influx of southern and eastern Europeans. In other industries, where the competition of the immigrant of recent years has not been so directly felt, as in the glass industry, where skilled workmen were formerly necessary, the labor organizations are being weakened and undermined indirectly in other ways.

Everywhere improved machinery and mechanical processes are eliminating the element of skill formerly required of employees, and are making

it possible for the unskilled foreign-born workman to enter occupations which have hitherto been beyond his qualifications, because they required previous training or an extended apprenticeship. Formerly, in order to be a pick- or hand-miner a number of years of training was necessary. Now a machine does the work and unskilled workmen attend it. By means of the automatic loom and ring-spinning-frame an unskilled immigrant from the south or east of Europe may now become a proficient weaver or spinner within a few months. The former highly skilled work of blowing glass bottles, as well as window and plate glass, may now be done by machinery manned by foreign-born employees who have been in the United States less than three months and who, before their employment, had never seen a glass factory.

In all industries, the immigrant wage-earner, through the elimination

of the requirements of skill and experience, is being brought directly into contact and working competition with the native American and older British or northern European wage-earner. Unless the latter can do something to elevate the standards of the recent immigrants, their competition in the higher occupations will be followed by as serious results as have already attended their invasion of the lower grades of the industrial scale.

Much has been written in the past decade relative to the social and political effects of recent immigration. The recent exhaustive investigation of the Federal Commission, however, has revealed the fact that these phases of the problem are comparatively of little import. The actual problem is found in the industrial effects of the recent alien influx. Existing legislation cannot settle this problem. Its solution is dependent upon a change in our present immigration policy.

PERJURED

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

A lie well stuck to —

It began with no more than a word, such as a man might speak and forget he had spoken. At the time of speaking, Robbins Nelson was standing with a group of other youths — lads in their late 'teens and early twenties — on the Sutro Station platform. All their eyes were on the approaching train, and all their tongues were busy with a single topic.

Robbins was the youngest member

of the group, — barely turned sixteen. Usually he hung somewhat unregarded on its edge, but to-day, bold in the possession of first-hand knowledge, he thrust himself into the heart of the talk.

'I looked right down on him, close as I am to you. I was walking along over that cut where the train comes through. Gee, his head looked three-cornered! I yelled, but the engineer did n't know what I meant. Anyhow,

they would n't have stopped — nothing but a hobo.'

'No good if they had,' an older speaker took up the words. 'He was done for. Did n't speak but once after they got him off. "Don't hit me," he says. I s'pose when they run into the tunnel and whatever it was jammed into him —'

'He did n't get hurt in any tunnel,' Robbins asserted. The color flared into his face with the intensity of his conviction. The horrid memory of the man set him to blinking. 'He could n't get hurt if he was lying down, could he? And if he was standing up, it'd knock him off, would n't it? It was n't any tunnel —'

He broke off, aware suddenly of the smiling ridicule in the faces round him. Grotend, brother-in-law to the coroner who had held the inquest, laughed good-temperedly.

'Go it, William J. Burns, Junior! I s'pose some fancy murderer crawled up on top between stations. Or he got jolted down out of an air-ship. It'd take something like that —'

Grotend was popular with the group. Their ready laughter rewarded the attack. And the younger boy's crimson misery was an invitation to further teasing.

'You had n't ought to be stingy with bright ideas like that, Nelse. He sent you an anonymous letter, did n't he? Or maybe you saw a man in a black mask beating him up —'

'No, I did n't!' said Robbins loudly. He cast about desperately in his mind for a means of escape. 'I did n't see anybody beating him up, but I saw Jim Whiting coming down off the end of the car.'

A hush followed his statement — a tribute to the weight of it. Grotend, his lips parted for a fresh jibe, drew in his breath sharply as though in the shock of a cold douche. Then, —

'You saw Jim Whiting?' he reiterated.

Jim Whiting was brakeman on the local freight, a figure familiar enough to all of them.

'Getting deaf, are n't you?' Robbins retorted.

He turned his back upon his tormentors and walked away across the platform.

He was not much impressed with the importance of his lie. Chiefly, he was elated that there had come to him a lie suitable to turn the tables. Half-way home his elation lasted, to be crowded out only by the recurring memory of the injured tramp. The boy had never seen violent death. The picture of the man as he sped past, bloody and misshapen, on the swaying car-top; the later picture of him borne up the street on the improvised stretcher, came back upon him hideously. That for such destruction, that for such wanton suffering, there should be no punishable agent, seemed intolerable. And the idea once presented, who so likely as Whiting —

He heard the beat of footsteps behind him, and Grotend, breathing quickly, swung into pace at his side.

'I been trying to catch up with you,' he explained unnecessarily. 'Say, when Jim come out on the platform, I spoke to him. I says, "One of the fellows says he saw you up on top that day the tramp got hurt." And you'd ought to seen him. I guess he knew —'

'What'd he say?' Robbins interrupted.

'All he says was, "You tell that fellow he's a liar"; but if you'd seen the look on him —'

'Don't you tell him I said it,' the younger boy cautioned. 'I don't want him down on me.' A belated stir of conscience set him to hedging. 'Anyhow, I did n't say I saw him up on

the car. All I saw was when he was just there on those iron steps on the side. I don't know if he was going up or down.'

They stood at the Nelson gate for a little, talking. It was full dark when Robbins went up the shrub-lined path to the porch. In the lighted dining-room his mother and the younger children were already at supper.

'Late, Robbins,' Mrs. Nelson admonished as he slid into his place. Then, catching sight of his face, 'Tired out? If it's that accident that's worrying you—'

'It's not,' the boy denied. He felt his cheeks grow hot with a sudden flush of annoyance. 'I don't see what I'd worry about that for. Only, Charlie Grotend told Mr. Whiting I saw him on the car that day, and it made Whiting mad. I was wishing he had n't.'

'You did n't say anything more than that — that he could have helped it, or anything like that? Well, then!' She put the discussion aside with a gesture. 'Merle Williams telephoned to see if you'd come over there to-night. You might as well. There's no use brooding—'

'I'm *not!*' Robbins flung back angrily.

His spirits lightened somewhat in the process of dressing for his outing. They lightened still more when, on his way to the place of entertainment, he came up with three or four of his mates similarly bound, and went on with them, easily the hero of the little group. Sutro, though a county-seat, was a place of few excitements. The finding of the injured tramp, his death, the inquest, which had been held that day, were topics of surpassing interest, and Robbins, by virtue of his momentary contact, found his importance measurably enhanced. Before the evening was over, he had told his story a half-dozen times, — each time with less

repulsion, with a keener sense of its dramatic value.

'I was walking along the cut — you know, there where the train goes under you — and I saw him and yelled at the engineer to stop. I thought he was dead already — he looked like it. I don't know what I yelled for, only I thought he'd roll off. No, I did n't say I saw Whiting up on top, —' He adhered scrupulously to the form of his first telling, — 'I saw him on those steps on the side. I'd called to him, too, if I'd seen him in time, but I did n't.'

'I bet he'd have understood,' suggested one of the listeners.

There was something cynical, something appalling, in the fashion in which their untempered youth seized upon the idea of guilt as the concomitant of injury. Robbins, tramping home a half-hour after midnight, felt all round him the concurrence of his mates — a warm supporting wave. He was committed beyond retreat now to his theory. Almost he was self-deceived. Visualizing the scene, he could scarcely have said whether, actually, he saw Whiting's big body flattened against the side of the car, or whether he himself had superimposed the detail.

He slept late next morning, and emerging, discovered his mother, red-eyed, moving restlessly between kitchen and dining-room. She called to him as he came out, but it was not until he was seated before his oven-dried breakfast that, with a long breath, as though she braced herself, —

'Mrs. Cartwright was here this morning,' she observed.

The words were indifferent, but the tone was so full of significance that instinctively the boy stopped eating to listen.

'She'd been sitting up last night with Mrs. Morgan. Robbins, that boy — that poor boy — was n't a tramp at

all. He was Charlie Morgan, trying to beat his way back home.'

'How'd they know?' Robbins asked.

'Something about the body. There was some mark. It's dreadful for his mother. And it's worse because she thinks — Mrs. Cartwright says a good many people think — it was n't an accident at all. The wound don't look like it. And then your seeing Mr. Whiting —'

'What'd you tell her that for?' Robbins muttered.

He pushed back his chair, his hunger vanished as though from feasting.

'I did n't. She told me. She says that man who has the truck-garden — Emerson, is n't it? — is saying he saw Mr. Whiting on the car-roof and recognized him. But, of course, a man like that —'

Her tone disposed effectually of the second witness. She got to her feet and began to gather up the dishes from the table.

'Mrs. Cartwright says Mr. Cartwright's looking into the thing. In his position, he'd have to. I told her you'd go up to his office —' She was passing behind Robbins's chair as she spoke. To his amazement, she stooped and laid her cheek for an instant against his shoulder. 'Don't you let him worry you, Robbie. You just stick to your story,' she counseled.

'I'm not going near him,' Robbins declared defiantly.

More than the hush of appreciation at his first statement, more than the news of Whiting's anger, his mother's unexpected caress impressed upon him the seriousness of his position.

When he left the house, breakfast ended, he was fixed in his determination neither to get within reach of Cartwright, who was county attorney, nor to repeat his story. But once upon the street he found to his consternation that the story no longer needed his re-

petition. It traveled on every tongue, growing as it went. Nor was there lacking other evidence to support it. The examining physician shook his head over the shape and nature of the fatal wound; the helpers who had carried the man were swift to recollect his dying words. From somewhere there sprang the rumor of long-standing feud between Whiting and Charlie Morgan. Then it was no more a rumor but an established fact — time, place, and enhancing circumstances all known and repeated.

'Enough to hang anybody,' Grotend summed up the evidence, following with his coterie the trend of gossip. 'Only thing is, it's funny the sort of people that do all the hearing and seeing.' He put his arm round Robbins's shoulders. 'There's Nelse here and Doc. Simpson — they're all right; but look at the rest of 'em — If they said it was a nice day, I'd know it was raining. Take that Emerson fellow —'

'Well, if Nelse saw him on the side, I don't see why Emerson could n't see him up on top; he must 'a' been there,' a listener protested; and Robbins, his throat constricted, drew out of hearing.

For the most part, however, he found a lively satisfaction in the increase of rumor. In such a mass of testimony, he reasoned, his own bit of spurious evidence was wholly unimportant. When that day and a second and still a third had passed with no demand upon him, his oppression vanished. Even the news of Whiting's arrest did not greatly disturb him. There was now and then a minute of sick discomfort, — once when the truck-gardener attempted to hob-nob with him on the strength of their common information; once and more acutely when an overheard conversation warned him that the accused man was depending upon an alibi, — but for the most part he put

the danger of discovery resolutely out of his mind. Even should the alibi be forthcoming and his own story go thereby to the ground, 'They can't be sure about it,' he comforted himself. 'They can't know I did n't—' Even in his thought he left the phrase unfinished.

It was the fourth day after Whiting's arrest that, going toward home in the early evening, he heard his name spoken from behind, and turning saw the county attorney. His first barely inhibited impulse was toward flight, but it was already too late for that. The elder man's greeting detained him as by a hand upon his arm. He halted reluctantly, and they went on side by side.

The county attorney was a man in his early sixties—a tall stooping figure, gray-haired, with an habitual courtesy of manner which, more than irascibility, intimidated his younger neighbors. It was a part of his courtesy, now, to begin far-off from the subject at hand, in an effort, foredoomed to failure, to put his auditor at ease.

'I often watch you tall boys going past, and remind myself that I am getting old. I can remember most of you in your carriages. Indeed, with you, your father and I were law students together. And now you're in high school, your mother tells me.' And with hardly a shift of tone, 'She tells me, too,—or rather my wife does,—that you were unfortunate enough to see Mr. Whiting on the day of poor Morgan's death. I am sorry—'

'I—did n't see him do anything,' Robbins protested. His tongue was suddenly thick and furry, and the words came with difficulty. 'Nothing I could swear to. He was just—there.'

He was staring straight ahead; he could not see how shrewd were the kindly eyes which measured him.

'Timid,' the lawyer was labeling his

witness. 'Sensitive. Over-scrupulous. He'd scruple his testimony out of existence.'

Aloud he spoke with grave reassurance. 'Your merely seeing Mr. Whiting can do him no harm. Indeed, you may not be needed at all. The preliminary examination having been waived—' He paused for a moment before the Nelson gate, his thin-featured old face remote and serious. 'In any case, remember this, my boy. Nothing is ever required of you on the witness stand except to tell your story exactly as you have told it off the stand. In the end the truth will come out and no innocent man be harmed.'

He congratulated himself as he went on up the street that he had reassured the lad, put before him his irresponsibility in its true light. Had he looked back, he might have seen the reassured witness staring after him in a kind of horror of amazement. To Robbins it was as though, astoundingly, an outsider had voiced the thought of his own heart. That truth must prevail, that false witnesses would be brought to confusion—it was a belief ingrained into the fibre of his being. He was sick with a premonition of disgrace.

'Only, they can't *know*,' he tried to hearten himself. 'I can stick to it I did.' He stood still a moment, the line of his sensitive chin grown suddenly hard. 'And I've got to stick to it,' he warned himself. 'I've got to stick it out as long as I live.'

It did not need the county attorney's advice to keep him away from the court-room during the opening days of the trial. With all the youthful masculinity of Sutro crowding the courthouse steps, Robbins sat at home in the hot, darkened parlor, reading from books pulled down at random, seeing always, no matter what he read, a room set thick with eyes, eyes scornful, eyes reproachful, eyes speculative.

When at last the ordeal came, it was so much less dreadful than his anticipation of it that he was conscious of an immediate relief. There was, indeed, a minute of blind confusion as he made his way toward the stand — voices singing in his ears, a blue mist before his eyes. Then, somehow, he was sworn and seated, and all round him were the friendly faces of neighbors. He could see the judge nod encouragement to him over his desk; he could see the bracing kindness of the county attorney's glance. Whiting he could not see, the bowed shoulders of a reporter intervening.

He was scarcely nervous after the first moments. His story flowed from him without effort, almost without volition. 'I was walking along the track — I'd been fishing —' It seemed to him that he had said the words a million times.

There were interruptions now and then; objections; questions from a round-faced, deep-voiced youngster, who, Robbins divined presently, was Whiting's lawyer; but all of it — the narrative, the pauses, the replies — came with the regular, effortless movement of well-oiled machinery. He could have laughed at the puerile efforts of the defense to break down his story. — 'Was he sure that he knew James Whiting?' Was there a resident of Sutro who did not know him? 'Could he swear, — taking thought that he was under oath, — could he *swear* that the man on the side of the car was James Whiting and not some other man resembling him? If, on a moving train, another man resembling James Whiting, of about James Whiting's size —

'He knows he can't touch me,' Robbins was thinking triumphantly. 'He knows it!'

The question of truth or falsehood was quite removed from him now. He came down from the stand finely elated,

and in the afternoon went back of his own accord to the court-room. Emerson, the truck-gardener, was under examination and faring badly. One by one, the damaging facts of his past came out against him — an arrest for theft, a jail sentence for vagrancy, a quarrel with the prisoner, proved threats. The victim emerged limp from the ordeal, and slunk his way from the room, wholly discredited.

'Serves him right, though,' Robbins quenched his momentary pity. 'I knew all the time he was lying.' He started suddenly, so violently that the listener seated next him turned in irritation. 'And,' it had flashed through his mind, 'and he knew I was!'

His eyes sought the prisoner — the man who also knew — where he sat hunched heavily forward in his chair, his arms upon the table. For an instant, pity, like some racking physical pain, shot through Robbins. To be caught in such a web! To be caught through no fault of his own! It was the first time the purely personal side had broken its way past his own selfish concern. It stifled him and, forcing his eyes from the man's brooding face, he got up and stumbled out of the room.

But he could not stay out. An indefinite dread dragged him back presently. An indefinite dread held him bound to his place during the examination of the witnesses who followed, during the days of argument, and the judge's inconclusive charge. He lay awake on the night following the jury's retirement, picturing over and over in his own mind the scene of their return — just what degree of astonishment his face should show in listening to their verdict, with just what proud reticence and conscious wrong he should make his way out from the crowd. He had never said that Whiting was guilty — he reminded himself of that. All he

had ever said was that on one certain day, in one certain place — He rolled over on his face and, hands across his eyes, tried vainly to sleep.

Half of Sutro was loafing about the court-house lawn next morning, pushing its way into the corridors at every rumor, drifting back to the freer outer air. When at last the rumor proved a true one, Robbins found himself far in the back of the room, the wall behind him, on three sides a packed, jostling crowd. There was a blur of unintentional noise in the place — heavy breathing, the creaking of a door. Through the noise pierced at intervals the accustomed voice of the judge, and set between the intervals the murmur of the foreman's reply.

‘—Agreed, all of you?—’

‘Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?’

The murmur dropped lower still. A stir swept over the front of the room, a wave of voiceless interest passing from front to back.

‘What — what —’ Robbins stammered, straining higher on tiptoe.

‘Guilty. Manslaughter,’ said the man beside him. He brought his hand down heavily on the boy's shoulder. ‘Suits you all right. Everybody knew —’ The gavel sounded and he broke off, bending forward to listen.

But Robbins did not listen. It was as though the foundations of his world crumbled round him. That truth should fail, that innocent men should suffer — He fumbled at the sleeve of the man on the other side.

‘I — did n't hear. They said —’

‘Sh-h!’ the man warned him, and then, behind his sheltering hand, ‘Guilty.’

The judge's voice dropped, and the speaker began moving with others toward the door. Robbins moved, too — dazedly, uncertain what he did. Some one stopped him in the outer passage.

He was conscious of congratulatory sentences. He heard his own voice speaking words which, seemingly, were not without meaning. And all the while the mind of him waited, awed, for the impending catastrophe.

Mercifully, the house was empty when he reached home. He tiptoed into his own room, and there, the door closed behind him, stood for a moment listening. Then, with an exclamation, he dropped to his knees beside the bed and buried his face against it.

For an hour he knelt there, bodily quiet, the mind of him beating, circling, thrusting desperately against its surrounding cage of falsehood. At first it was all fear — how the exposure would come, how best he might sustain himself against it. Then, imperceptibly, a deeper terror crept into his thinking. Suppose it should not come? Suppose — But that was unthinkable. For a lie to blast a man's whole life, for a lie to brand him. Stealthily, as if his very stirring might incense the devil-god of such a world, he slid down, sitting beside the bed, his distended, horror-fascinated eyes hard on the wall. In those minutes his young faith in God and justice fought to the death with the injustice before him — fought and won.

‘He'll be sentenced Friday,’ he found himself thinking, drawing on some half-heard scrap of conversation. ‘That's four days. There's time enough —’

He dragged himself up and lay down at full length. Something hot smarted upon his face; he put up his hand to find his cheeks wet with tears. They flowed quietly for a long time — soothingly. He fell asleep at last, his lashes still heavy with them.

He was very early at the court-house Friday morning. Cartwright, coming in at nine to his office, crossed the corridor to speak to him — cheerily.

‘Well, we got our man, Robbins.

You made a good witness — I meant to tell you so before; no confusing you. Look here, my boy, you're not fretting over this? If it had n't been you, it would have been some one else. There's no covering a crime like that.'

'Not — ever?' said Robbins thickly. His secret was upon his tongue's end. A glance of interrogation would have brought it spilling out. But there was no interrogation in his companion's eyes — only an abstracted kindness. He looked away from the lad toward the stragglers along the corridor.

'You came up to hear the sentence? Come in through my office and we'll find you a seat. The place will be packed.'

'There's nothing new?' Robbins asked unwillingly. 'No — new evidence?'

'Why, no! The case will be closed in another half-hour. And then I hope it will be a long time before you have any thing to do with a criminal charge again. Now if you want to come in —'

Robbins followed, silent. It did not trouble him to find himself placed conspicuously in the front row. His whole attention was set upon holding fast to the one strand of hope extended to him. In half an hour it would be over. In half an hour the hideous thing would be folded into the past. But it would *not!* The case against Whiting would be ended, the arraignment of God would be but just begun! To go on living in a world so guardianed —

The judge entered and took his place; the lawyers on either side filed in to their stations about the long table; the prisoner was brought in in the custody of a deputy sheriff. There was a little bustle of curiosity to herald his coming. Then the packed room settled to attention.

Robbins leaned forward in his seat. He heard vaguely the opening interchanges of speech. He saw the prisoner

rise. The man was clay-colored; his teeth scraped back and forth continually on his dry lower lip. There was no resource in him, no help. And suddenly the watcher knew that help was nowhere. The voice of the judge reached him, low-pitched and solemn, as beffited the occasion.

'— having been found guilty — decree that you be confined —'

'*No!*' said Robbins suddenly almost in a scream.

All at once the thing was clear to him. It was not Whiting who was being sentenced, it was God who was on trial, it was truth, good faith, the right to hope. — The impulse of his cry had wrenchéd him from his chair. He stood flung forward against the rail.

'You can't! I never saw him! They were tormenting me and I said I did. He was n't there —'

Behind him the court-room rang with excitement. He was aware of startled exclamations. He was aware of Cartwright, tragic-eyed, beside him, half-sheltering him, calling to him.

'Robbins! What's wrong? He's not speaking under oath. He's been brooding —'

'It's *so!*' said the boy.

For a moment he held himself erect among them, high-headed, joyous, splendid with the exaltation of the martyr. Then, suddenly, his eyes met the eyes of the prisoner. He dropped back into his seat, his shaking hands before his face.

It had lasted a second, less than a second, that frank, involuntary revelation; but in that second, his guard beaten down by sheer amazement, the prisoner's guilt stood plain in his face. In that second, reading the craven record of it, Robbins saw the glory of martyrdom snatched from him forever — knew himself, now and now only, irrevocably perjured.

TUBERCULOSIS AND THE SCHOOLS

BY ARTHUR TRACY CABOT

PROPER measures for the prevention and control of tuberculosis among school-children should not only be addressed to the protection of children during their school-life, and to the cure of those who have active tuberculosis, but should also aim at the education of all children in the essential facts of hygiene and, so far as possible, in the cultivation of habits of living that will protect them in later life.

The present paper does not deal with the educational side of this work except so far as it is inseparably bound up with the care of children already ailing or actively tuberculous.

The consideration of the best methods of handling tuberculosis demands an appreciation of the habits and characteristics both of the disease and of the patients. At the outset we must remember that if every existent case of tuberculosis could be hunted up and put in quarantine the practical elimination of the disease could be confidently expected in the life-time of one generation. But such thoroughness is humanly impossible. The people would not put up with a quarantine of such dimensions, and it would never be possible to find the cases if the patients feared being shut up.

Many communities are, however, educated to the point of a partial understanding of the dangers of the disease and the need of reasonable precautions. They are ready to accept a separation of tuberculous school-children from well children, and I propose to consider various plans for bringing this about.

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The situation is, briefly, that the state insists upon and enforces attendance at school during the growing years of the child, and in so doing tacitly assumes responsibility that the child does not suffer any harm by reason of this school-attendance. It is then the duty of the community to safeguard the health of school-children as far as lies in its power. This responsibility and this duty are reflected in legislation requiring public schools to conform to certain requirements in buildings and sanitary arrangements, and to provide proper inspection of their pupils to protect them from the needless spread of contagious diseases.

It is obvious that the responsibility thus already recognized requires that cities and towns should devise some way in which the tuberculous children may be kept from contact with the well.

In approaching this problem the school authorities find themselves confronted by two classes of children. First, children who are anaemic, rundown and under-nourished; in whom no signs of tuberculosis can be detected, but whose condition suggests latent tuberculosis. The disease appears so frequently in children of this class that they are frequently spoken of as in the pre-tubercular stage of the disease. Second, those who are actively tuberculous and in whom the disease can be positively diagnosticated.

Children in the first of these classes are not dangerous to other children. They can associate intimately with the

well children, but they are liable at any time to become actively tuberculous, and therefore dangerous. Life in the open air has proved its usefulness in restoring to health both adults and children who are debilitated, and in many places this class of children has been provided with out-of-door schools and with open-air rooms.

The out-of-door treatment of these children is no longer an experiment; it has been fully tried in many places and has abundantly proved its usefulness. These trials have demonstrated that the condition of health is greatly bettered, and have shown that the mental capacity of the children and their ability to learn their lessons are quite surprisingly increased. It has been found that these children in the open air accomplish their tasks with less hours of study than children in like grades who are studying in closed rooms.

This experience ought to open the eyes of school authorities to their shortcomings in the matter of school ventilation, and the benefits of this discovery should be felt through the whole school system.

In addition to this provision of proper surroundings for these weakening children it has been not unusual for school committees to supply a lunch, and sometimes also to supply warm coverings to needy and scantily-clothed children during school hours in cold weather. These are both necessary adjuncts to the treatment of these under-nourished children, though the difficulty and expense of providing them has deterred many communities from establishing open-air schools. The food thus provided and the needed extra wraps should manifestly be paid for by well-to-do parents, who are able to pay for the medical and other care of their children's health. It is equally certain that they should be in some way

supplied to children whose parents are unable to pay for the medical aid they need, and who, for other forms of medical assistance, resort to dispensaries and public hospitals.

It has been objected that this is a forward step in socialism, and this is undoubtedly true; but is that a valid objection? Compulsory education was a forward step in the same direction, and has the world regretted that? This proposed advance in the care of the children whose education the state has assumed, is a measure for the protection of the community, for the improvement of its health, for the limitation of an insidious disease, and as such it is a proper measure for which to spend the public money.

The distribution of this help should, of course, be arranged in such a manner that there should be as little pauperizing effect as possible on the recipients of the community's bounty, but it would not be a startling innovation in a community supplying free schoolbooks. To reduce the pauperizing effect to a minimum it might be well, whenever it could possibly be arranged, to have the parents pay a small sum for the lunches.

The children who were given this extra care in the schools would naturally be under the especially careful watch of the school nurses. The nurses would follow them to their homes and would thus have the opportunity to see the home conditions, and discover how these had contributed to bring on the debilitated condition, and to advise the parents and assist them to correct any hygienic mistakes.

The out-of-door school, then, in order to produce the best results, should be supplemented by a good system of inspection by nurses.

What is an out-of-door school, and how far does an open window or windows fulfill the necessary conditions?

We find many ventilating engineers who claim that by carefully adjusted apparatus, with forced draughts through apertures whose capacity has been arranged by close calculation, a better quality of air can be provided than by any system of open windows. These claims are based on the supposition that the prime requisite is to supply a calculated amount of unused and fresh air and to remove air that has been used. Their test of the quality of the air in a room is the proportion of CO₂.

Unfortunately very little is known as to those characteristics of air which make it wholesome and stimulating. We know that temperature, humidity, and motion have much effect in determining whether air is agreeable and healthful. We know, too, that the amount of CO₂ in air is not an unfailing guide as to its quality in these respects.

Out of the obscurity which clouds this subject one fact emerges with tolerable clearness, and that is that out-of-door air has a healthful quality which confined air never has, no matter how carefully compounded. A man who has been living out of doors notices a stuffiness in the air of a room with all the windows open. There is some quality of freshness and stimulation in the open that is lost in confined spaces. On a summer's evening, after a hot day, compare the air on an open piazza with that inside the house, and consider the length of time it takes for the cool evening air to penetrate and displace the hot stagnant air within a house with every window open.

By such a comparison as the above we shall be convinced that an out-of-door school has advantages over a room with all the windows open, and that we should aim at a thoroughly out-of-door arrangement, one which can be protected from violent wind and

rain, but the leeward sides of which shall at all times be fully open. When the best arrangement cannot be provided, rooms with all of the windows open should be used. Such rooms will be of little use, however, unless they are in charge of teachers who are intelligent advocates of open air, for otherwise the slightest severity of the weather brings a closing of the windows.

The open-air-school will act as a strong preventive measure against tuberculosis, and, by improving the health of the under-nourished, will check the development of many cases. It will thus cut down the numbers of the other class we have now to consider; namely the active, 'open,' contagious class.

It is quite clear that the children with open communicable tuberculosis should be separated from the healthy children,—for two reasons. First, because the community is responsible for the reasonable protection of the children whom it forces to attend school. With our present knowledge of tuberculosis it is almost criminal disregard of this responsibility to allow tuberculous cases to herd with well children in our school-rooms.

Secondly, these children should be segregated on their own account. They need an even more rigidly conducted open-air treatment than do the debilitated children. They need extra feeding. They need a careful regulation of their work and rest-hours under the guidance of a physician, and the constant care of trained nurses experienced in tuberculosis. They must be carefully taught the precautions needed to prevent their giving the disease to others. In short, they need hospital care and treatment, and their teaching and study must be regarded as of secondary importance.

How can this care and supervision

be most effectively and, at the same time, most economically provided?

Here we come to a point in our problem where the human element must be considered. It is quite plain that if all of these children could be collected in hospitals this would give the best sort of isolation of the disease. Unhappily, however, the parents, as a rule, will not send their children away from home, and without their coöperation this kind of quarantine is impossible.

Facing a problem of this kind, the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis established an outdoor camp, where the children pursued their studies, and at the same time were under the care of doctors and nurses. From this beginning was gradually evolved the Boston Hospital School, which, through the help of the Park Commission, was comfortably housed in Franklin Park. The experiment proved so successful that (through the combined action of its School Committee and its Consumptives' Hospital Trustees) the City of Boston presently took the school under its charge and placed the responsibility for its management in the hands of the Consumptives' Hospital Trustees, thus recognizing that this institution was a hospital rather than a school.

I do not purpose here to consider the details of treatment at this hospital school. It was practically a day-camp, at which the children were occupied with study only so far as was thought good for their health. Many parents approved the plan and sent their children, so that, although the school was situated on the outskirts of the city, the attendance was satisfactory. The children did well. The nurses, trained in tuberculosis work, followed them to their homes, and were able in this way to exert some influence upon their home surroundings, obtaining for them better care and diminishing as far as

possible the infection of those around them.¹

On the 31st of January, 1911, the Boston Consumptives' Hospital Trustees closed the school, thus putting an end to this pioneer work which had met with the approval of competent persons in all parts of the country, and which had taken a large number of tuberculous patients out of the public schools and had cared for them under conditions which reduced the risk of infection in the community to a minimum.

The chairman of the board, who cast the deciding vote which closed the school, when asked how these patients were to be cared for after the closure of the school, said, 'At day-camps and hospitals,' and declared that it was the intention of his trustees so to provide for them. Under these circumstances it is interesting to know what became of these patients after they were turned out of the Hospital School. Drs. Locke and Murphy made an investigation and were able to trace one hundred and fifty-six out of the one hundred and seventy-four cases treated at the school during the year previous to its closure. Of these cases just nineteen, or 10.91 per cent, went to day-camps or hospitals; ninety-one, or 58.33 per cent, went back into the public schools; four, or 2.56 per cent, had died; and the remaining forty-two patients, or 26.92 per cent, had gone back into the community.

These figures give a striking illustration of the far greater usefulness to the community of a hospital school

¹ An excellent account of the work in this School is contained in the paper by Dr. James J. Minot and Miss Hyams, published in the Fifth Annual Report of the American Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Later, in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, August, 1911, Dr. Edwin A. Locke and Dr. Timothy J. Murphy published a very careful study of the work and its results.

then of a day-camp or hospital. Only a little more than 10 per cent of the children whose parents are willing to have them attend a hospital school are willing to let them go to day-camps and hospitals. The large proportion of these cases which went back into the public schools, at the risk of infecting well children, is sufficient basis for a serious indictment of the city government that subjects well children, put under its care, to such unnecessary risks. The results of this experience should convince any fair observer that the hospital school is the most efficient means as yet discovered for safely handling tuberculous school-children. In a large city several hospitals of this type should be supplied and so placed as to be accessible to the school population.

We have hitherto considered the means at our disposal of caring for the children threatened or affected with tuberculosis, after they have been discovered. Obviously, any plan to this end must have its foundation in a thoroughly satisfactory system of school inspection.

I cannot here discuss the details of school inspection, for these must vary according to local conditions. In large cities the task is a large one, and since a large proportion of the children belong to a class in the community who do not employ a family physician, school physicians must play a considerable part in any complete scheme. Even, however, in large places it has been found by increasing experience that more and more of the work can safely be delegated to nurses. So far as this work has to do with the early discovery of tuberculous children many experienced physicians, expert in this class of work, feel a greater reliance upon the school nurse than upon the school physician. While the final decision as

to the existence of tuberculosis must be made by a physician, it is the watchful nurse, constantly among the children, who usually first discovers that the child is out of health and needs attention, and so brings the case to the physician for thorough examination. Many of the cases which come under the head of anaemic, debilitated children show no signs of definite disease, and the close watchfulness of the nurse is more likely to discover children in this class than the cursory observation of a school physician passing his eye rapidly over many children.

In conclusion, then, it appears that a safe system of care for tuberculous children in the schools is a duty that the public assumed when it made school attendance compulsory. That duty the school authorities cannot evade. They should face it squarely.

Any proper plan for handling tuberculosis must rest on a thorough and efficient system of school inspection. Every school should have provision for out-of-door study for all of its debilitated children. These children should have extra feeding. This is a medical necessity of the case. Whether this food should be supplied by the parents, by some outside charitable source, or by the town, is a question which must be settled according to the circumstances of each case, but the settlement should not be shirked.

Children having active tuberculosis should be separated from the other children, and should be cared for as sick children.

The most efficient plan for accomplishing this last-named object in cities of considerable size is the hospital school, and in a large city such schools should be provided in different sections of the city so that the children shall not have far to go from their homes.

THE ORDER OF MORNING PRAYER

BY EMILY CARTER WIGHT

It was eleven o'clock when Mother and Thomas and Sister hurried up the steps and into the church. The bell was tolling, and the town-clock was striking. The two jangled together high above the quiet street. The organist was late. She walked up the aisle very quickly, on her little high-heeled shoes. She slipped her plump bare arms out of her coat and took her place at the organ, just as Mother knelt on the hassock in her pew and bowed her head.

Mother tried to recall what most needed her prayer. She shook off the details of her household, which had reached elastic arms and little hooked ends after her, and had kept pulling her up, all the way down the street. There was a child sick in the village. Heaven send angels to help him and help his mother. There was a prayer of thankfulness and humility that her children were well. She started to rise; but wait, there was another prayer. God send pain to all doctors. Let them suffer pain that they may truly know what it is. She rose from her knees.

Little Sister who had knelt in sweet imitation of Mother, now shot a glance out of the corner of her eye, and seeing that Mother had raised her head, proceeded to raise her own fat self from the hassock to the seat of the pew. It was uncushioned, and Sister was much occupied in finding herself a comfortable position. The organ pealed out the hymn, and Thomas found the place in the beautiful new prayer-book his godmother had given him. They were all standing, and Sister stepped up on the

hassock, slipped off it, and her little feet made a clatter. She giggled out loud. Thomas frowned and looked at his mother. Mother smiled at Thomas and smiled at Sister. Their pew was the very last one in the church, and they were behind everybody else.

Two girls came in and went into the second seat in front. They had hurried and had been blown about in the wind. One of them was soft and plump, and her hair had been curled with a curling-iron. The wind had blown out a few straight locks which mixed oddly with the fluffy ones. They lay round her ears in little tails.

At the opposite end of their pew sat Mrs. Hammond. Mother did not know her, but knew she came from Dummer. She wore a hat with a big bunch of cherries on it, and a veil that had got caught on the stem of a cherry and did not lie quite straight. Her coat had two fat wrinkles over the shoulders, and the skirts to it were crumpled. She had come to church squeezed into a buggy beside her sun-browned son. Mother looked at the cherries and could see the hills of Dummer. A white farm-house standing back from the road, in a prosperous lawn; another farm-house near, on another hill — like Rome, Dummer was built on seven hills. All round the hamlet was the June embroidery of incredibly thick foliage, and grass and daisies and late buttercups; and among the orchards were trees crimson with cherries. The air was keen from the hill-winds and sweet with hayfields.

The rector's voice began, 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.' Mother glanced quickly at the altar. There was no display of Communion silver or linen. The Order for Daily Morning Prayer was so much more simple for Thomas, who was just learning to find the places in his prayer-book. Communion Sunday was always such a bewilderment to him. But Mother could not remember to tell him, before they came to church, about the Sentences of Scripture, and whenever she tried to show him, the rector read so fast that Thomas could not follow, with his deliberate little mind. But with 'Dearly Beloved Brethren' the frown on the forehead of Thomas disappeared. From that point it was plain sailing.

While the choir was singing the *Te Deum* a young man and woman and a little boy came into the next pew. They were good Episcopalians. They uttered the responses in the tones of people to whom the responses had become a habit. All but the little boy: he sat leaning against his mother's arm; and he kept his head turned to gaze at Sister. Sister gazed back. The little boy's mother kept trying to turn his head to look at the rector. She had a face with no softness in it. Her cheeks were straight instead of round, and her mouth was a straight line. She looked young and healthy, and very energetic. She gave up trying to turn the little boy's head. She lifted him and placed him on her other side, so that she could, with herself, shut off his view of Sister's rosy face in its frame of lace and ribbons. The little boy's father reached out an arm and snuggled the little boy up to him. He was a very tall thin man. His hair was getting gray at the temples. His mouth was very clear-cut and smiling, and he

smiled down at the little boy, and his long fingers patted the little white blouse ever so softly. He had several horizontal lines on his forehead. The boy was thin, and he breathed with his mouth open. His eyes were too big. They were brown and had thick curling lashes. Mother looked away, up to the stained-glass window. She was thinking, 'I wish they would make him eat more bread and butter, and let him eat more sugar.'

Nearer the chancel sat a woman who wore a large white hat. She sat up very straight and the light, from the window near her, fell on her lovely gray hair — gray hair whitening at the ends, and shading in the shadows to the darkest gray. Here it blended into the facing of her hat which was dark velvet, curving up and away from her head, and her pretty little sea-shell ears. Along the front and side lay folds of white satin, also catching the light, creased and crumpled into the right size and shape to turn the head and hat into a delightful composition of light and shade. Except for that one, the church was full of freak hats. Right in front of Mother was one on a tall girl. It was black, and its crown was completely round like a man's derby. It was pushed down flat on the girl's head, and there was not a spear of decoration, nor anything in front to turn it into a composition. At the back a bunch of aigrettes was perched on it like a feather-duster. The brim lay on the girl's shoulders. You could not see her hair. She looked shapeless and like a scarecrow.

'Finally we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate.' Mother's thoughts flew guiltily away from hats and out over the world. She looked down at the little boy. She did not like to think of their taking him to the hospital, to be

hurt and frightened and, perhaps, not helped after all; and she did not like to think of their not taking him if he needed to go, if his little life was one long struggle for air, just the plain gratuitous air that we breathe without a thought.

The organ burst forth into *Ancient of Days*. It drove sleep from the eyes of Sister, who sat upright, listening intently. Thomas found the place and they all stood, but did not sing; everybody listened to the choir. One girl, who usually sang in the choir, to-day sat down in the congregation. With her was a very young man. He was tall and his hair was very red. When he turned you could see his honest large-featured face. His cheeks were pink; so was his neck. The girl wore a ridiculous hat, and a close-fitting dress of oyster-white linen. 'She might just as well be in her night-gown,' said Mother to herself. 'In fact our night-gowns are much more modest than our dresses, nowadays.'

They sat down. The rector read his text. Thomas gave his mother a push, and held his book toward her. 'Where's this, mother?' he said in a loud whisper. 'This is the sermon, Thomas,' she answered, in another loud whisper. Thomas blushed, but nobody except Mother saw him. Mother put her attention on the sermon. The first sentence she heard was: 'If ever you are oppressed by the thought of the sin and suffering in the world' — 'Oh,' thought Mother, 'perhaps I am going to be helped.' She was always looking for help. But the rector went on and Mother's interest flagged. What he was saying was just what other clergymen had said, just what you were always coming across in the Bible. Mother had no key to it.

The elastic bands that she had caused to withdraw now placed their hooked ends in her consciousness. She almost

jumped as she remembered that she had meant to go into the kitchen and push in the oven damper. She had forgotten it. 'The chicken won't bake,' she thought. Then she went over the dinner. Mashed potatoes, roast chicken, creamed asparagus, radishes, and lettuce from the garden. It was head-lettuce, and she had sown the seed and watered it, and tended it, and transplanted it. Each little limpsy weakling plant she had nursed, giving it water by night, and covering it from the sun by day. And now it was ready to eat. It seemed incredible that the great cabbage-like plants could be the limp seedlings she had worked over for weeks. Then she thought an apology to the rector for her inattention, and resolved to listen to the rest of the sermon.

The rector had a strong, good face, with one weakness in it. Speaking to him face to face, it was not noticeable, but seen the length of the church, as one visualizes in painting, there was a perpendicular line on one side of his face, from his nose, across the end of his mouth, running into the side of his chin. It gave the odd appearance of a sneering grimace, as he looked out over his congregation. Presently he was saying, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.' Thomas extricated his ten-cent piece from between the covers of his prayer-book and hymn-book. Sister fidgeted for fear the plate would pass too quickly for her to get her penny in.

One of the wardens came down the aisle. He was strikingly handsome. It seemed as if heaven, giving him such physical perfection, might have added a few spiritual gifts. His presence could not but suggest the scandal that was associated with his name. He held the plate patiently for Sister, while she plumped in her penny and

looked up at him for approval. He smiled at her as tenderly and charmingly as an honest, clean-minded man might have done. Mother looked at the stained-glass windows, a pang at her heart for 'such long years' before her tiny girl. 'And I may not be here to take care of her.' Thomas looked at her quickly, as if his heart had heard her thought. 'Thomas will take care of her,' was her sudden comfort.

At last came: 'The Peace of God which passeth all understanding.' Mother had seen it in faces, and felt it on sweet summer mornings. If it were not true, how could that beautiful sentence have been perpetuated in the lit-

urgy, how could it have been said in the beginning? And so, when she knelt for her last prayer, she thanked God for every loving father and mother. She thanked God for doctors to help the children to breathe — 'but God send the doctors pain,' she added as an interlude. She thanked him for the beauty of the world, whether of hats or the hills of Dummer, and for head-lettuce, and for the Great Church, and for the rector's voice, speaking of the Peace of God. As to ugliness, whether of hats or faces, and unloving mothers, and bad men, they made her heart ache, but patience was also in her heart, and, at her elbow, as always, hope.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN THE MATTER OF 'FAITH'

READERS of the July *Atlantic* must have found excellent entertainment in Mr. Root's little essay on 'The Age of Faith.' His subject is one that we are always interested in — the question of the real resemblances between seemingly contrasted periods of human history. By a series of ingenious comparisons, he leaves us with the impression that in spite of superficial differences — of language, of manners, of interests — one age is not so very different from another. The 'Age of Reason' was not very reasonable after all, the French Revolution differed 'only in externals' from the Crusades of old, and the 'Ages of Faith,' far from being past, find their counterpart in the age to which we now belong. It is very ingenious, very amusing, and almost convincing.

Almost, but not quite. Perhaps,

where we have been so well amused, we ought not to ask to be convinced. Yet there is a serious aspect to this question — so serious that we cannot bring ourselves to set it aside. For the very essence of human history is here at issue, the essence of human life. And there are some of us, perhaps many, to whom Bergson comes as spokesman for all our deepest instincts when he insists that life is essentially change, that for conscious life, duration means unfolding, that each experience involves the total of preceding experience, and that therefore life, bearing along with it the cumulative values of its own past, can never, in any real sense, repeat itself.

It is this that makes us restive, even while we smile in genuine pleasure at Mr. Root's cleverness. There must, we feel, be something wrong with his argument.

If there is, it lies in his use of a few key-words — words like Faith, Evidence, and the Unseen.

We live, he says, as truly in an age of faith as did our ancestors of Mediæval Europe. Only, whereas their faith fastened itself upon God, and the angels, and the holy relics of the saints, ours concerns itself with other things equally unseen, in whose truth we believe, just as the truth of those was once believed in, on the authority of others, on the most incomplete evidence, or on no evidence at all. He instances our 'faith' in the doctrine of evolution, in the revolution of the earth upon its axis, and in the existence of specific bacteria of disease.

Now it is true that the word 'faith' may be used to denote men's belief in these things, and it is also true that the same word has been used to denote men's belief in God and the angels and the saints' reliques. But is it true that 'faith' is really the same word in both sets of cases? To be sure, in both the word implies belief in something not immediately obvious to the senses; in both it implies a certain confidence in the authority of some one else. But at this point the parallel ends. Indeed, before this point. For the phrase 'confidence in authority' may be used to cover many different things, and in this case it is so used. The confidence that men once felt in the authority of their priests is still to some extent paralleled in the confidence which we now feel in our spiritual leaders, whether we call them priests or not; but the confidence which we feel in the testimony of men like Darwin is something different — neither more nor less valuable, it may be, neither more nor less sure, but resting on a different basis. That it is possible to speak of both things under one name is merely an instance of the inaccuracy of language. A word is not a bullet,

that will split a hair and leave the hair beside it untouched. It is more like a charge of fine shot, that hits scatteringly over the whole barn door.

Similarly, as he uses it, the word 'faith' covers many different states of feeling, which might be somewhat more particularly discriminated in the words certitude, faith, confidence, and credulity. Moreover, these states are not completely different. They are not marked off from one another by stiff fencing; they overlap, they merge into one another.

If then we agree to let 'faith' stand for all these mental states, we may very truly say that our own age, as well as other preceding ones, is an age of faith. But thus understood, this means very little. It goes without saying. For the real question is, what in different ages has been the relative importance, or prevalence, of these various states of mind. Can we check off our certitude against their certitude, our credulity against their credulity, and so on? If so, the two ages are so far really alike. Or will an uncanceled residue remain, on one side or the other? If so, the two ages differ in this respect by just so much.

Now, of course, no such canceling process can be really applied, though some rough appraisals might be made if one went to work in the right way. But still less can the canceling process be carried out between unlike states; we cannot check off faith against credulity, certitude against confidence. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Root does: for example, he parallels our belief in disease-germs with the mediæval belief in foul fiends. Yet the belief in fiends is clearly a case of credulity, the belief in disease-producing bacteria is, in spite of errors and exaggerations and all manner of mistakes in its details, well on the road toward certitude. The fact that the germs are, for most of us,

unseen, and the fiends were also unseen, is a mere accidental parallelism of phrasing.

The logical error here is plain enough. Dissimilars cannot be thus compared. But perhaps even similars are not really such. Perhaps our certitude is not their certitude, our doubt their doubt.

For example: it may be said, that to the mind of the Middle Ages nothing appeared impossible. The modern thinker, we sometimes hear it remarked, is beginning also to say, 'Nothing is impossible.' But does this mean that we have swung back to the earlier attitude? Not at all. To assume that the tolerance of the modern thinker for 'the impossible,' springing from knowledge, — even knowledge of his own vast ignorance, — is the same thing as the tolerance of the Middle Ages for the impossible, springing from sheer ignorance and poor method — to do this would be to confuse things as unlike as the 'sleep' of a spinning top and the stillness of a dead one.

And if our attitude toward the great realm of the uncertain and the unknown is a different thing from the state of mind in former times, though it may be described in similar terms, so also is our knowledge of the certain and the known a different thing from the knowledge of earlier men. The thirteenth-century man felt certain, because of the evidence of his senses, that the sun revolved round the earth. We feel certain, in spite of this evidence of the senses, but on account of other evidence, also coming to us ultimately through the senses, that the earth moves round the sun. But no one will seriously maintain that our certitude and his certitude are the same in quality. There have been, particularly since Bacon's time, changes in the manner of our thinking, both in basis and method, which are gradually changing the qual-

ity of belief of every kind. The attitude of mind which made it possible for really good thinkers to say, 'I doubt, therefore I believe,' is obsolescent, if not obsolete. And if faith is, perhaps, changing, religion is certainly changing still more. If there really is, as Mr. Root suggests, a 'religion of evolution,' — and the phrase seems a very doubtful one, — this means, not that religion is still the same only with its lingo altered, but that men are making for themselves a new religion to meet their new needs. Whether it does or does not meet these needs is beside the question.

As usual, it comes down to a question of the meaning of terms. All through Mr. Root's article he seems to be indulging in a kind of tournament of language, in which the game is to see how many different ideas you can spear with the same word. The word 'unseen' is a wonder in this sort of contest. Bacteria are unseen, angels are unseen, demons are unseen, phagocytes are unseen, the ice age is unseen, God is unseen. Therefore they are all of a piece, — bacteria, angels, demons, phagocytes, the ice age and God, — spitted on the same lance and brandished before our somewhat astonished eyes.

And his best lance of all is Faith. Thrusting to right and left, he impales upon its shaft all manner of things — faith in scientists, faith in God, faith in doctors and health officers, faith in witches, faith in priests and in astrologers and medicine-men, faith in astronomical laws.

Success to such tilting! It is fun to watch, and does no harm so long as we remember that it is only a game. But suppose we forgot this, suppose we began to think that these strange spear-mates of the tilting were really mates? That would, perhaps, be something of a pity, because it would mean the

throwing away of such precision of thinking as we have yet attained, which is little enough.

It is just this lack of precise thinking,—this habit of comfortable believing that things on the whole are pretty much as they have always been, and will continue pretty much the same forever,—that is at the root of a good many of our troubles. It is, for example, what helps some of us to believe that there is no church problem, and no marriage problem,—that in these realms no real changes have occurred, and therefore no new adjustments are required.

This is the only excuse for any protest against so delightful a bit of entertainment as is furnished us in the little article in question. Perhaps, however, we have a private and particular grievance, in the fact that the treatment of 'faith' seems to spoil the word for us. We have always thought of it as 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' And it has often appeared to us that 'faith' in this sense is growing stronger and keener because more fully aware of its own realm and its own power. We know, as never before, the difference between the things hoped for and the things possessed. We know, as never before, the difference between the things that are seen—whether with the mind's eye or the body's—is immaterial—and the things that are not seen. For this reason, and not at all for those given by Mr. Root, we might be willing to call our own age an age of faith. But if faith must be allowed to mean belief in bacteria and in gravity and in evolution—very well. We must give up the word to these uses and find another to mean what we have thus far meant by faith—faith in the power of love, faith in all the things of the spirit.

And yet—St. Paul's English translators have held the field a long time.

Would it not be courteous to let them keep their word, and find another for bacteria and phagocytes?

CANNED LANGUAGE

A GREAT deal has been written concerning slang as a menace to the English language. The danger, they tell us, is that a slang expression, which may have been apt enough in its first application, comes in time to be used to cover a number of shades of meaning. Thus the user of slang narrows his vocabulary, loses or fails to develop a nice sense of the meanings of words, and is an agent in the impoverishment of his mother tongue.

But there is a tendency to-day toward a repetition of various words, phrases, and expressions, which—through constant use—have become almost meaningless and unutterably wearisome, a tendency which seems to constitute a far more real danger to the language.

Listen to the conversation of the people round you, the speeches made at the societies to which you may belong, the sermons or lectures you hear, and make a collection of those expressions which you hear more often, say, than three or four times a day. See whether a day passes without your hearing the verb 'appeal to' used half a dozen times. Everything either 'appeals to' us nowadays, or does not 'appeal to' us. Try to flee beyond earshot of 'uplift,' 'atmosphere,' 'inspiration,' and others of that vague but noble type. Note, for instance, how our good word 'ideal' has come to be used alike by the prophet and the glib advertiser of a brand of ready-made clothing. You will further observe that there are no houses nowadays: there are only homes. Your friend has a 'beautiful home' in the suburbs. The real-estate agent will sell you a like

'beautiful home' with hot-water heating and a garage in the rear. Ignorant people are wont to taunt the French with the fact that they have no equivalent for our word 'home.' Yet we debase the word by a thousand trivial uses.

Again, causes no longer produce or contribute toward a result; they 'make for' it. There is no longer a great difference between two things; there is always a 'far cry' between them, whatever that may be. There are two phrases used by alleged lovers of nature that make one long for the decent reserve of the classical treatment of that subject,—'God's out-of-doors,' and 'getting near to Nature's heart,'—expressions likely at the thousandth repetition to arouse the hearer's worst passions.

Mark the next man or woman you hear discussing some one of high character. Unless the speaker be a person of more than ordinary strength of mind, he will no more be able to avoid closing with, 'It is a benediction to know him,' than you can help slipping on an icy side-walk. Yet it was once an excellent comment that probably conveyed some meaning during its early conversational career.

Cant is perhaps too severe a word to apply to some of these terms, but empty and paralyzing to conversation they indubitably are. Who is valiant enough to carry on the discussion beyond that 'benediction'? Your companion's well-meant remark that the sermon was one of great 'uplift' saps all vitality from the criticism. And what mere mortal can rise above the utter banality of those two words, so innocent in appearance, so diabolical in their combined action, 'beautiful thought.' Plato's *Republic* was a beautiful thought. Henry Van Dyke is all beautiful thoughts. Emerson and Edward Bok are rivals in their output of

beautiful thoughts. Carnegie has one every time he finds a library, and it is a beautiful thought to think that even the humblest of us sometimes has one.

The ancients provided for the relief of citizens exasperated by these vain repetitions. The man who was tired of hearing Aristides called 'the Just' could vote for his ostracism. But the law affords us no protection against the 'Eminent Publicist.' A student once confided to me that he would have continued his course in modern languages, had it not been for the 'Sturm and Drang' period. Of what the term applied to, he appeared to be in the most appalling ignorance; like Aristides's opponent, he was weary of the 'damnable iteration.'

Now there is a strict but unwritten etiquette which controls the use of slang. However it may have offended your ears and your prejudices to hear the sweet girl undergraduate remark that there was 'some class' to her English professor, at least you know that her mode of expression will have changed within a few weeks. Another no less objectionable phrase may take the place of the earlier one, but at any rate it will be new, and will convey her meaning in all probability with a high degree of precision. She will as little think of using this season's slang next spring as she will of wearing a peach-basket hat. Moreover, even the most inveterate user of slang realizes that it has its time and place. There are few who cannot free themselves from it under stress of great events and emotions. But not so with that other tyrant of language. It respects no sex, no time, no place. Your reedy-voiced, high-school valedictorian is a victim of the beautiful thought along with the hoary-headed philosopher.

The tendency seems to result from that effort to economize time and space

and thought which we like to attribute to the stress of modern life. (Another phrase!) We seek to get the equivalent of ten pounds of the best beef from a teaspoonful of Nutto-Vito. We want no early Victorian type of novel in three volumes; we have time only for a short story now and then — a story with an automobile in it to make it move quickly. We seek a philosophy of life so brief that it can be printed on a small card and inclosed within the chaste limits of a passe-partout frame, before which, as it hangs above our desk, our friends will pause and exclaim, 'What a beautiful thought!' We are too hurried or too indolent to clothe our ideas — or hide our lack of them — in a few plain words of our own choosing, and use instead these pitiful tatters of language worn threadbare by others.

Like many great reformers, the writer has no remedy for the evil, unless perhaps to suggest the occasional contemplation of the simple and noble diction of the multiplication-table. It does not state that it is a beautiful thought, calculated to appeal to the best in us, that human experience goes to prove that if the number two be linked or conjoined with its fellow, or increased by another two, four will be the resultant quantity. It says that twice two are four.

IT IS WELL TO BE OFF WITH THE OLD HOUSE BEFORE YOU ARE ON WITH THE NEW

If the little old house had been more gracious when we came back to it from our months of wandering, this never would have happened. Perhaps it could not forgive us for going away. It would have nothing to do with us, was sulky, remote, inaccessible, a little house of frowning blinds and closed doors. When spring came, and the

apple trees about it put forth no green leaves, we realized, startled, that they had died. Had they perhaps missed us even more than we missed them? The neighbors hinted San José scales; we repudiated the suggestion with scorn. In all our coming and going, unpacking, settling, visiting old corners, the house feigned a lofty indifference, and would have sat down cat-wise if it could, with its back turned toward us, its tail curled rigidly round. We hoped that this was only a mood, but it proved lasting. When we spoke it would not listen; when we listened it would not speak, as of old; it would yield up no shade of its experience for us when we were puzzled, no ray of comfort when we were sad. Its inexorable coldness lasted so long that at last it drove us out, wondering that this ever could have seemed home, to seek a spot where we could build a house of our very own.

When, after long search, we had found it, and had shamefacedly concealed the secret for days in our hearts, hoping that the little house would not understand, it suddenly began again to exercise its old charm. It became irresistible, smiling on us under April showers, inviting to soft, homelike corners, summoning blue-bird and robin to sing to us. The rain on the roof brought a sense of loss; we should never again be so near the roof! Rooms that had seemed too small and cramped suddenly became spacious and beautiful, yet we resolutely followed our stern purpose.

Perhaps if our plot of land had been less difficult to win, we should not have pursued it with such zest. This was a minx of a bit of real estate, full of shifts and wiles, of swift advance and swifter withdrawals. It lay at the end of the village, where all beyond was meadow; we had wished it so. Groups of white birches gave it a delicate beauty, and

made it seem the very edge of created things, —

And at the gates of Paradise,
The birk grew fair eneugh.

Perhaps it was the breezes in those shivering birch-leaves that brought to us a sense of quest. Ultimate possession seemed as impossible as ultimate possession of the ideal, or of the human heart. Such an appealing, evasive bit of land never before existed, and Alexander in the history, Tamerlane in the play, got the earth more easily than we got this fifteen-thousand-square-foot plot of ground. For all its demure look of

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,

it had wiles within wiles, toils within toils, for the confusion of humankind.

In the first place, its owner was in heaven; how could we read our title clear on earth without his signature? In the second place, the heirs were in the Philippines. Sometimes the little house seemed to chuckle softly to itself in the twilight as we recounted our difficulties, involving minor children, three unsettled estates, and lapsed guardianship coming from another death. The executor wished to sell; we wished to buy, but the tangle of the law was about us in tight meshes, and we were in a state of paralysis where, if it was sad to reflect what man has made of man, it was sadder to reflect what man has made of real estate. The little house developed into a gleeful and impish thing, entering gayly into the plot against us. Did we not miss the lawyer's call because the bell refused to ring? Did it not swallow up somewhere in its plentiful cracks and crevices the letter with the foreign postmark that might have ended our difficulties sooner? It wore in those days of uncertainty a look of amused skepticism, as of lifted eyebrows, about

those upper windows with their rounded frames.

Between coaxing wiles, bewitching as a kitten's, and threats about our state of mind if we should go away, it nearly won us back, recalling all those moments of insight, vision, dream, inevitably connected with itself, until it seemed as if the rare flashes of light on things could come only under this roof. The frost-bitten window-panes, the deep snow outside, the icicles at the corner of the dormer window,

When Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
those later days of open windows, with murmuring life in the air, the rose-touched apple-blossoms drifting across the threshold, — where should we find them again? It had a thousand ways of intimating that, though we might build a house larger, more airy, with wide porches, we should never build one that would be, like this, the very heart of home. *Have you not found*, the little house kept asking, *in all your traveling by land and by sea, that that which you seek cannot be overtaken by swift footsteps?* For true content, the lagging feet, the nimble soul. Here had come the sense that comes, perhaps, in but one spot in the wide universe, too delicate, too evanescent to be repeated, the subtle, indefinable sense of long-abiding.

To each of us, once in a lifetime, is granted a nook or a cranny where he may stand with back against the wall, facing the eternities and the immensities. It is a refuge from wide, empty, endless space, and from the threatened golden streets of heaven. It is consolation for the eternal shifting and changing of this inexplicable, swift, windy world, bringing — is it but a dream? — a sense of something fixed, enduring, permanent.

The little house said as much in its more eloquent moments, but it was our

turn to be cold and haughty, and to turn an alien face. When our uncertainties as to title were over, and our plans went on apace, it sat and listened while we talked of what our new home should have, garden, pergola, enchanting gables, but it said never a word. Yet there grew up in us from its dumb reproach a sense of the limitations of the new one. It would be ignorant of the basic facts of life, with no experiences, no traditions. Birth and death were secrets to it; it would be blind in the face of the morning sun, and of the evening star, with so much to learn, so much to learn! We, in the old one, had been comforted by its age, consoled by its brave way of holding out; had found it faithful as companionship grew rare, and death and distance robbed us of our own. This would have none of the gentleness of judgment that comes from having loved and suffered. We must start a tradition, and live up to it, must keep it unspotted, must share forever here the fierce, crude, white idealism of youth. Constantly with us, as we carried on the sad packing of our earthly all, was the sense that we had had, before finding this little hired house, of wandering through endless space in enduring homelessness.

There had been something fine and free in our relationship; did we like to stay just because we could go if we chose? Perhaps the heavy deed which legalized our possession of that other spot would destroy all delight, in its substitution of external hold for that which endures only while affection lasts. 'Until death us do part,' has a solemn sound, and, as we signed the last check completing our ownership, we knew that this was our ultimate venture.

The time came when we drove away with the last of our possessions, leaving the little house alone, gray in the gray twilight, as if it had often before been

abandoned, through death or perfidy, faithful still to its old trust of harboring human life. I thought of Theseus, and of Ariadne left lonely on the shore of Naxos; of Jason and Medea,—and here I hastily peered into the hamper containing the two cats, sole children of our home,—vengeance must not light on them!—of Æneas, who also went on his way to found a new house; and of Dido, —oh, I hoped this would not burn!

As we drove under the shadowy elms of the village street toward our new, untried threshold, I realized that I had nothing left to learn about the deserters of all time.

WEEDS

WITH flowers I have never had luck. From eagerness to plant I put them in too early, or from belated discovery that they should be in, I planted them too late. Or, as observing neighbors have testified, the soil was sour, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry, or insufficiently aerated. At any rate I have never been able to grow flowers.

With weeds it is different. Marveling at the spontaneity and ingenuity of weeds to come and spring up overnight, I asked a friend, who observes flowers and trees and weeds, what a weed is. 'A weed,' he said, 'differs from a flower in having no parasite. Bugs and such things don't attack weeds.' His reply made me thoughtful. I must know more about weeds. Burdock and plantain, plain plantain and the obdurate 'buck' plantain, I had studied and struggled with, and felt that I not only knew them, but that I was also prepared in a measure to conquer them. But each year strange aliens had come, some of them in a short vacation shooting up six, eight, and ten feet high, topped with smoke-colored little balls.

For general information even a student turns to the Encyclopaedia. Under 'Weed' I learned that the etymology of the word is unknown. How very like, I thought, the origin of the thing itself. But the Encyclopaedia had nothing about immunity of weeds from parasites and disease; it merely ventured the statement that weeds grow wild on cultivated soil. This is surely a half-statement. They grow wild everywhere, and only seem to grow wilder on cultivated soil by contrast, and because elsewhere no one cares.

The suggestive fact about weeds is that they are attacked by no parasite. It would seem that by cultivation we invite disease: when we give a plant culture we make it vulnerable, in some way, and it cannot get along very well by itself. The amazing similarity between plants and human beings in this respect will appear to any one who cares to spend his time in such moralizing. As an instructor of youth I have been often impressed with the invulnerability of boys who seem to come from nowhere, show no nurtured signs of cultivation, and whatever the environment,

just grow. They are hard to classify; when attractive they are so by reason of waywardness and unaccountable ideas. Punish them, or scorn them, or cajole them, and they show no change. They are never sick, they never get hurt, they can eat anything, they can go anywhere without mishap. Only annihilation could arrest their abundant faculty for growing in their own way.

From the point of view of the examiner, such human weeds are easily got rid of: they may be dropped. But they cannot be dropped from the state. Like the weed-plant, they will grow anywhere, even on cultivated soil. They grow by themselves, without training, and without care. The rankness of their growth, their spontaneity, their scorn of cultivated things, the unsavory pungency of their acts and ideas, their vitality, — these traits may be found in human as well as in plant-life. And I have a feeling that the dichotomy in the plants may reveal in weeds other characteristics significant for human nature, and for human institutions, including politics.

